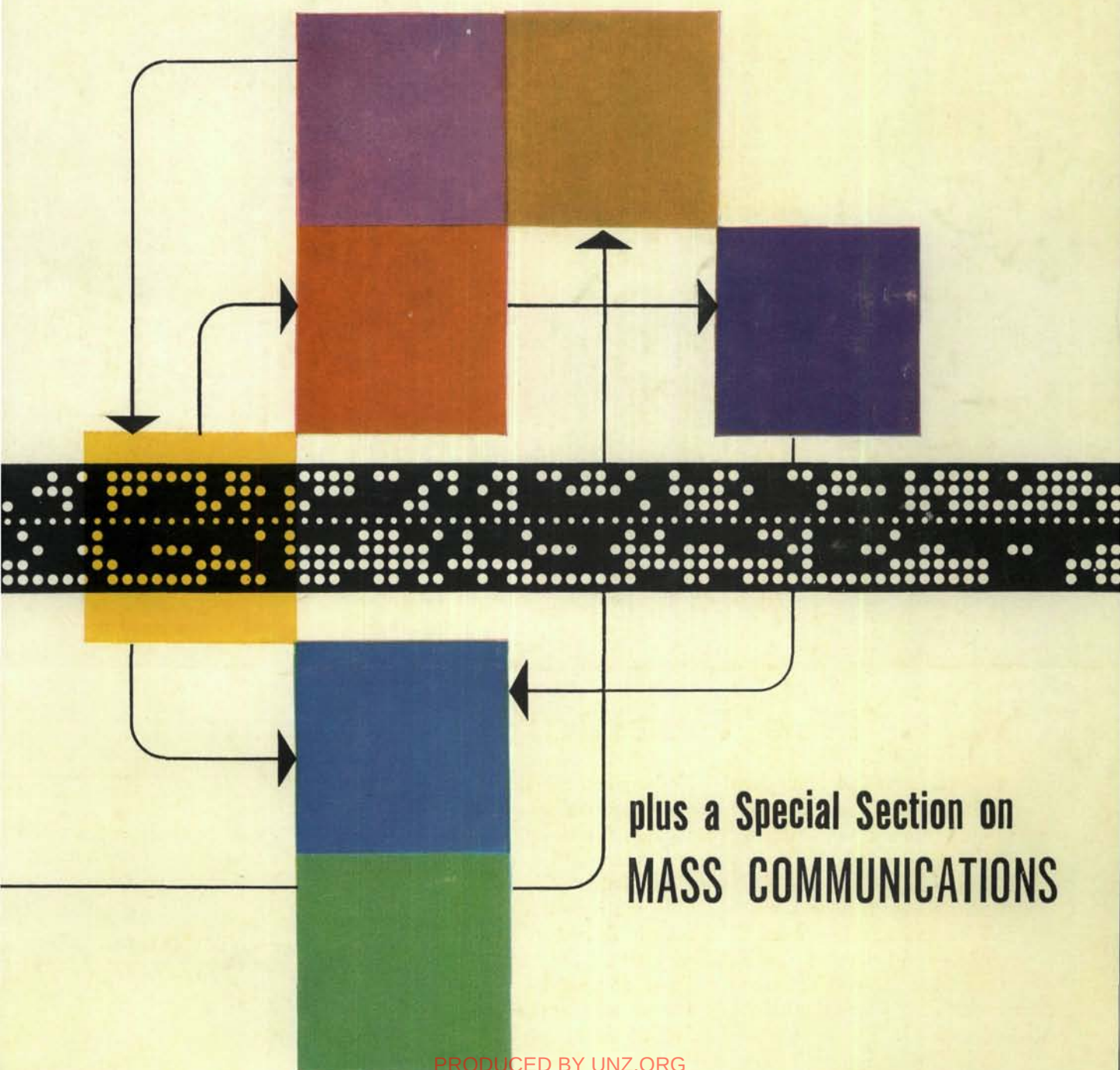


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December 1957, 60 cents

THE *Atlantic*



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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS



JEAN APPLIES WAR PAINT to her son as his Cub Scout den embarks on an Indian lore project. She has also worked with the Girl Scouts.

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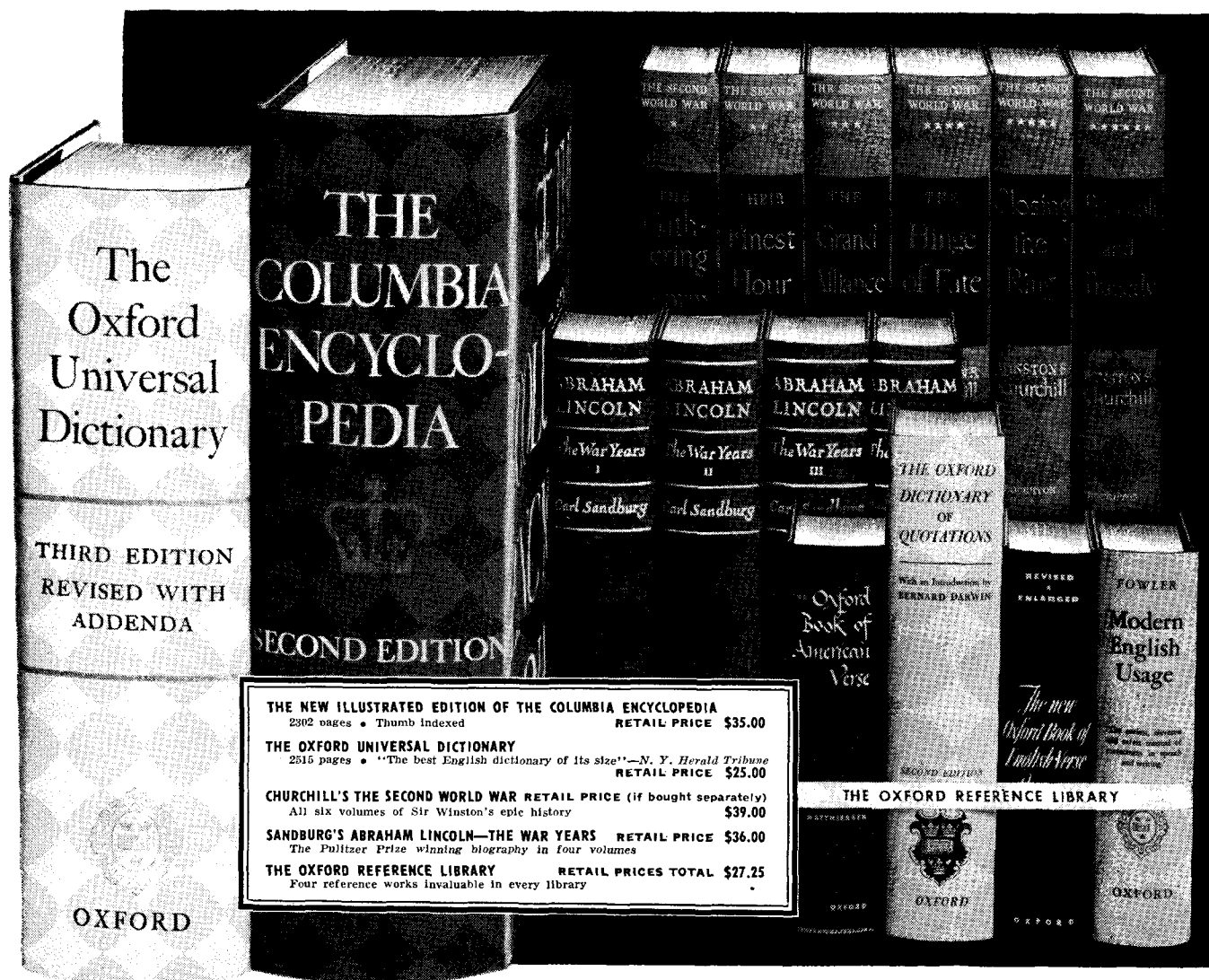
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

Not since the bombs fell on an unbelieving Pearl Harbor nearly sixteen years ago has Washington had a traumatic experience comparable to the one induced by the Soviet satellite launchings. The Berlin blockade, the Communist attack on Korea, the first Russian A-bomb, and the first Russian H-bomb all raised mighty alarms in the capital. But none had the impact of Sputnik's steady beep-beep as it circled through the heavens.

The reaction was so violent that it all but swept from the minds of men what surely is the greatest Constitutional crisis since the Civil War: the Little Rock integration conflict and the President's dispatch of 1000 men of the 101st Airborne Division to uphold the orders of a federal court.

The gathering storm in each case was clearly perceptible. Governor Orval Faubus, elected as a moderate in a state where racial integration had been making quiet progress, had given public indications of a change of mind and political tactics. And intelligence reports from abroad several months ago had clearly indicated that the Soviet Union might very well hurl the first satellite into the sky this fall.

The immediate question asked in Washington and across the nation in each case was similar: Why was nothing done to prepare the public mind? As to Little Rock, why had Washington done so little to help the federal courts which were operating under the Supreme Court's injunction to move toward integration "with all deliberate speed"? And as to the satellites, why was nothing done to forewarn us of a probable Soviet "first"?

Failure of leadership

Among both Republicans and Democrats there has been a widely agreed reply: a massive failure

of presidential leadership. Never before has Dwight D. Eisenhower been so openly criticized, albeit still discreetly by members of his own Republican Administration. It is impossible to escape the implications of such a presidential failure. In each case the President's actions, or lack of them, spring from his own character and his image of the role of the Chief Executive.

Democrats bitterly recall their fruitless election campaign charges of a "do-nothing President" and their comparison of Eisenhower to Grant, Harding, and Coolidge. Republicans, especially those who have hoped that Eisenhower was in fact remolding the GOP into "modern Republicanism," are saddened and discouraged.

The first political reaction to sending the troops into Little Rock was that it would tear the Democratic Party apart and so closely tie the Northern Negro vote in critical Northern electoral vote states to the GOP as to assure a Republican presidential victory in 1960. But as Faubus' demagoguery and intransigence continued, the resulting stalemate began to create a sense of uneasiness among Republican politicians.

The sudden announcement from Moscow, coupled with Nikita Khrushchev's superb psychological exploitation of the satellite launching (on top of the Soviet intercontinental ballistic missile claim of only six weeks earlier), opened an entirely new field of domestic political speculation. For the first time, the Democrats saw an opportunity to challenge Eisenhower on his home grounds — on his role as a great military leader who surely would guarantee American national security against the Soviet Union.

Eisenhower is, above all, a believer in moderation in the conduct of human affairs. That



A NEW DIMENSION IN FAMILY SECURITY

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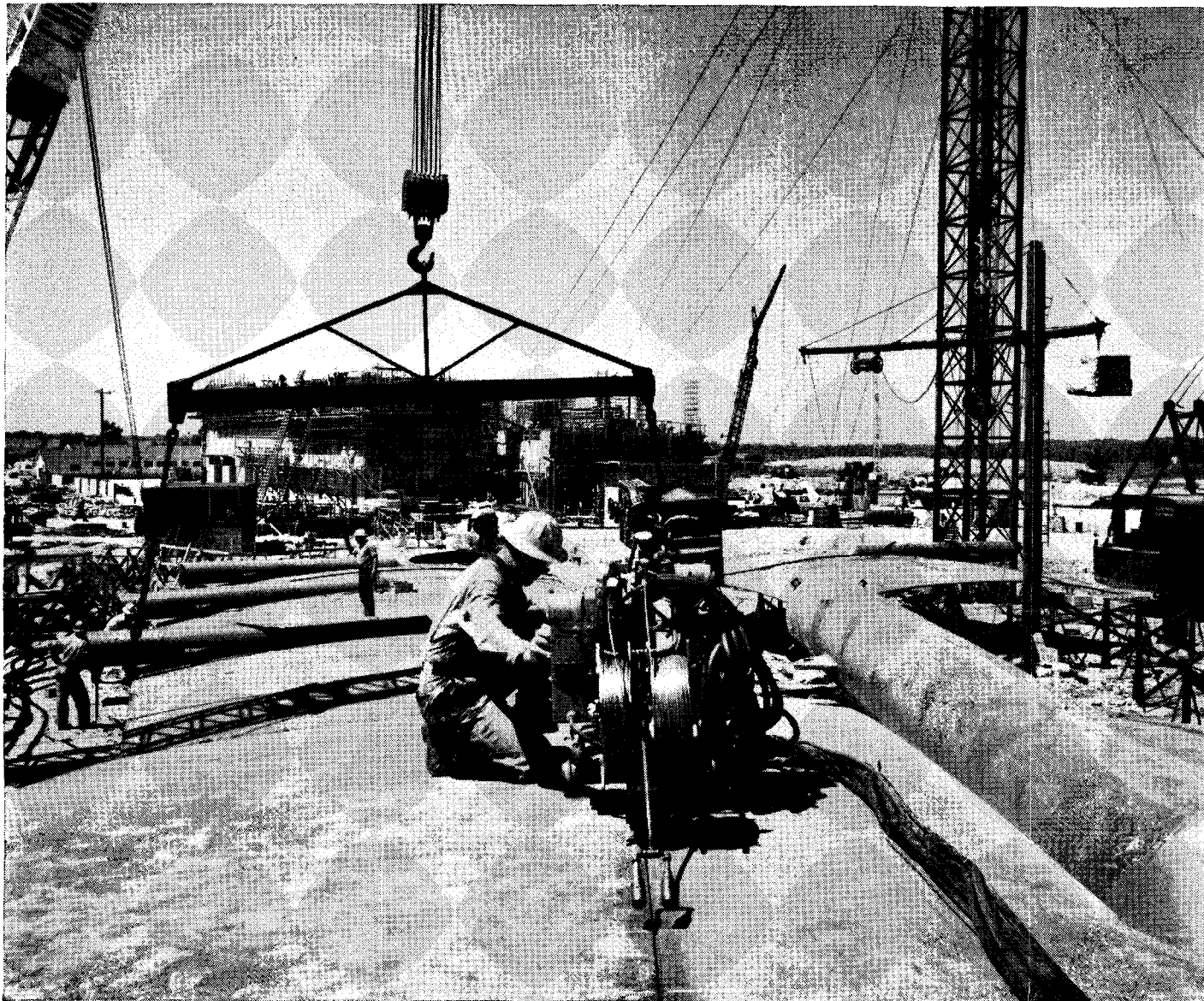
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Workmen weld the giant reactor container (foreground) and construct the power building (background) at the Dresden, Ill., atomic-electric plant, a project of Commonwealth Edison Company, 6 other electric companies and their equipment makers.

New power plants to produce electricity

These photographs show various stages in the development of some of the exciting new atomic-electric power plant projects.

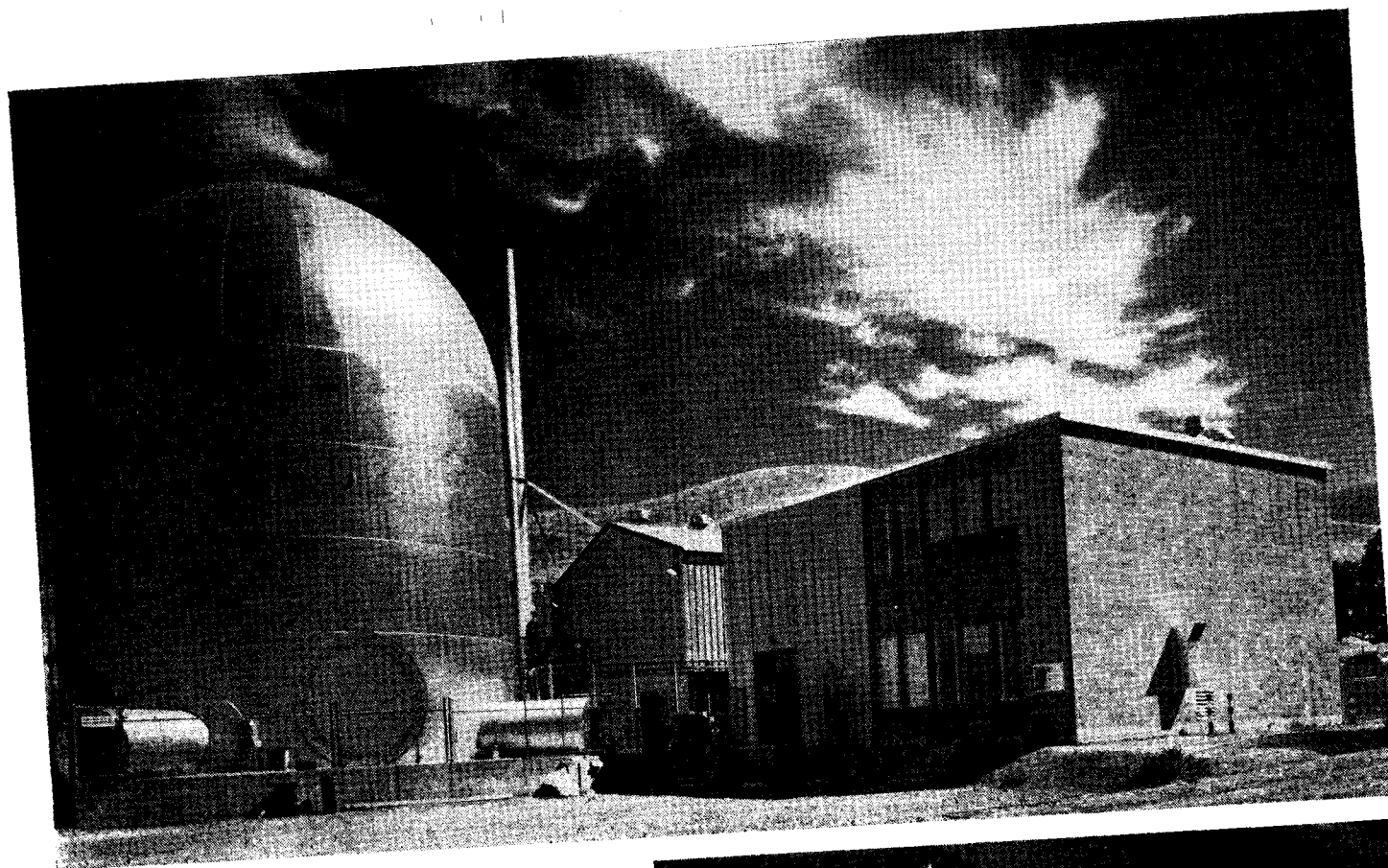
These three, and others like them, are being developed by a number of independent electric light and power companies and their equipment manufacturers, and with the cooperation of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Such pioneering plants will produce electricity for thousands of homes, farms and businesses. And

more than that, they will help develop a whole new science. Building and operating them will provide the knowledge and experience for even more efficient atomic-electric plants in the future.

The independent electric light and power companies have helped bring this nation the best and most up-to-date electric service in the world. You can count on them to help develop the best ways to put the atom to work making electricity for the American people.

America's Independent



The new atomic reactor (left) and electric generator building (right) at a developmental atomic-electric plant near Pleasanton, Calif. The reactor was built by the General Electric Company; the power plant by the Pacific Gas & Electric Company.

from the atom

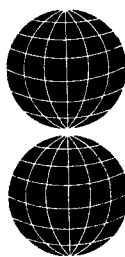
Engineers inspect a complicated atomic fuel assembly—the kind being built for the Yankee Atomic Electric plant at Rowe, Mass. Twelve New England electric companies, a number of equipment makers and the AEC are working together on this project.



Electric Light and Power Companies*

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Report on Washington



was the genius of his leadership of the diverse forces under his command in World War II. His fault has been that he believes men of good will can always reach agreement if they will only work at it. One of his most intimate advisers once said, "Ike thinks there are Nestor-like men" who can sit down together and work out any problem that presents itself.

In this Administration, except in certain "crash" decisions, the routine has been for the President to tell his assistants, cabinet members, or lesser officials to work a problem out and bring back a unanimous decision for him to ratify — and he gives them only the most general policy directives from which to work.

The President versus Faubus

It is impossible to forecast history's verdict on the President's handling of either the integration or the Soviet threat issues. While there was a lot of carping in Washington that he should have acted more swiftly when Faubus showed his intentions, there also has been a wide inclination to believe that in the end it was better not to take such a drastic step until its necessity had been clearly demonstrated to the bulk of the American public. A strong supporter of former President Truman, for example, commented, "I shudder to think what Harry would have done."

The private Eisenhower-Faubus talk at Newport remains a secret, but the bulk of the evidence shows that the President, as he later said, had good reason to believe that the governor would reverse his orders to the Arkansas National Guardsmen if Eisenhower acted in such a way as to give him a reasonably graceful route of retreat.

Still, the President cannot escape criticism for his failure, and Attorney General Herbert Brownell's failure, to canvass the situation early enough to permit efforts to head off the original Faubus use of the Guard. And it is a matter of fact that third parties, interested only in avoiding a massive Constitutional crisis and a hardening of the Southern resistance to gradual integration, were the ones who got Little Rock's Representative Brooks Hays to try his hand at mediation between President and governor.

When the President did make up his mind to act, he did so with clarity and dispatch. There was criticism that he did not at once point the finger of blame at Faubus. But he avoided this not only because it runs against his grain to criticize individuals but also because he hoped to keep open the door to conciliation. Faubus' subsequent double cross of the four Southern governors who, with the exception of Republican Theodore McKeldin of Maryland, risked their political necks ended that hope, however.

The Constitutional issue

The Constitutional issue was whether a governor could defy the federal courts. Despite all the bitter comments of Southern leaders, the historic precedents and the law are both clearly on Eisenhower's side. The President's own personal belief is that the South over the years must accept the Supreme Court's ruling. It is evident that he believes that ruling to be right in terms of Christian ethics, though he has steadfastly refused to state his own opinion of the court verdict.

The most telling criticism of the President is that while he believes integration must slowly proceed and that he should do nothing to create an intemperate pace, he has done little to rally those "silent Southerners" in whose hearts and consciences one can find similar beliefs.

The President could have done much in pre-Little Rock months, even years, to support and encourage them and to get them to take a stand on the issue of law and order. Instead, for example, he chose to turn the other cheek when Harry Byrd, his 1952 supporter, called for all out "massive resistance" by calling Byrd his old and good friend.

The President's use of the Army to back up the court in Little Rock was a reassertion of federal Constitutional supremacy, and there is no reason to believe Eisenhower will not stick to that decision. He has said that the alternative is "anarchy." But what occurred in Little Rock before he sent in the troops encouraged lawlessness elsewhere, in the North and in the border states as well as in the South. And what occurred and likely will occur from now on is a slowdown in the whole integration movement. It will be immensely difficult to regain the earlier pace, however moderate, once the slowdown reaches a halt in the Old South and its fringes.

The Soviet moons

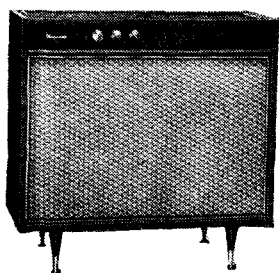
The Administration badly underestimated the world's reaction, as well as American reaction, to a Soviet victory in the satellite race. Back in the

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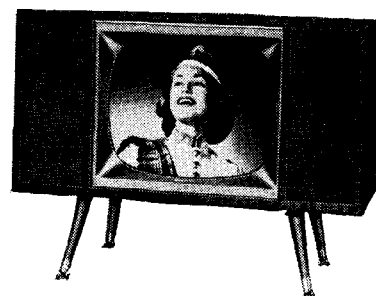


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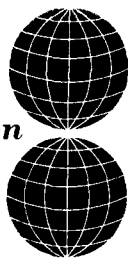
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spring of 1955, when the President was about to decide whether or not to support the satellite project known as Vanguard, a top-level group wrote a paper on the possible effects should the Soviets put the first satellite into space. The report accurately predicted what did occur. Yet the President has publicly said that Vanguard was "sold to me" on a purely scientific basis. And he has indicated that he was surprised at the psychological reaction to the Soviet "first."

It will take a congressional investigation to put the whole story on record, including the story of why the Administration thought it could join the Soviets in satellite projects during the International Geophysical Year without being in a "race" with the Kremlin. The evidence so

far is that two factors played key parts in the Administration's debacle: the determination to hold down the budget and the interservice rivalries in the Pentagon in the military missile field.

One top Pentagon official has confessed privately that he was amazed at the world-wide reaction to Sputnik, and that at the time Vanguard had been up for Pentagon consideration he had deemed it a ridiculous waste of public funds. Other responsible officials say that in the spring of 1956, Dr. Werner von Braun suggested using the Army's Jupiter C rocket on which he was working at the Redstone Arsenal to throw an American satellite into the heavens. Jupiter C's ability to do just that was demonstrated in September, 1956, when it was fired some 3300 miles at an altitude (600 miles) and speed comparable to that achieved by the Soviet rocket which launched the first Russian satellite.

Von Braun won some important Air Force support, but a still undisclosed higher-up rejected the proposal. The Administration line had been that Vanguard was a scientific

venture only, and the missile part of that project had been turned over to the Navy.

Money was, of course, a consideration. In fact, even to round up the initial \$20 million to launch the Vanguard project, some unlikely appropriation barrels had to be tapped, so determined were the military not to let it interfere with their missile programs. After the Soviet launching, the Administration began to loosen the budget strings, even though Wilson's final public remark before leaving office was that the public would not like increased taxes even to catch up with the Soviet Union.

The mail began to flood into Washington demanding action at any cost almost as soon as the first beep-beep-beep was being recorded. But how much of the confusion will be cleared up by investigation and how much of the responsibility will be fixed is something else again. The initial reaction of the Democratic leadership was to keep the whole thing on a bipartisan plane and to hope that here was an issue on which the party, rent asunder by Little Rock, might somehow close ranks for the 1958 and 1960 elections.

Mood of the Capital

Washington's mood is a composite of anger, frustration, and despair, yet tinged with hope. Anger at Administration complacency so long dominant in both the integration and defense fields, frustration over the diminishing chances for such domestic ventures as a new federal aid to schools program and such foreign needs as a half billion dollars of additional aid to make India's five-year plan succeed.

What hope there is in the Little Rock affair is that the President's decision to use troops may convince Southern die-hards that they cannot take a lawless route to defeat the Supreme Court's ruling. And, in the area of national defense, that the shock of the Soviet Sputniks on top of the Soviet "first" in the intercontinental ballistic missile, the so-called ultimate weapon, will drive back the budget balancers and force the President to unify the missile development programs and to crack down on the interservice rivalries.

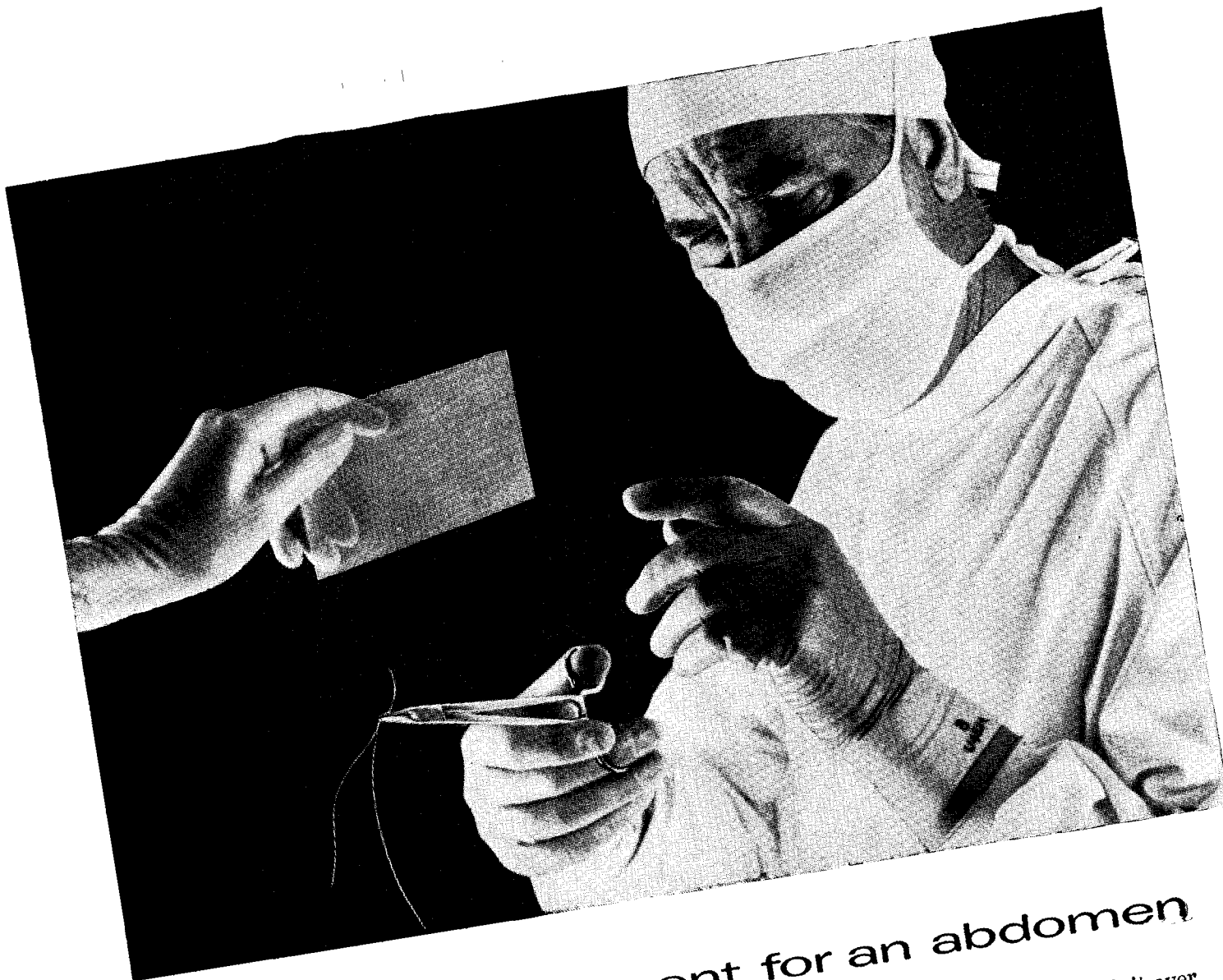


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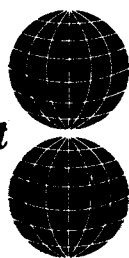
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The Atlantic Report GERMANY



A TEN-MINUTE television film, shown during the campaign, brings alive the main reasons for the result of the September 15 general election in West Germany. It explains why a majority of the voters gave 82-year-old Konrad Adenauer a longer term as chancellor than anyone else in German history except Bismarck.

The picture begins with a showing of the rubble to which Germany had been reduced at the war's end. It ends with shots of Germans, well nourished and neatly dressed, smugly driving their Volkswagens. By contrast, the camera is flashed on a French filling station where an attendant is politely telling a motorist, "Sorry, sir, no gas." As in the film, so at the polls; Herr Adenauer became Mr. Prosperity, and the voters approved his slogan of "No experiments."

The same electioneering picture goes on to show Chancellor Adenauer in the company of President Eisenhower, Secretary Dulles, and leaders of other Allied nations. It thus personifies the idea that, from their position as outcasts, the West Germans have been elevated and readmitted to the civilized community. The viewer was left in no doubt that it is to Chancellor Adenauer that he owes his regained respectability. The combination of well-being and membership in the best club impelled the electorate to give Adenauer an absolute majority of 43 seats in the 497-member parliament.

There are a couple of other reasons for the spectacular success of Adenauer's Christian Democratic Party at the polls. The Socialists failed to offer a dynamic program and mustered as their leader only an amiable mediocrity named Erich Ollenhauer. They renounced socialism. They spoke fuzzily of some state control over basic industry. They abandoned the demand for nationalization of coal and steel. They embraced private enterprise. They proclaimed their attachment to NATO and to the West.

Finally, the chancellor must credit the Russians with a share in his electoral success. Stumping

the country, Adenauer kept telling the people he was crusading for Christianity against Communism. At the same time Nikita Khrushchev was touring East Germany under the auspices of the Red government there and shouting that Adenauer was a warmonger and an American stooge. Many Germans saw in Khrushchev's behavior a confirmation of Adenauer's claim that he was defending the faith against the infidels.

How much recovery?

The economic comeback in West Germany is genuine. The construction of 4.2 million dwelling units in the past eight years is phenomenal. About 16 million West Germans, or one of every three inhabitants, have moved into new homes. It is a monument to hard work and capable organization. Together with the abundance of consumer goods, it makes West Germany a capitalist window exhibit, contrasting with the ramshackle conditions in Communist East Germany.

Statistics describing advances in the German Republic are impressive but on close scrutiny perhaps misleading. As an illustration, take wages. From 1950 to 1956 the pay in the West German worker's envelope grew 57 per cent in cash or, after discounting the rise in prices, 35 per cent in purchasing power. This headway, while noteworthy, falls into truer perspective when one realizes that German wages are below those in Britain and in some continental European countries. Excepting rent — which is important — the cost of living in West Germany is not far below that in the United States. Yet in German industry the average pay is the equivalent of less than \$25 per week.

This, in turn, is a factor in the low production costs which enabled the German Republic to push its exports this year to some \$9 billion. West Germany has more than doubled its share of world trade in the past seven years. Unemployment has shrunk from 10 per cent of the labor force in 1949 to 2.1 per cent today. The pendulum is even swinging toward a serious shortage of

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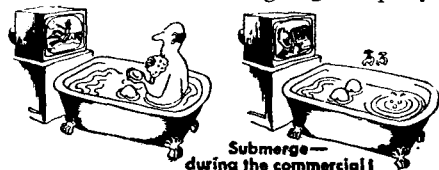


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Report on Germany



workers. Another plus in the German economy — though it also has disadvantages — is the hoard of \$6 billion in foreign currency and gold.

Consumption has risen sharply. West Germans are eating and drinking twice as much beef, milk, beer, and wine as they were eight years ago; thrice the fats, fourfold the pork, eggs, coffee, and tea. They are smoking twice as many cigarettes.

All these and many other figures appear in a different light when one recalls the dismally low level from which the ascent started. If the number of American women wearing stockings were to increase twenty times in seven years, it would be something of an economic miracle because so large a proportion of ladies in the United States already wear them. The actual twentyfold rise of feminine consumption of stockings in West Germany since 1949 means very much less, indeed, because hardly any German women could afford them a few years ago.

The same applies to the increase by two and a half times of West German industrial production in the corresponding period. Stories in the American press have been indicating that the German Republic is already the foremost economic power across the Atlantic. It is being suggested that the West German economy has been showing its heels to Britain. In fact the Germans have passed the British in steel, of which they are manufacturing almost 25 million tons a year, compared to Britain's 20.6 million. In most other essentials, however, the British are still ahead. With roughly the same-sized populations, Britain's gross national product is about \$54 billion a year, West Germany's \$46 billion.

Tight money

There are defects in the economy which may retard growth. The prin-

cipal weakness is shortage of liquid capital. German industry has been plowing back into plant expansion and modernization about 44 per cent of its profits. Moreover, stiff corporate and individual taxes have enriched the state but limited the capital at the disposal of firms and persons. Finally, people have been putting extra money into savings deposits which the banks are willing to transform into loans only at prohibitive interest rates.

As a result, many German companies have such scant liquid reserves of capital that they could not stand a few months of slack business. Even concerns free of debts can slither to the brink of insolvency, as happened this fall to the big Henschel locomotive and truck firm. It desperately appealed to the banks for help when it had to meet the payroll for its 10,000 employees while \$2.5 million worth of trucks remained unsold in its warehouses.

West Germany's tight money market has so far restricted the export of capital. Considering its high degree of industrialization, this nation is playing a trivial part in the undeveloped countries of Asia, Africa, and the Middle East. Yet that will probably change. Part of the West German Central Bank's vast foreign exchange hoard may be released for the purpose.

This reserve is a form of insurance, since it could pay for German imports over an eight-month period. But it is not an unmixed blessing. More than half of the recent flow of sterling, dollars, Swiss francs, and other currencies has lately been entering Germany as a gamble on an upward revaluation of the Deutsche mark. Foreigners could withdraw their funds as suddenly as they poured them in. Many recollect that withdrawal of alien capital was a major factor in the dreadful business crash in Germany in 1931.

The hoard has caused a major crisis between the Adenauer government and its partners in the European Payments Union. The Germans have become enormous creditors while others have sunk deeply into debt. The debtors could insist that the mark be declared a scarce currency. Under the rules of GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and

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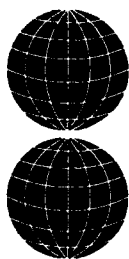
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Report on Germany



Trade), they could then raise their customs duties and throttle imports from Germany.

The lag in science

Another flaw in the economy is West Germany's lag in developing the atom, radar, aircraft, automation, and standardization. The Germans have lost their lead in scientific education. Professor Leo Brandt, deputy chief of the German Atomic Committee, discusses these deficiencies in his book, *The Second Industrial Revolution*.

He contrasts the small number of atomic physicists being trained in the German Republic with the 2000 a year being graduated in Russia, and he compares the handful of mechanical engineers being edu-

cated in Germany with the 200,000 to be turned out annually at Soviet universities from 1960 on. The German professor remarks that 14 per cent of German students are receiving tuition-free scholarships, compared with 70 per cent in Britain.

Business with Russia

As Adenauer begins his third four-year term as head of the government, he faces the problem of de-icing West German relations with Russia. He will also stare fixedly in the opposite direction while German business enlarges its stake in the markets of Communist China.

Adenauer does not intend to run after the Russians to book orders for German industry. On the other hand, he cannot ignore the wishes of industrialists and merchants who contributed heavily to his party's campaign funds and among whom he counts many good friends. German business remembers what happened over a generation ago. Around 1929 to 1930 German exports to the Soviet Union comprised only 3 per cent of the nation's sales abroad. After the 1931 crash and

depression, more than 16 per cent of German foreign business was transacted with Russia. So a good many German manufacturers and traders today would like to keep open the shutters to the East, just in case bad weather comes from the West.

The German Republic's commerce with the Communist camp is now running in the neighborhood of 4 per cent of the country's foreign trade. Last April, Moscow proposed to Adenauer a Soviet-West German trade pact. The Russians offered a five-year agreement during which their commercial turnover would be \$1750 million, close to the peak level between the two world wars. For their sixth five-year plan, the Soviets want German machine tools, oil pipes, and complete chemical and other factories. Adenauer is thinking in more modest terms of a three-year agreement with a \$750 million trade turnover during that period. He does not wish to invite U.S. displeasure by too overt a bid for Communist bloc business.

Relations with the U. S.

Adenauer's victory means another term for a pro-American government, approval of German membership in NATO, acceptance of a defense burden, and a tightening of ranks against the Soviet challenge.

However, at least three issues await settlement between Washington and Bonn: 1) The sum which the German Republic shall contribute to the maintenance of the American five-plus divisions in Germany; 2) A treaty regulating the legal status of American troops garrisoned on German soil; 3) A decision on whether the U.S. Command or the German government shall determine when and where American (and Allied) forces are to conduct maneuvers in Germany.

Opinions among interested ambassadors on the scene differ as to whether Adenauer's unassailable majority in parliament will make him more flexible or rigid in negotiation. In American circles, the chancellor is expected to display increased independence. The French think that he will make concessions on secondary problems and will be stiffer on major issues. The British shrug and just wonder.

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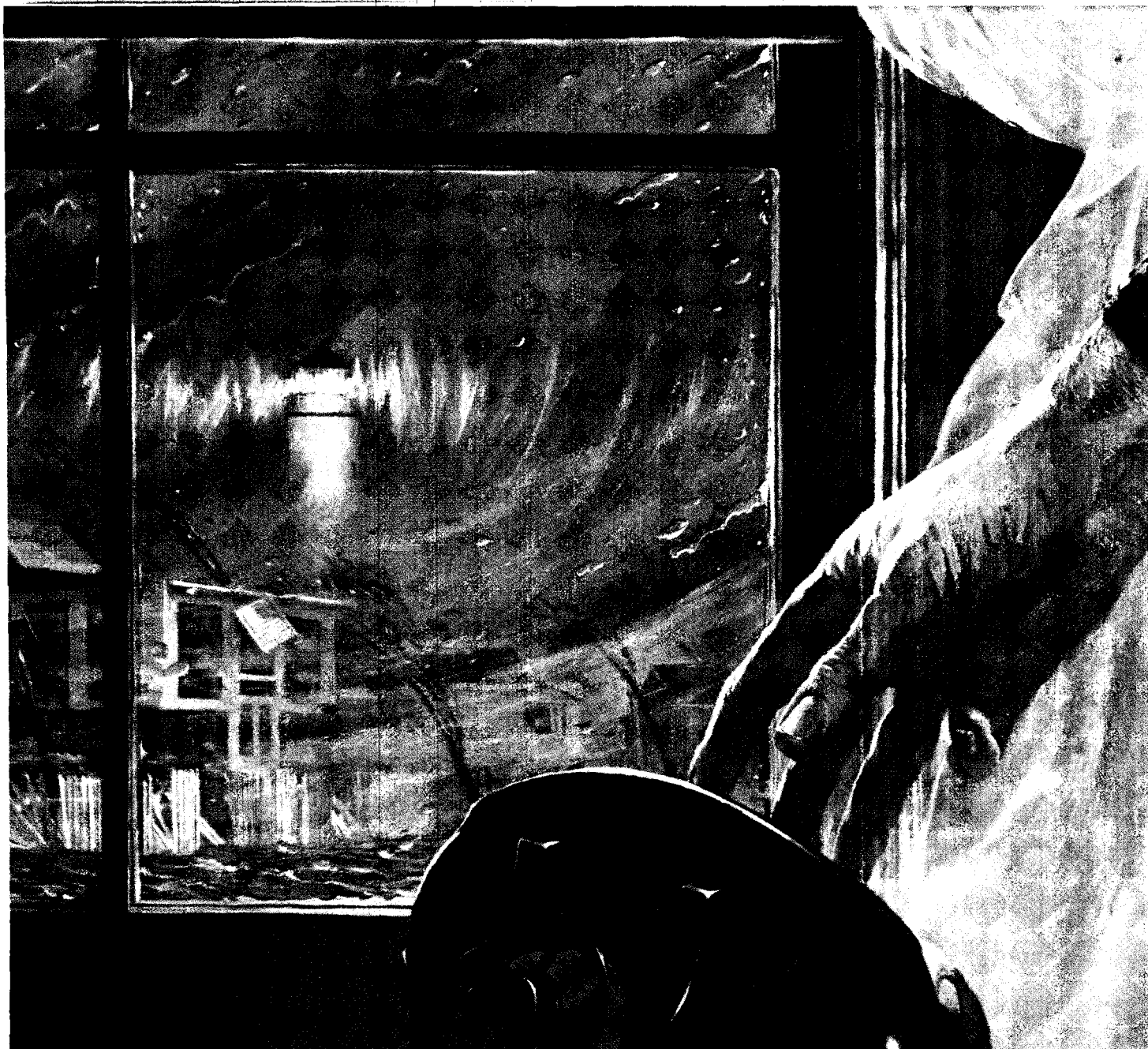
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The Atlantic Report **RED CHINA**



AT THE Eighth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party held in September, 1956, Premier Chou En-lai stated that the basic tasks required for Red China's transition to a modern industrialized state would be completed by 1967.

To propose to convert a country of 640 million of whom about 550 million are peasant farmers into a modern industrial state is alone an audacious conception, but to expect to complete this Herculean job in ten years is even more so. This year will see the completion of the First Five Year Plan, and from the results so far it is possible to arrive at an estimate of Red China's progress on the road to industrialization and its chances for success in this grandiose scheme.

In attempting to evaluate the Communist plans and the extent of their execution certain facts have appeared. First of all, under the First Five Year Plan, to be completed this year, very considerable progress has been made. In Manchuria the Communists, admittedly building upon the existing complex of industry left behind by the Japanese — the power plants, railways, harbor facilities, factories, and dockyards — have rebuilt the damaged factories, renovated and enlarged the existing facilities, and restocked those plundered by the Soviet "liberators."

The Chinese have bridged the Yangtze at Hankow with a giant 3700-yard-long double-decked span and have reactivated the Anshan Iron and Steel Works, which already has 64 operating factories and plans to build 42 more by 1960. At Anshan there is also a seamless steel-tube plant where a visiting German engineer confessed surprise at the efficiency of production and the degree of technical ability demonstrated.

Manchuria, the Chinese Ruhr

In Manchuria the Fushun collieries, one of the major causes of the Japanese incursion, supply adequate coal, and the Russian-built generators of Fengman and the Yalu River hydroelectric stations supply plenty of power for the existing

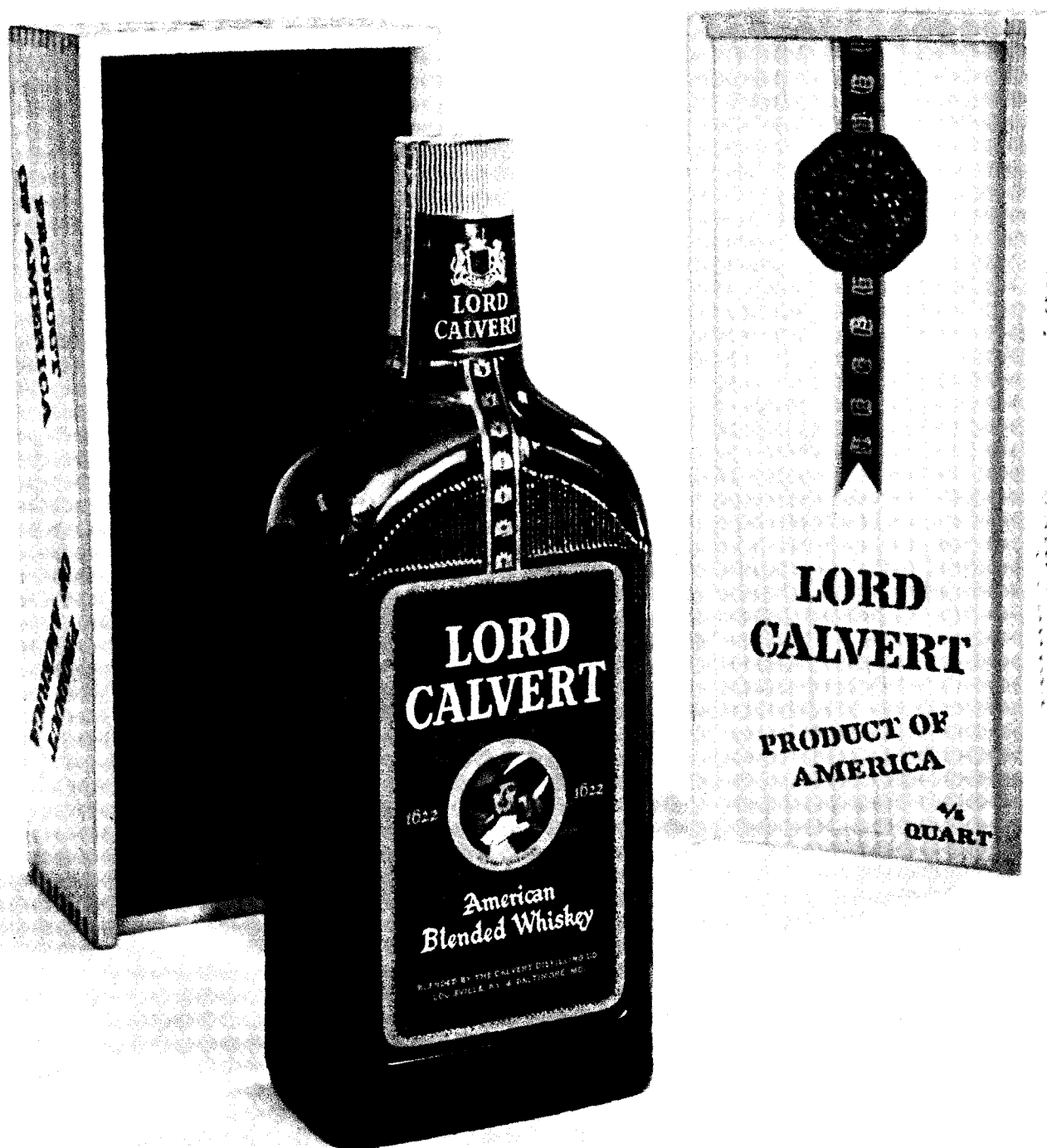
industries with a handsome surplus for any new developments.

At Changchun there is a car factory producing, according to the Party propagandists, 30,000 "Liberation" trucks per year, and at Mukden and Harbin there are MIG jet fighter aircraft assembly plants. Mukden, the Pittsburgh of China, also boasts machine tool plants, turbine and transformer factories, and important armament works; at Dairen the dockyards are busily constructing cargo vessels, small tankers, and other vessels, and here China's first home-designed locomotives have gone into production; at Shanghai the yards are turning out small freighters, tugs, lighters, and barges as well as Soviet-designed U-boats and motor-torpedo boats for the Red Navy.

But Manchuria is not the only industrial complex. There, industry is greatly concentrated in one huge area on the coast. Two new industrial centers are under construction, one at Hankow and the other in Inner Mongolia at Paotow. These are to be centers of heavy industry, each grouped around an integrated iron and steel plant on the Anshan model, while Shanghai, Tientsin, Canton, and other cities are to concentrate on the production of consumer goods and light machinery.

In order to build the huge industries envisaged, Red China is pushing exploration everywhere and particularly in the wild lands of the West and Northwest, in Kansu, Tsinghai, Sinkiang, and now Tibet. Literally armies of workers, some made up of regiments of demobilized troops, others of "counterrevolutionaries" being "remolded" by enforced labor, are working in the oil fields, pushing roads across the deserts and over the mountains, and feverishly extending the railways, one of which will, they claim, ultimately reach Urumchi, the capital of Sinkiang, and from there link up with the Turksib Railway inside the Soviet Union.

Hundreds of teams of geologists, scientists, and mining engineers are scouring these areas for coal,



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Report on Red China



oil, iron ores, and other metals. Uranium is of course a prime goal, and Japanese scientists, recently returned from China, report that several uranium-bearing ores have been discovered.

Search for raw materials

Without more raw materials the potential industrialization of China is very rigidly constricted. The country has very little oil, and even where it has a sufficiency now, such as in coal, timber, and bauxite, these raw materials cannot yet be transported in the quantities needed to provide enough for the planned industry. There is not enough iron ore, or nonferrous metals except tin and antimony, to supply any great expansion of industry, and in consequence the hope is that vast new sources of raw materials will be found.

The Chinese have great expectations for the oil fields in the Tsaidam and Dzungaria basins and, to handle the oil from these fields, a new refinery is nearing completion at Lanchow on the Yellow River. This refinery is supposed to process one million tons of crude per year, but with construction on the Far West railways temporarily at a standstill, the problem of transporting the crude from field to refinery has yet to be solved. Near this refinery Soviet engineers have built a machine tool factory to produce drills, digging machinery, and rigs for the oil fields.

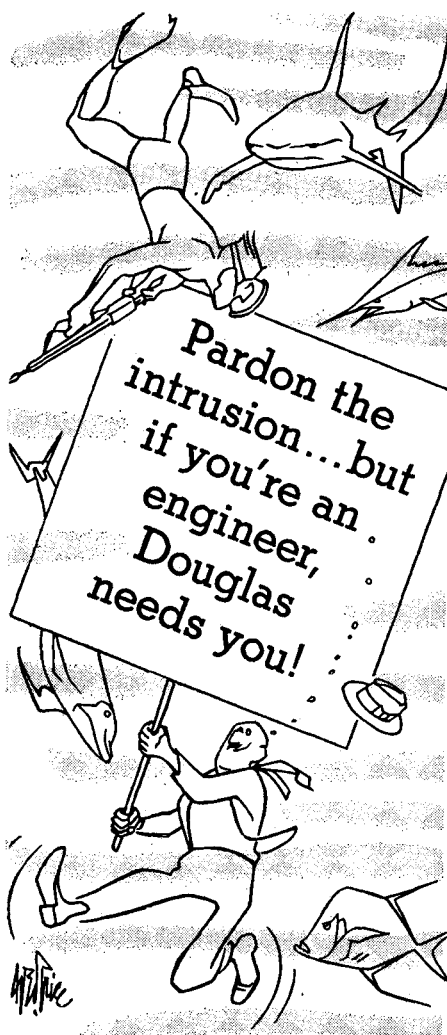
China's new factories are also training institutions, since technical know-how is perhaps an even greater bottleneck than lack of resources.

The present government recognized this fact and established a twelve-year plan for the training of scientists and engineers, both at home and abroad, but there is no doubt that Red China will be largely dependent on foreign technical aid for a very

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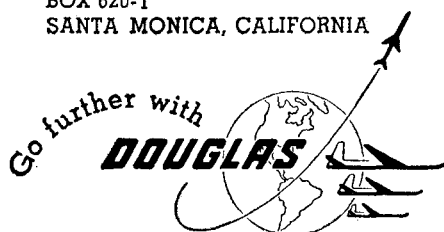
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Report on Red China



long time to come; and herein of course lies one great weakness.

Too much, too soon

The model factories shown to foreign visitors are real, but no one is told the true output, the rate of rejections, the costs of production, the wastage of material, the ultimate quality of the products.

Competent observers believe that China is capable of producing only very small quantities of high speed steel or special steels. There is no petrochemical industry; the metallurgical industry is rudimentary and high precision instruments are virtually nonexistent, though a great new central precision instrument factory is now being built by the East Germans outside of Sian; there is almost no advanced electronic industry.

Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai have admitted that planning has been bad, that there were too many ambitious schemes started which resulted in waste and inefficiency. Mao recently stated that the emphasis should be changed from large heavy industry to smaller units, to the development of small- and medium-sized industry; in other words, to do what the Chinese know how to do. Certainly in 1955 and 1956 they tried to do too much too quickly and the economy suffered a very decided setback.

It was so grave that Chou En-lai reluctantly had to admit at the National People's Congress held in June, 1957, that government ineptitude had resulted in a huge budget deficit, mainly due to excessive spending for capital construction, bad management, and bad planning. Added to this, the worst typhoons and floods in many years impoverished over 70 million people and inundated 40 million acres of arable land, with the result that the government was compelled to release huge quantities of hoarded grains

and to spend large amounts of cash in order to relieve the famine in the stricken areas. On top of all this, consumer goods became short, certain foreign materials did not arrive, and, in fact, a shortage of all supplies caused tensions both in industrial production and in the supply of daily necessities. Finally, Chou En-lai admitted, all the savings of former years had been used up in the vast amount of building and on payments for relief, and this had put the budget badly in the red.

It was apparent that the cotton crop had failed by the fact that clothing coupons, already inadequate, were reduced last summer to one half their purchase value and have been further reduced since, under more stringent rationing.

Visitors to China reported grave shortages in all forms of transportation, machinery, and parts; in aviation gasoline, jet fuel, and diesel fuel. The new refinery at Lanchow was said to be virtually inoperative, since only a trickle of crude had arrived; the automobile plants had cut production drastically and the tractor factories had to stop turning out units, as there was no diesel fuel to drive them. Foreign trade also was disappointing as both exports and imports were curtailed, but under the 1957 budget plan they will be even further reduced. Only first-priority imports will be permitted, which will effectively dampen the ardor of those Japanese and others who have rushed over to China with order books in their hands.

Austerity: new model

China's budget for 1957-1958 is to be a model of grim austerity, in order to try to recoup the losses of 1956 and to pull the Chinese out of the economic quicksand. Every expense is to be reduced and new construction discouraged. The people are to spend less and to receive less in staple goods. There are to be higher taxes, fewer clothes, no wage increases, and a harder life for everybody. In his economic report at the Congress, the finance minister outlined all these unpalatable plans, but, he commented, although some carping critics had said that the Five Year Plan had been bungled, Premier Chou himself had vigorously denied this.

It must be remembered that China's great industrial developments are largely dependent on the credits, technicians, and materials provided by the U.S.S.R. Recently there has been evidence that the Chinese Communists are not getting quite as much aid as they had hoped for and that Russia is showing little enthusiasm for the demands to implement the Second Five Year Plan.

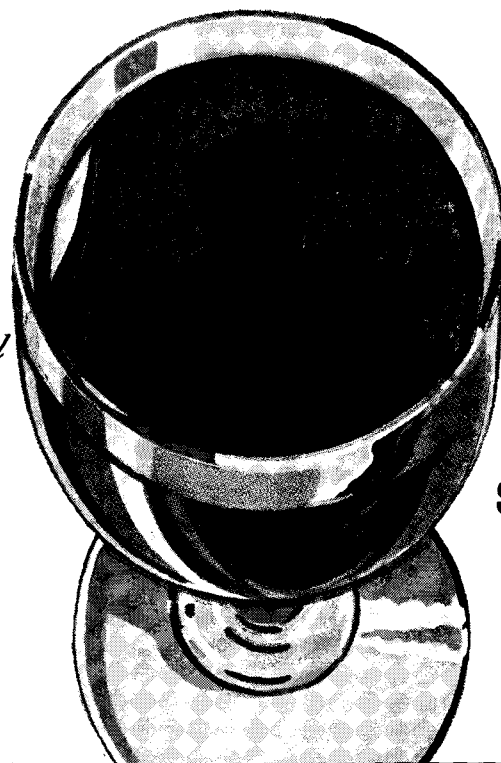
Paradise dimmed

It has become obvious that the heaven for the peasant farmer, long promised by the Party propagandists, has largely failed to materialize, and there are widespread grumblings. The phrase "the Party forgot the peasants when it entered the towns" became so current that it had to be officially denied in a long report by Mao himself. Also there is evidence that the farmers are restless under the compulsory state coöperative system, are obstructing deliveries, and are deliberately trying to cheat their new masters.

Even in the cities, some workers are finding that Communism is not the paradise they had hoped for, and there have been reports of strikes and slowdown tactics in several factories and even cases of violence to the Party bosses. Unemployment has increased, and the promised improvement in the standard of living has not materialized.

The intellectuals who originally gave their support to the Party are now openly critical and have become the chief target for condemnation. The official published policy, "Let 100 flowers blossom and 100 schools of thought contend!" apparently produced more of a reaction than was bargained for, since a surprising number of influential voices were raised in criticisms so damaging to the Party line that the policy had to be "re-explained." There has been a harsh clamp-down on those who were gullible enough to indulge in criticism in the mistaken belief that Mao and the Party would at least permit, if not listen to, adverse comment. Certainly the promise of free discussion implied in the statement backfired upon those who fell for it and voiced their criticisms, since they now seem to be in for greater repressions than ever.

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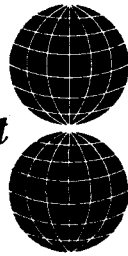
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EARLY in May, Medellín's Flower and Folklore Festival was in full swing. Many of the visitors hoped for a few days of fiesta in which to forget the military dictatorship which had turned their once free nation into an almost bankrupt police state. None of them realized that before they left Medellín, they would take part in a dramatic demonstration of resistance that would unseat President Rojas Pinilla.

The crowning of an orchid queen, parades of gay floats, and prize-winning displays of tropical fruits and flowers could not quiet a growing sense of political tension. Friends meeting by chance on the street quickly glanced over their shoulders to see if a member of the secret police was eavesdropping.

Mimeographed bulletins, surreptitiously slipped from hand to hand during folklore conferences in museums or at park platforms where dancers in colorful, traditional costumes whirled through their intricate figures, supplied news that Rojista censors thought had been cut out of circulation. Businessmen taking their usual mid-morning coffee in open-front cafés noticed that the radio was playing more and more classical music — an indication that news was being suppressed.

Dictator Rojas Pinilla

Meanwhile the cause of political unrest, Rojas Pinilla, was in Bogotá blithely planning his unconstitutional re-election as President of Colombia. It would be simple, once his hand-picked Constituent Assembly had revoked the sections of the law which provide that a President cannot succeed himself and must be elected by direct popular vote. For four years more he could look forward to being head of the government, as well as Supreme Chief, a new title which he had generously bestowed on himself.

For another term he would continue to enrich himself at the expense of the country, ignore the civil rights of citizens, muzzle press, radio, and TV, and liquidate all opposition with the help of

his efficient secret police and their legion of local spies. In a presidential speech he had admitted that over 100,000 Colombians had died during political fights in the last few years; more would lose their lives if they tried to keep him from staying in power.

To puzzled, patriotic Colombians it seemed impossible that this was the same man they had cheered so enthusiastically in 1953, when he took over the government from an ailing and unpopular Conservative, President Laureano Gómez. At first Rojas Pinilla seemed to justify their confidence in him, for he promised the restoration of constitutional government, civil rights, and freedom of the press. Medellín citizens recalled with bitter irony how they had raised \$15,000 to buy an emerald ring for the President's wife and, on his first official trip to their city, had loaded the new President with so many gifts that an extra plane was needed to carry them back to Bogotá.

Taking ways

Within three months, Rojas Pinilla was following the pattern of other dictators. Demanding a huge budget for education, he quickly appropriated it for personal propaganda. With a typical dictator's distaste for criticism, he banned the publication of two famous Bogotá newspapers, *El Tiempo* and *El Espectador*, because they questioned some of his highhanded, illegal policies. Later he levied extortionate fines on *El Colombiano* and *El Correo* of Medellín for daring to tell the truth. Military men replaced civilians summarily dismissed from government positions, and with the expansion of the secret police and their use of guerrilla bandits and underworld characters as spies, personal freedoms vanished.

Along with his passion for power, the dictator developed a highly acquisitive interest in the blooded cattle and flourishing ranches that contribute so much to the economic stability of the country. Some he bought — at his own price, always far below the real value — others he won by attrition.

The owner of one particularly fine place told how the President and a group of twenty or thirty friends made repeated, uninvited visits to his ranch, always arriving in time for lunch. The owner had no desire to part with his prosperous family farm but eventually was forced to sell it to the President at one third of its market value. Soon Rojas Pinilla, who had come into office a comparatively poor man, was the owner of a dozen ranches and huge herds of Colombia's finest cattle. As military commissaries were obliged to buy from him, he had also an assured market for his beef.

His "taking ways" extended to other industries as he tried persistently to gain control of the cement, beer, and cigarette factories of Medellin and elsewhere. With equal boldness he sought to dominate the banks, and his success eventually shocked businessmen and bankers into taking coöperative action against him.

The coffee game

Assisting him in these pirating projects were two Russians, reputed to have learned their holdup games as former henchmen of Perón. By a completely illegal decree of the President, they were granted Colombian citizenship and took the fine old name of Mendoza de la Fuente.

In return for such favor, they dreamed up and operated a system for smuggling coffee duty free across the frontier into Venezuela. Here it was sold at a high price, with the dictator and his family netting a cut on every bag that was spirited past the border.

Coffee, being Colombia's most important product (earning some \$400 million annually and providing the main support for dollar and credit reserves), offered a chance for exploitation on a grand scale. A recent estimate shows that Rojas Pinilla, with the help of his Russian-born Colombians and hired smugglers, defrauded Colombia of some \$600 million.

Money not used to satisfy the immediate desires of the President or his family was stashed away by them in banks in foreign countries against



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Report on Colombia



future contingencies. As Rojas Pinilla's personal debts rose into the millions, the national debt soared to a fantastic \$400 million. Government employees went unpaid, and the price of brown sugar and rice, both staples of Colombia's daily diet, rose higher and higher. It looked as if nothing could save the country from economic ruin, and merchants of Medellin began to warn each other, "Either we destroy him or he will destroy us."

The opposition acts

Watching the approaching crisis with deepening concern was Dr. Lleras-Camargo, a former Liberal President who had recently returned from seven years in Washington as secretary general of the Organization of American States. He quietly encouraged every legal means to counter the moves of the dictator. As conditions worsened, he became convinced that only united action of Liberals and Conservatives could free the country from tyranny and rebuild the republic.

In spite of a traditional bitter enmity between the two parties, Dr. Lleras succeeded in getting them to see the need for unified action. He also secured their approval of Guillermo León Valencia, experienced Conservative congressman, as joint presidential candidate for the 1958 election which Rojas Pinilla was determined to circumvent. Many were convinced by Dr. Lleras that future changes in the government must be achieved without riots and bloodshed if Colombia was to develop its rich natural resources, improve its standard of living, and earn a respected place in the modern world.

Another powerful ally of the anti-dictator forces was the Catholic Church. Colombians are almost 100 per cent Catholic, and normally the Church takes no direct part in politics. However, as citizens "disappeared," to be found later as lifeless

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bodies or manual laborers in the disease-ridden prison camps of eastern Colombia, Cardinal Luque voiced a stern protest from his palace in Bogotá. He also condemned the shooting by police of students taking part in demonstrations against the government and the massacre of innocent people in the bleachers of the Bogotá bull ring by Rojista bully boys.

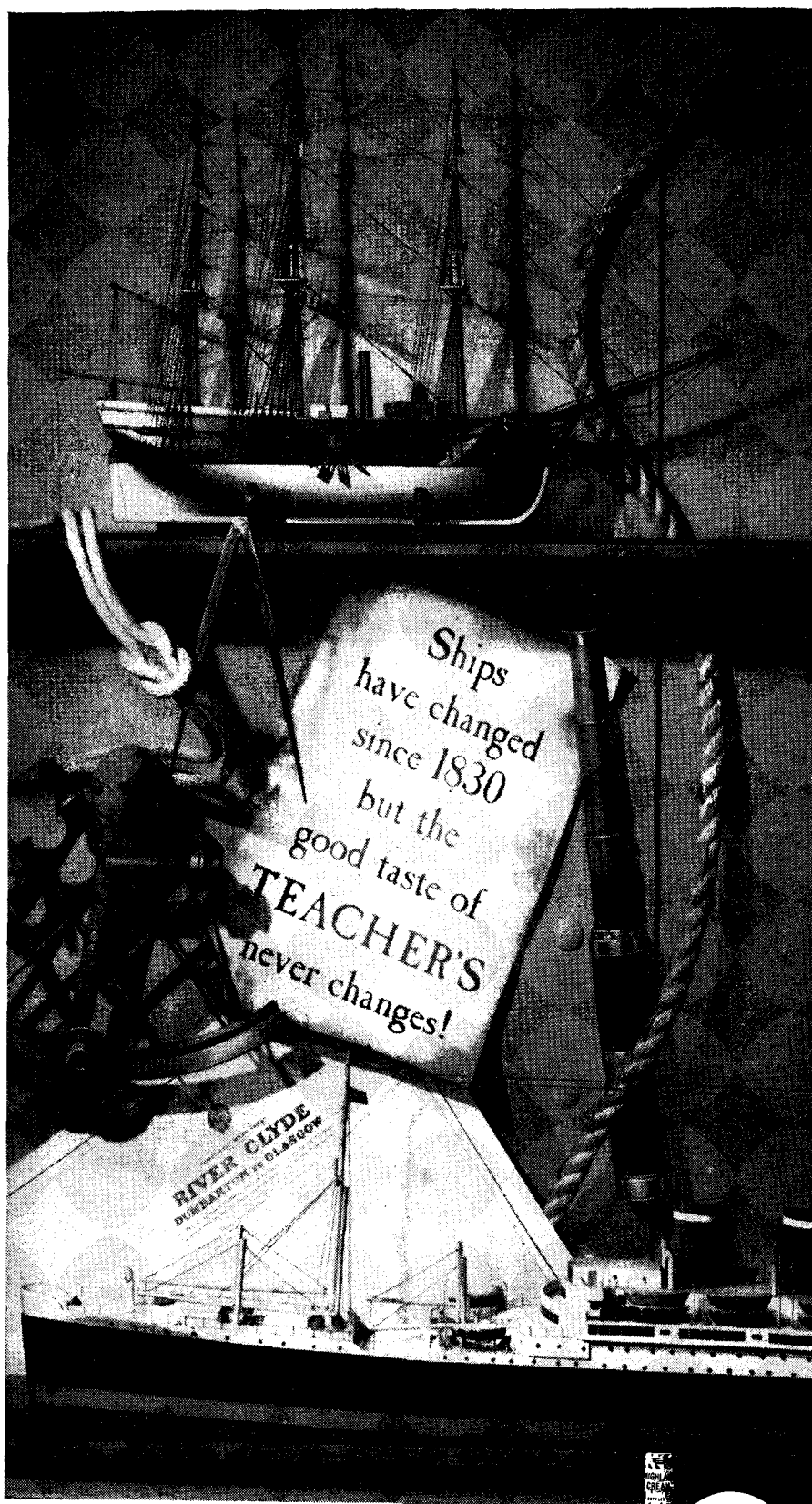
When Rojas Pinilla tried to form a new political party, called the Third Force, dedicated exclusively to furthering his own interests, the Cardinal issued a sharp rebuke and declared that the loyalty oath to be taken by members was nothing short of sacrilege. When the President hastily disbanded his new party, Cardinal Luque let him know he was still on probation.

Students throughout the nation risked their lives to demonstrate against the cruelty and greed of the dictator's regime. Clandestinely they printed and circulated bulletins which often provided the only means of knowing what was really going on. They played a significant role in gaining popular and sustained support for a country-wide strike.

Economic resistance

Slowly but surely the citizens of Colombia prepared for concerted economic resistance, which they hoped would force Rojas Pinilla to resign. Housewives bought canned meats and fruits and vegetables that would keep, as factory owners arranged to pay employees a week's wages in advance and establish commissaries to provide workers and their families with food for a month.

The strike began in Medellin on May 5 just after siesta. People strolling beneath the orchid-hung ceiba trees of the Paseo de la Playa suddenly heard a long shrill whistle from the big mill, followed by a cacophony of others. "There goes Coltejer out on strike!" they cried to festival visitors. "And Fabricato! The cement works are closing down, too, and the Pielroja cigarette factory!" Spontaneously forming a parade, they surged into the Avenida Junín and other business streets where storekeepers were busily rolling up the shutters of their shops, while the radio blared the news that Cali was



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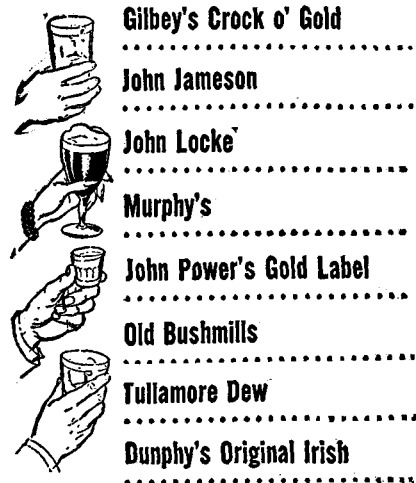
HAD YOU LIVED IN CONNAUGHT in Ireland at the beginning of the 19th Century, you might suddenly and surprisingly have found yourself a willy-nilly host to the "Bard O'Kelly." Last of the Irish itinerant poets to claim the extremely ancient rites of hospitality, he had neither retinue, official recognition, nor established fees. But O'Kelly was backed by a tradition that antedated the Christian era. By the same token, if your hospitality and largesse pleased the visiting bard, he was required to herald your quality.

Ireland has always had bards to sing, in classic metre or in cheerful balladry, the praises of the country's delightful viands and beverages, and of those who serve them. Especial poetic eloquence has been inspired by the serving of Irish Whiskey, nectar of spirituous beverages, compliment to host as well as guest, supreme hallmark of hospitality! Try it yourself for assured palate pleasure—perhaps your intense enjoyment might even inspire poetic expression.

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Report on Colombia



about to join the strike, with Bogotá and other towns and cities soon to follow.

But relief became mixed with apprehension when the dictator did not resign as anticipated, and word came from nearby Cali that Valencia had been arrested by the police. He was later released at the intervention of Cardinal Luque. The sudden jailing of Julio Hernandez, the editor of *El Colombiano*, Medellin's leading conservative newspaper, put a further damper on the events of the Flower and Folklore Festival. Finally the President's own voice came over the radio announcing that he had just been re-elected by the Assembly for another term.

But on the tenth of May came the news of the dictator's forced resignation, his immediate departure into exile, and the public promise by the head of a newly established five-man military junta now governing the country that presidential elections would be held in 1958 as provided by the Constitution. Everyone who owned a flag or a car or both streamed into the streets, crowded into the Plaza Bolívar, then on to the jail. Here they demanded Julio Hernandez and carried him on their shoulders as a symbol of freedom regained.

Return to democracy?

Can Colombia readjust to democratic government—and how quickly? For nine long years Colombia has been in a state of siege without citizen representation on national, state, or local level. To resume its place in the twentieth century will require slow, persistent exercise of the atrophied muscles of self-government. Will the military junta encourage this? Although it is reported to be working more and more coöperatively with the cabinet of capable citizens, is this any assurance that the present members will not decide to perpetuate themselves in office?

The delicate balance of a nation recovering from dictatorship can easily be upset by hotheaded politicians or even by patriotic students impatient with the necessarily slow processes of democracy. Press, radio, and TV will interpret changing government needs to people in the cities and towns, but how will the isolated and often illiterate rural folks understand that high prices and an austerity program are essential to the nation's economic health? And can anyone pacify the small, regional, well-armed bands of guerrillas, whose favorite employment is shooting it out with the army or police?

Colombian finance could scarcely be worse. In addition to the high cost of Rojista graft and corruption, the country faces a world surplus of coffee, which means a low price for its most important product. Though richly endowed with raw materials, water supply, and manpower, the long-term loans desperately needed to expand present industries and develop new ones are not likely to be forthcoming until Colombia proves it can maintain a stable government.

Basic to Colombia's return to parliamentary government and civil rights is the present coalition of Liberals and Conservatives. But will it last? It is encouraging that members of both parties stood together in the general strike, still more so that they agree on Valencia as joint presidential nominee. Moreover, the Covenant of Sitges, a remarkable twelve-year plan, has been drawn up by Liberal Dr. Lleras and Dr. Laureano Gómez, leader of the right-wing Conservatives. This provides both parties with alternating rights to the presidency and equal numbers of cabinet posts and seats in the national and state legislatures.

It is much too soon to tell whether the Colombians can sustain the high morale and sense of responsibility with which they are now facing the political and economic carnage caused by the dictatorship. However, Medellin, busily planning the Flower and Folklore Festival of 1958, hopes that along with the famous 20,000 orchid plants of El Ranchito and the colorful dances of the Choco, it will be able to show foreign visitors how Colombians smart enough to get rid of a dictator can work together to rebuild a democracy and keep it.

At a time when the future of education is one of the most important problems facing the country, it is reassuring to find American industry assuming its responsibilities. Here General Electric tells how the development of a sound philosophy can lead to a broad program of aid to education that goes beyond philanthropy, and works to the advantage of both donor and recipient.

One Viewpoint on

Corporate Aid to Education

By GENERAL ELECTRIC

BY NOW, most responsible people in industry are convinced that, both as individuals and as corporate citizens, they have some obligation to help American education solve its growing problems. Scarcely a week goes by without a high-level conference, somewhere, taking up the question of corporate support of education. This question, today, is seldom phrased "should we or shouldn't we?" but rather "how much and on what basis?"

The result has been a growing number of corporate aid-to-education programs. Some are amplifications of older activities. Only in this sixth decade of the century has there been much research, analysis, and thinking through to a logical and consistent philosophy of corporate support of education.

Yet today, many programs are being built on a sound theory of the case. These programs are all different; they reflect the individualities of the sponsoring companies. This variety is good. As some prove workable and others not, there is nothing but corporate pride to prevent the borrowing and copying of successful patterns. This is the American way to progress; it avoids the rigidity of frozen compromise which would inevitably characterize a single federal policy.

Here on these pages is an attempt to present the philosophy evolved by one company—General Electric—and show how it has been used to organize a wide variety of almost unrelated projects, and to create new ones, to produce a comprehensive program geared to education's

needs and appropriate to a business like General Electric.

In Search of a Philosophy

Some wag has said that there are no problems in education that would not vanish at the wave of some tens of millions—or maybe it's billions—of unrestricted dollars from industry. This viewpoint overlooks several important facts. Irresponsible money never solved anything. There are moral responsibilities in giving away money, just as there are in earning it. The dollars involved are originally business dollars; they must either come out of capital or be added to the cost of products or services. Therefore they should be invested, rather than given, for businesslike objectives.

At General Electric this is interpreted to mean the careful, planned use of the shareowners' money in a way that benefits both parties to the transaction. The attempt has been to devise programs which help to attain three broad objectives that can be demonstrably related to the company's long-range well-being:

1. Developing new knowledge through research and inspired, competent teaching.
2. Insuring an adequate supply of educated manpower for the Company, for industry, and for the economy generally.
3. Maintaining and improving the eco

conomic, social, and political climate necessary to the continued existence and progress of competitive free enterprise.

In practice, these objectives introduce few limitations. The programs could be, and often are, the same ones erected from purely philanthropic motives. Yet philanthropy is not the ruling concept. We do not believe it is enough simply to generate a warm, generous feeling around the vague locality of the corporate heart.

Some Working Principles

Several working principles have evolved from studies of educational needs. One is expressed by the search for a "multiplication factor" in any programs devised for financial assistance. For example, in the choice between helping to pay a faculty member a higher salary, or assisting a student with a scholarship, the advantage lies clearly with the professor, whose improved teaching can influence a whole generation of students. Similarly, between an institution and an individual, the benefit to the institution is passed on to many. Practically all the General Electric programs in force today have this multiplication factor, in some degree, built in.

Another working principle derives from the belief that education is a good investment for the recipient. Therefore, so far as he is able, and as soon as he can, he should pay his way. This accounts for the recent institution of a loan plan for employees and their children.

A third working principle calls for a genuine belief in education and the established educational institutions. Not that these are perfect, or sacrosanct and above criticism. But they exist; they have produced the general level of education we have at present; they offer the only practical and foreseeable agencies for continuation and improvement. Therefore, in our belief, it behooves those who wish to help, to work through these existing channels.

The Education Public

In reducing principles to practice, what aspects of education are the legitimate concern of a national company like General Electric?

The Company has plants in more than 100 communities in 31 states. It has upwards of 380,000 shareowners. It has about 280,000 employees, including close to 30,000 college graduates drawn from 760 institutions.

Obviously regional considerations are ruled

out; there can be no truly "local" or "favorite" colleges. Neither is there any point in setting up arbitrary distinctions as between private and tax-supported institutions. The majority of Americans start their education in tax-supported public schools, and the colleges, whatever their internal structure, have similar aims and achieve almost identical results.

All levels of education, from elementary through graduate school, make important contributions. And, in the development of assistance programs, all regularly constituted educational institutions that meet accepted standards should be given equal consideration. Choices, when they have to be made, should so far as possible avoid preconceptions, prejudice, and the pressures of special pleading.

The Current Programs

The aid-to-education programs instituted by General Electric and now in effect fall into two distinct categories. One is direct financial or equivalent aid to institutions or individuals. The other involves non-financial considerations—usually in terms of information, teaching aids, guidance helps, and co-operation in support of basic educational objectives.

Most of these programs, taken individually, are not the largest of their kind supported by American industry. Some are new; some date back nearly a half-century. Because they are under constant study, some will probably be drastically altered. Obvious gaps will be filled. They are listed and briefly described below to show how it is possible to meet a wide variety of educational needs and at the same time concentrate on not more than three fundamental objectives.

PROGRAMS OF DIRECT FINANCIAL AID

Most of the programs of direct assistance are now financed by the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund, an independent charitable trust, directed by Trustees and administered for the Trustees of the Fund by the Company's Educational Relations component. Any company's earnings are subject to fluctuations with the times; yet effective programs of educational support depend on continuity. Therefore, the creation of the Fund and the periodic transfer of assets from earnings to the Fund's capital are insurance against interruption of support of important educational activities.

Corporate Alumnus Program

This program was instituted January 1, 1955; its provisions and objectives were described in a message similar to this one in the January 1955 issue of this magazine. Under this Corporate Alumnus concept, the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund offers to match the gifts of General Electric employees to the four-year accredited colleges they attended. The offer is made to employees with at least one year's service with the Company; the limit on individual gifts that will be matched in any year is \$2,000.

Over the first two-year period of the program, 427 colleges received a total of \$764,760—half from General Electric alumni and half from the Fund. Incentives of the program significantly increased the average size of alumni gifts; colleges were encouraged to step up their solicitation of their graduates. More than thirty other companies and foundations have now instituted some form of gift-matching program.

Fellowships for Graduate Study

At the present time, 88 fellowships a year are being financed by the Educational and Charitable Fund for pre-doctoral graduate study. Of these, 34 are competitive; 54 are assigned to selected universities and the recipients are chosen by the institutions. The fields of study, while specified, are widely various and embrace most of the areas of advanced knowledge. In addition to substantial stipends to the individual Fellows, grants are made to the institutions in support of the educational costs incurred. A recent survey of this program, which dates back to 1923, shows that nearly two-thirds of the Fellows have subsequently gone into teaching.

Loans for Undergraduate Study

This program, beginning in 1957-58, authorizes the components of the Company to make loans up to \$1,000 a year to employees for their own or their children's higher education. In the first year, almost 300 loans were locally negotiated, totaling just over \$200,000. The majority were for first-year students, for whom most college-operated loan programs are not available.

Scholarship Awards

For the first time, in 1957, the Educational and Charitable Fund Trustees made scholarship

awards of \$650 to 50 of the applicants for undergraduate loans, with accompanying grants of \$350 to the colleges attended. Nominations were made by the Company components, based on scholastic standing, character, and with special emphasis on financial need. This program, incidentally, is the only one of a strictly scholarship nature. Neither the Company nor the Fund provides any scholarships for students not employee-connected.

Summer High School Teacher Fellowships

For six weeks each summer, the Educational and Charitable Fund finances, through six universities, graduate-level programs of study for 300 secondary-school teachers of chemistry, physics, and mathematics. The purpose is to allow these teachers to refresh and update their knowledge in the fields they teach, and to see first-hand how these subjects are applied in the industrial world. Selection of applicants and the academic program are in the hands of the universities. This activity began with a single program for 50 teachers in 1945. Since then, 1,900 teachers have had an opportunity, through improved teaching since their Fellowship experience, to influence an estimated 750,000 pupils—perhaps the best example of the "multiplication principle" in action.

Equipment Assistance

General Electric makes a number of products suitable for instructional use, usually in college engineering and science laboratories. For many years these have been made available to educational institutions at what is essentially cost. In special cases, some additional financial assistance is provided, totaling in a typical year some hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Special Grants

There are some educational projects which, though they do not fall logically into continuing programs, contribute quite directly to the overall objectives. In 1956, modest grants were made by the Fund to five medium-sized colleges, as part of a study of the relationships between industry and the liberal-arts institutions. In 1957, the physics departments of 20 colleges received grants of \$2,500 each—again to determine how a modest increment in budget can strengthen the work of a single department. Another type of grant, on a few occasions, has

enabled educators to re-evaluate curriculum needs in important disciplines. And grants have been made to institutions experimenting with possible improvements in teaching. In each case, the benefits of the knowledge gained went further than the benefits to the individual recipients.

NON-FINANCIAL PROGRAMS

The traditional pattern of education in America, up through high school, is the public school, with control and support a local responsibility. The independence bred of this local responsibility is too important to be imperiled by outside influence. To attempt to offer financial support would be impractical, and perhaps impertinent.

Fortunately, there are contributions that an industry can make, with complete propriety, that may transcend monetary support in ultimate value. The first and obvious thing is to find ways to help the individual teachers do their teaching and counseling job better.

Subject-matter Information

Because General Electric is a company built on scientific research and engineering application, it is a natural source of knowledge too new to have reached the textbooks. This presents an opportunity and an obligation. So secondary school teachers are offered posters and booklets dealing with such current subjects as principles of electricity, jet propulsion, atomic power. A "comics" series of booklets is most popular. Since 1945 science and mathematics teachers have requested over 65 million copies for use in classes. They report increased interest in their subjects as a result.

Guidance Information

If today's trend continues, more and more pupils will find their careers in industry. They will get better jobs and be better employees if they know how to prepare themselves and take full advantage of educational opportunities. Messages entitled "Why Study Math?", "Why Study English?", "Why Stick To Your Studies?", "Start Planning Now For Your Career", embodying General Electric experience, have been offered to teachers and guidance counselors.

These messages, which reinforce the teachers' advice with authority of a large company, have been widely used. The total of all school publications, both subject-matter and guidance, requested by teachers since 1945 exceeds 100 million copies.

Research and New Knowledge

One major obligation of industry to education is a genuine attempt to understand its objectives and problems. Paying out money without this understanding is not only poor business, it is an insult to the recipients. It says, in effect: "Please take this check and go away; don't bother me." There are times when studying the business use of the education product, applying what is learned, and feeding the results back to the educators can be of greater value than dollar support.

A recent report on what 13,500 college-graduate employees of General Electric think of their college courses has been used by curriculum groups in the colleges. A study of problems to be faced by colleges in the next twenty years will be released soon, summarizing the predictions of 110 college presidents. A survey of opinions of undergraduates of twenty colleges on such things as attitudes toward politics, awarding of scholarships, and going into debt, is being tabulated. Information of this kind, difficult or impossible for individual institutions to obtain, and often the result of active co-operation with educational associations, is made available both to educators and to other industries.

A FEW CONCLUSIONS

To the people in General Electric who are administering these educational programs, some things have become evident. The problems of education are real, not illusory, and are important enough to industry to merit serious attention. The number of things which can be done in support of education—all good and worthy in themselves—is infinite. Some basic philosophy must be developed as a guide. It is then possible to reconcile the needs of education and the legitimate interests of an industrial company, and develop programs involving a *quid pro quo* that makes no demands on educational freedom.

[Additional copies of "One Viewpoint on Corporate Aid to Education" are available from General Electric Company, One River Road, Schenectady 5, New York.]

Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

THE OCTOBER ATLANTIC

SIR:

The *Atlantic's* October issue was superb, especially in all the scientific matters of a semibiological nature and, of course, of a physical nature. Dr. Carleton S. Coon's article on "What Is Race?" was excellent, too.

It is the kind of issue that makes a scientist's heart warm.

EDWARD N. WENTWORTH
Chesterton, Ind.

SIR:

I find it hard to believe that any article, story, Report, or Accent on Living piece could be better than those in the October issue — which makes waiting for the Centennial issue all the more exciting.

Thank you for years of continuous pleasure, my only regret being that I won't be around for the bicentenary!

MRS. HARRIS L. KEMPNER
Galveston, Tex.

SIR:

Congratulations on your October Science and Industry Supplement. It is a fine achievement. I have only one criticism: nothing is said about the kind of society needed to produce scientific miracles, nor what effect the latter have on our way of living.

Americans still reject the inherent value and joy of basic research, and our cultural construct would seem to encourage and even produce future rejection of it. Technology is making the problem a worse one. Production and sale on a mass scale, with the benefits accruing more and more to the lowest-income groups, has created a way of living dominated

by the needs and desires of this great mass.

Whatever the immediate social and moral advantages, the effect in time is to discourage quality and encourage quantity. Ironically, if it also stimulates anti-intellectualism, it shuts off the very stream of ideas and knowledge needed to carry the process onward, except insofar as we are able to get this basic knowledge from Europe or from trained European scientists (and artists, too).

Surely, when we rich Americans buy shockingly few books compared to Europeans, but have just three stereotyped television networks to show for a substitute, the notion that today's technology will inspire tomorrow's Einstein is a trifle absurd.

PAUL GRAESER
New York City

SIR:

On behalf of some of our science teachers I should like to express to you our appreciation for the very fine science section.

You may be interested to know that the article by Helen Hill Miller — "Science: Careers for Women" — is required reading by the girls in our chemistry classes.

Thank you for an especially useful issue.

PEARL FAIST, *Librarian*
Traverse City High School
Traverse City, Mich.

SIR:

Your new format and layout styling are very attractive. Entire magazine has that "easy to read" appearance.

TOM HERLINE
Opelousas, La.

SIR:

I have just looked through — but not yet read — the October issue. The revised format, and especially the headpieces to articles, caught my attention at once. It was not my intention, when I began subscribing to the *Atlantic*, to receive another picture magazine, as it now seems to be becoming. But I do hope the quality of the articles and stories will not also be "modernized."

DAVID W. HART
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

It seems to me too bad that the *Atlantic* — in the October issue — has sandwiched advertisements between fine articles. It cheapens it.

MRS. J. DEWITT BENSON
Dover Plains, N.Y.

SIR:

Since I have great esteem for the *Atlantic* and should like to see it grow and prosper in its next hundred years, I send along my reactions. I think the combination of paper and type used in previous issues is easier to read and easier on the eye. The removal of the old-fashioned borders, mermaids, and conches is laudable, but I'd say that the bareness and excessive white space exhibited on the October contents page leaves something to be desired. Also, isn't one word enough on the *Atlantic* Report headings?

You certainly deserve commendation for the wonderful job you have done in bringing us the best in contemporary thought and writing, and for the way you have unflinchingly presented ideas and opinions that don't go down so well with some



ENJOY SNOW TIME in La Province de Québec

For really good skiing come to French-Canada. In its mountain districts, you will enjoy all winter sports at their best. There the snow is deep and white, the air clear and dry, the sunshine bright. And you will be welcomed with old-time hospitality in comfortable modern inns and hotels. For road map and ski booklet, write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City; or 48 Rockefeller Centre, New York 20, N. Y.



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people these days. So please just take my chidings as an effort to help with your refurbishing job.

MURRAY GREENBERG
New York City

SIR:

I am much displeased with all the advertisements between reading matter. All summer we enjoyed the *Atlantic* because this was not done.

A. M. RICHMAN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIR:

I have finished reading the October *Atlantic*, some of it twice, and must say I am displeased. It is humiliating to find out how little I knew.

E. A. ANDREWS
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

I PERSONALLY

SIR:

Cheers for Gertrude Friedberg's witty fable, "Where Moth and Rust," in the September *Atlantic*. As another housewife palled with repetitive procedures, I can nevermore take myself too seriously. Let's hear some more on this subject.

MRS. KARL SCHLAEPFER
Milwaukee, Wis.

SIR:

Please, let's have no more bedtime tales like "The Minister's Cat" by Peg Bracken (September Accent on Living). My brain was tied in such knots from the game that it took two aspirin and a shot of bourbon before I could relax enough to go back to counting the usual nocturnal sheep!

MRS. ROBERT W. MERRITT
Columbus Junction, Ia.

SIR:

Vance Packard, in his otherwise excellent article "The Growing Power of Admen" (September *Atlantic*), has been unnecessarily cautious to avoid the possibility of the impossible. If our situation were not potentially tragic, it would be amusing to observe the strange phobia which compels writers on this subject — after having led their readers to what seems an inevitable conclusion — to pretend that the conclusion isn't there.

"The responsible leaders of the industry," Mr. Packard soberly assures us, should "review the current trends in advertising and admon-

What's Ahead

in the

JANUARY ATLANTIC

RACE AND THE SCHOOLS: A Crisis North and South

In this leading article, AGNES E. MEYER, a trusted authority on education, warns that we cannot afford to wreck our public school system in our eagerness to carry forward a great social experiment.

THE CHALLENGE OF SOVIET SCIENCE

Three timely articles by:
TREVOR GARDNER, the former assistant to the secretary to the Air Force for research who set up our missiles program in 1954;
LLOYD BERKNER, president of the Associated Universities laboratory at Brookhaven and vice chairman of the International Geophysical Year;
JOHN TURKEYVICH, professor of chemistry at Princeton and a leading authority on Russian science.

THE ISOLATION OF THE AMERICAN ARTIST

An eloquent defense of an eloquent minority, by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

ish practitioners to proceed with greater consideration for the public's welfare in certain areas."

Dismissing the possibly irrelevant questions, "Who are the responsible leaders of the industry?" and "How much could be accomplished by mere admonition?", let us get down to fundamentals and ask *why* they should do thus and so. Is some sort of moral or ethical concept being assumed as underlying this obligation? If so, what is it, and at what precise point does or should it become operative? Does anyone know? Or care?

There seems to be at least an unconscious hypocrisy in invoking the moral issue unless we are willing to accept its full implications. We know very well that our way of life involves a wanton destruction of natural resources and a shameless debauchery of human values (I refer particularly to enforced obsolescence and to "revolution in self-indulgence" cited by Mr. Packard); yet these practices are commonly represented as essential to our economic well-being, and the "engineers of consent" have so adroitly identified them with the revered symbols of God and country that even to question them is made to appear subversive, if not sacrilegious.

WILLIAM O. WOLFINGER
Big Rapids, Mich.

ROBERT SHERWOOD

SIR:

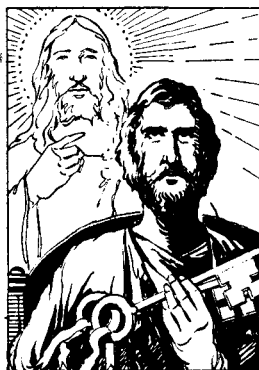
I am working on a biography of Robert Emmet Sherwood to be published by Harper & Brothers. Almost inevitably, in view of the wide range of his interests and activities, the title will be *The Worlds of Robert Sherwood*. I should deeply appreciate hearing from people in any of these worlds who have letters or recollections of Sherwood which they are willing to share with me.

JOHN MASON BROWN
*17 East 89th Street
New York 28, New York*

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Unwillingness to accept the authority of the Pope keeps many people out of the Catholic Church.

They just cannot believe, as Catholics do, that a human being is divinely authorized to interpret the teachings and govern the Church for the faithful of our modern day. And they think Catholics are foolish so to believe.

But, believe us, it is neither ignorance nor fear, as some imagine, that prompts Catholic obedience to the Pope.

The present Pope, Pius XII, is the 262nd successor to the first Pope—Peter.

And it was to Peter that Christ said: "... thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church" ... and "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

There was no doubt in Peter's mind as to what Our Lord meant, for he presently assumed primacy among the Apostles ... and he was universally recognized among first-century Christians for what Catholics recognize him today—the first duly appointed Vicar of Christ on earth.

As the head of the Church, Peter was the *guardian and interpreter* of the faith once delivered. He could not and did not reveal any new truths or institute any new moral principles. He could not and did not discard or dilute the truths and principles already expounded by the Savior. His was the responsibility of enlightening the minds of men concerning

God's law, that each might form his own conscience. And the faithful heard him, believed him and followed him not as Peter, the man, but as Peter—the Vicar of Christ.

And that is exactly the relationship that always has prevailed ... and prevails today ... between the Pope and the Catholic people.

We do not question the sincerity of anyone who rejects the doctrines of the Catholic Church or the authority of the Pope. But it is significant that ... for want of such authority ... Christendom is sorely divided by conflicting doctrines and beliefs, whereas Catholics are taught the same laws and believe the same things the world over, as they have for nearly 2,000 years.

If you would like to know more about the true relationship between the Catholic people and the Pope, our free pamphlet will prove both interesting and enlightening. Write today ... Ask for Pamphlet No. B-21. It will come in a plain wrapper. Nobody will call on you.

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Discover the newest of the new! It's all here in the five new cars of *The Forward Look* for '58.

Their truly *Advance Design*—form and function conceived *together*—keeps you years ahead of the time.

You'll discover what we mean wherever you look—from fresh front-end treatment to new

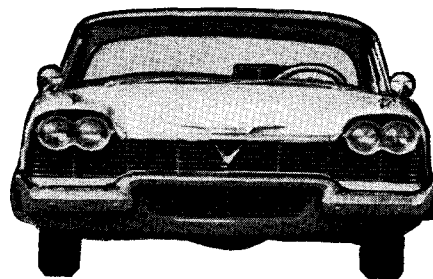
taillight glamour with graceful ride-steadying fins.

You'll find the exciting promise of the low, sleek silhouette borne out by performance you've never known before.

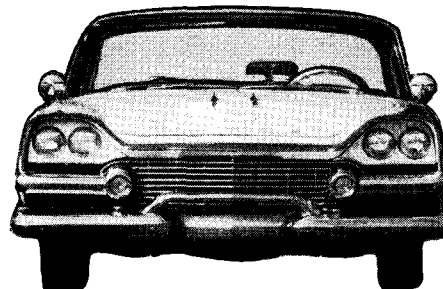
For our '58 cars have new smoother, quieter, more economical engines plus a new Constant-Control Power Steering, too—for more

feel of the road while it works full time. Plus a new 3-Step Choke for more economy. And of course, Torsion-Aire—the only completely new system of suspension at *no* extra cost. It *levels* your ride as nothing else can.

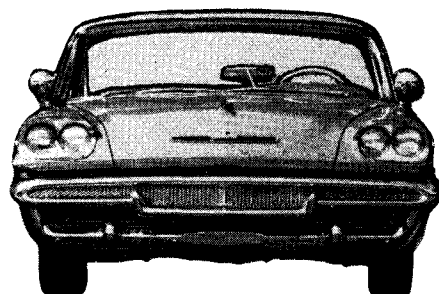
Come in and *compare!* We're reasonably certain you'll decide that the car *you* want is the one with *Advance Design*.



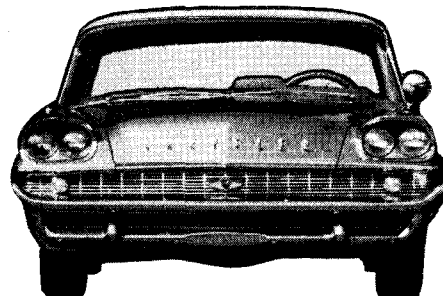
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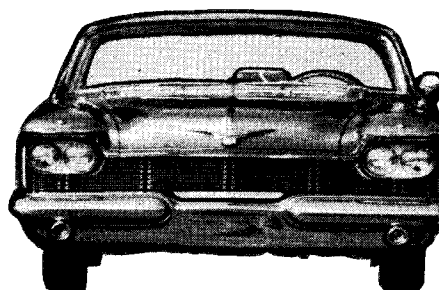
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THE RIGHT TO VOTE

BY SENATOR PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Economist and author who is regarded as an authority on the theory of wages, PAUL H. DOUGLAS is today the senior Senator from Illinois. He began his political career after rigorous years of teaching, first on the West Coast at Reed College, then at the University of Washington, at Amherst, and at the University of Chicago. In 1942, at the age of fifty, he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps as a private, was advanced to the rank of lieutenant colonel, and was wounded at the Battle of Okinawa. In the Senate he is respected for his literary versatility, for his prodigious homework, and for his leadership in the fight for civil rights.

THE most pressing domestic issue before the country today is similar to that which cried out for attention a century ago when the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded. Then it was the institution of slavery which prevailed over the Southern half of the country and against which men and women of conscience were revolting. Today it is the legal, political, and educational injustices which the Negroes still suffer all over the country, but more particularly in our eleven Southern states where 60 per cent of the Negroes are congregated and where they form 25 per cent of the population.

When the slaves were freed, they were turned adrift without land, property, or education. They also lacked the traditions of a sound family life. This was bad enough, but many of the Southern states then moved in to reduce the newly freed Negroes to something resembling peonage, by means of vagrancy and apprenticeship laws and a battery of so-called "black codes." In turn, these furnished an excuse to the radical Republicans of the North to impose military control under the "conquered provinces" theory. New state governments were founded on Negro suffrage and the partial disenfranchisement of active Confederates. As a part of this process, a group of white "carpet-

baggers" from the North descended on the South and took over the political guidance of the new regimes. Most of these invaders filled their own pockets, and open graft and debauchery were common among the Negro officials. Political life all over the nation touched rock bottom during this gilded age, and Washington itself, along with Columbia and Baton Rouge, was a sinkhole of corruption.

The desire to protect the Negroes from the whites by national legislation led to the enactment of the 14th Amendment in 1867, the 15th Amendment in 1870, and to a supporting series of federal laws.

While legal attention was for a long time primarily fixed upon the "due process" clause of the 14th Amendment, which was generally interpreted by the courts to forbid legislative interference with the assumed "free contract" between employers and individual workers, students of this amendment have properly concluded that its paramount purpose was to give full citizenship rights to the Negroes. This was provided in the clause that no state should "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." While the voting rights of Negroes were

not expressly guaranteed by the 14th Amendment, Section 2 provided that if this right to vote were denied to "male inhabitants" who were citizens and at least twenty-one years of age, then the representation of that state in the national House of Representatives was to be proportionately reduced.

Immediately following the presidential election of 1868, when General Grant and the Republicans won a sweeping victory, Congress passed the 15th Amendment giving direct federal protection to the right to vote. It was now stated in plain language that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude." This amendment was ratified by the states in 1870 and the armory of constitutional protection was supposedly completed.

SINCE all three of these reconstruction amendments gave to Congress the power to enforce them by "appropriate legislation," no less than seven such acts were passed during the years from 1866 to 1875. These were designed to protect Negroes from intimidation, to make effective their right to vote, to allow them to hold property and not be subject to forced labor, and to have the full rights of citizens. It was presumed that the federal government would protect these rights from being violated not only by state and local governments, but by private persons as well.

But a reaction set in. The abuses of the reconstruction governments were widely publicized, Northern interest in the Negro slackened, and the Ku Klux Klan rose to power. Finally, in 1877, there came the decisive change. There is little doubt that the Democratic candidate for the presidency, Samuel J. Tilden, actually won the presidential election of 1876. The Republicans, however, provoked electoral contests in South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana.

Finally, by a straight party vote of the electoral commission which the Republicans dominated, they cast the votes of these states for their candidate, Rutherford B. Hayes. Hayes was then declared elected by a margin of only one electoral vote. There is clear evidence that this act was preceded by an agreement with some of the leaders of the Southern whites that if these votes were permitted to be cast for Hayes, the Republicans would then withdraw federal troops from the South and permit matters to take their course. Once Hayes was sworn in, this was speedily done. The carpetbag governments were sloughed off, and the Negroes were slowly disenfranchised and ultimately ousted from government.

The Northern interest in the Negro rapidly ebbed in the materialism of the period, and the civil rights statutes were either repealed, declared inapplicable, or ignored.

Then, in the early 1890s, came the Populist uprising. It was once the fashion to regard this as a purely Western movement led by such picturesque figures as Ignatius Donnelly, "Sockless Jerry" Simpson, Mary Ellen Leese, and General Weaver. But for a time, Populism also bade fair to sweep the South. There it was an attempt at political coöperation between the poor white farmers and the more intelligent Negroes.

Although it failed, its near success frightened the prosperous planters and the aristocracy of the South. The big planters now encouraged state after state to pass segregation laws. These had been started earlier in Mississippi and Louisiana and were sanctioned constitutionally in 1896 by the famous *Plessy v. Ferguson* decision of the Supreme Court. The Court upheld the "equal but separate" provisions of a Louisiana statute which forced segregation on trains. In the words of the Court, "We cannot say that a law which authorizes or even requires the separation of the races in public conveyances is unreasonable." Continuing, the Court dealt with the contention of the plaintiff that "the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority" and replied:

If this be so; it is not by reason of anything found in the act, but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it.

The sole dissenter from this decision was that vigorous Kentuckian, Justice Harlan. Harlan has been unduly disparaged by Holmes and his followers, but his opinion in this and other cases stamps him as one of the truly great justices. In indignant language, he declared:

There is in this country no superior, dominant, ruling class of citizens. There is no caste here. Our Constitution is color blind and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens. In respect of civil rights, all citizens are equal before the law.

Protected thus by the Supreme Court, state after state passed similar segregation laws during the next decade. They came to cover the South like a network. The separation of the races was required not only on trains, but also on streetcars, in waiting rooms, places of public amusement, and, of course, in the parks and schools.

By 1905, this segregation of the races had hardened into a fixed pattern. In Atlanta there were Jim Crow elevators and even Jim Crow Bibles. At the same time, the Negroes were disenfranchised by the requirement of poll taxes,

requirements that voters must "interpret" the Constitution satisfactorily, and by the "grandfather" clauses barring descendants of slaves from voting. So effectively was this disenfranchisement carried out that, according to Woodward, the number of registered Negro voters in Louisiana fell from 130,000 in 1896 to 1300 in 1907.

By 1920, the Negroes in the South were almost totally disenfranchised, and the sharp separation of the races was not greatly dissimilar from the practices in South Africa today. It might help to reduce the aura of sanctity with which many even now seek to surround Jim Crow if more people could understand its beginnings and development as a political device. It is not a way of life ordained by Holy Writ, as some earnest people appear to believe. It is a custom largely rooted in man-made political schemes.

THE coming of World War I at once created a great demand for labor in the Northern industrial centers and, at the same time, shut off immigration from Europe. This led to a migration of Negroes from the South into such Northern cities as New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Chicago. Bad race riots occurred in my own state of Illinois in both Chicago and East St. Louis, and there was trouble elsewhere. But the Negro migration continued during the 1920s as industry boomed and immigration from abroad was restricted. As the Negro population in the North increased and Negroes acquired the right to vote, they became more of a political force and their needs and aspirations had to be considered by the political parties for the first time since 1877.

The initial effort was an attempt to enact a federal law to check the disgraceful number of lynchings which occurred primarily in the South but occasionally in the North as well. During the ten years from 1910 to 1920, these had amounted to the terrible annual average of sixty-two. Legislation was defeated by prolonged filibusters in the Senate, but the publicity and the growing horror of people in all sections of the country fortunately led to a sharp decline in the number of lynchings and ultimately to their virtual disappearance. Since 1950, there have only been six in all, or an average of one a year. This hideous blot upon our country is happily, therefore, almost a thing of the past.

World War II brought well over a million Negroes into the armed forces and large numbers into the war industries of the North, Midwest, and Far West. We were fighting a war which,

among other purposes, was for democracy and against the race theories of the Nazis. It was obvious that our treatment of the Negroes, both in the North and South, was contrary to the principles for which we strove.

The conscience of white America was touched as it had not been for seventy years. At the same time, the full coöperation of the Negroes in the war effort became more necessary, and with steady work their economic position markedly improved. From 1930 on, moreover, a larger proportion of the Negroes were receiving better and longer educational training.

All these forces combined to stimulate a more militant demand among the Negroes for improved treatment, and a greater concern for them on the part of the whites.

The results began to be manifest. An increasing number of Negroes were assigned to other than housekeeping jobs in the armed services, and on July 26, 1948, President Truman ordered their full integration into all military units down to the company and the platoon level. Marine officers who had previously been skeptical of the move have told me that this integration paid off in greater combat effectiveness during the Korean War. It is undoubtedly one of the most important forward steps in recent years.

Discrimination in employment, formerly somewhat prevalent against Catholics but in recent times practiced primarily against Negroes and Jews, also came under increasing attack. A federal Fair Employment Practices Commission worked during the war to facilitate the entrance of Negroes into what had hitherto been closed occupations. New York passed a Fair Employment Practices Act outlawing discrimination on the basis of race, religion, or color. Other states and cities slowly began to fall in line, and liberal forces within the Northern branch of the Democratic Party pushed for a federal Fair Employment Practices Act and for the abolition of the poll tax by federal action. Such a fair practices bill was brought up for action in 1946, but the South filibustered it to death in the Senate on the pretext that since the daily journal of that body did not contain the morning prayer, no business could properly be conducted! Bills outlawing the poll tax also had been advanced by the Northern liberal Democrats in 1942, 1944, and again in 1946, but met with a similar fate. The filibuster had become the chief weapon of the South in preventing action.

In 1946, President Truman appointed a broadly representative Committee on Civil Rights headed by Charles E. Wilson, the president of General Electric. The report of this committee had an important influence on public opinion and helped

to shape many of the measures which have been urged and partially adopted during the last decade.

In 1948, the Democratic Party, after a historic floor fight led by Hubert Humphrey, adopted an advanced platform on civil rights and won both the presidential and congressional elections. This encouraged the hope that the Northern Democrats aided by the liberal Republicans might be able to get some affirmative federal action.

President Truman decided that the necessary preliminary step was to change Rule XXII of the Senate, governing debate, so as to make cloture or limitation of debate somewhat easier. However, this move backfired when a coalition of Southern Democrats and all but a few Republicans combined to make it even harder than before to limit debate. Two thirds of the entire membership of the Senate, or a total of sixty-four, would be required to limit debate instead of two thirds of those present and voting. No cloture at all could be imposed — except by unanimous consent — on any motion to bring up a change in the rules.

AFTER the outlawing in 1915 of the “grandfather” clause in the Quinn case, the disenfranchisement of the Negro had been largely effected by the so-called “white primary” and the poll tax requirement for voting. The legal argument in defense of the white primary was that a political party was like a private club and hence had the right to choose freely who could and who could not belong to it and help to select its candidates. This theory, however, was rejected by the United States Supreme Court in 1944 in the Texas case of *Smith v. Allwright* and again in 1947 in the South Carolina case of *Rice v. Elmon*. In these two cases, the Court ruled that primaries were not private affairs but integral parts of the electoral process, and that therefore the protections of the 15th Amendment applied to them. These decisions helped in some degree to open up the Democratic primaries of the South to Negroes.

The poll tax again came under scrutiny. In 1921, every one of the eleven Southern states had such a tax, and failure to pay it disqualified the citizen from voting. In some states the tax was cumulative, so that if it were left unpaid for two or more years, these arrears had to be cleaned up before the citizen could vote. While the poll tax reduced both the white and colored electorate, it weighed most heavily against the Negro. During the next quarter of a century four states, led by North Carolina and followed by Louisiana under Huey Long, Georgia under the progressive leadership of Ellis Arnall, and Florida, abolished this

tax. During the last decade, South Carolina and Tennessee have followed suit. There are, therefore, five states which now retain the tax as a prerequisite to voting. These are Virginia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas.

In at least five Southern states — namely, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, and North Carolina — voters must satisfy registrars as to their ability to read the state or federal Constitutions, pass so-called civic tests, name obscure local officials, or pronounce a long list of words to the satisfaction of the registrars.

I have given instance after instance on the floor of the Senate of how these tests are unfairly applied against the Negroes. Thus, a Negro in Mississippi was asked under what form of government we live. He first replied, “A democratic form of government.” This was declared to be wrong. He then stated that we live under “a republican form of government.” This also was said to be wrong. In Georgia, a Negro woman in order to qualify was required to “name the ordinary.” In North Carolina, the Negro voters are required to answer eight very difficult questions on the operations of the federal government. Negro college students have been disqualified under the literacy tests for mispronouncing words.

Sometimes these disqualifications have been wholesale and in other cases they have been individual. In Louisiana, Assistant Attorney General Olney has stated that there was in 1956 a widespread purge of Negroes from the registration rolls in no less than six counties — namely, Ouachita, Bienville, Caldwell, De Soto, Grant, and Jackson. Several thousands were thus dropped from the rolls at the instance of the White Citizens Councils.

In Tuskegee, Alabama, where the Negro constituency is on a high economic and cultural level, Negro registration was limited because members of the registration board first resigned and then later purposely prolonged the questioning of the Negroes applying for registration so that there was time to deal with only a few. In Virginia, the registration officials are very frequently women whose offices are in their homes. This naturally frightens most Negroes away.

The Southern Regional Council, a reputable organization composed of leaders from both races, has collected data from field agents in approximately a thousand Southern counties on the numbers of Negroes registered in 1956 and the percentage which they form of the Negroes of voting age.

Only 4 per cent of the eligible Negroes were registered in Mississippi, only 10 per cent in Alabama, and 20 per cent in Virginia. Texas had the best record, with approximately 38 per cent registered, and Louisiana came next with

nearly 32 per cent. The general average for eight Southern states was 23 per cent, and this is probably a fairly accurate general figure for the South.

But these are merely figures of the numbers of Negroes registered. Those who actually vote are much fewer. Indifference, to be sure, keeps many back, but the fact that voting by Negroes is frowned on by the dominant white community keeps away many more. Economic coercion, both tacit and open, is a restraining force, while the possibility of physical violence is always present in certain sections. It only takes a few well-publicized threats to spread a pall of fear over would-be voters.

How much all these factors reduce the number of actual Negro voters cannot be measured. The well-informed Governor Coleman of Mississippi is responsible for the estimate that in Mississippi in 1955 only about 7000 Negroes went to the polls. This was about one third of those registered, or 1.5 per cent of the potential Negro voters. But in the 1956 presidential election, in certain of the big Southern cities such as Norfolk, Atlanta, Jacksonville, and San Antonio, the Negroes did vote in larger numbers and exercised considerable local influence.

WHAT, then, were the existing legal remedies available for the protection of the civil and constitutional rights of Negro citizens prior to the passage of the recent act?

There was, in the first place, the right of suit; thus the parents of a child segregated on the basis of race or color in a separate school had the right to sue the local authorities to compel integration. Similar suits could be conducted to invalidate segregation in transportation and recreation, and to restrain election officials from improperly refusing to register Negro voters. Or suits for damages for the deprivation of constitutional rights could be filed by individuals.

But the difficulties in applying these remedies were great. In the first place, the aggrieved Negroes were almost universally poor, weak, and at the bottom of the social ladder in the various communities in which they lived. They could seldom afford the costs of suing local authorities for the protection of their civil rights. The local and state government could and would meet their costs out of governmental funds to which the Negroes as taxpayers would have made their contributions. However, since the Southern towns and states were pledged to carry these cases up to the very top, this meant two or more appeals, so that the cost to a private person of going to the Supreme Court might be close to \$5000. This was impossible for all but a few Negroes to pay.

Furthermore, since the Negroes were a socially and economically inferior group throughout the South, if any one Negro started suit, he would be immediately exposed to terrific pressure from the dominant white community. He might lose his job, and his credit was likely to be shut off. In many ways the white man's displeasure was likely to fall heavily upon him.

Because the individual Southern Negroes were so helpless, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People took up the burden of helping to finance the suits and to provide the plaintiffs with competent legal counsel. By means of pooled contributions from both Northern and Southern Negroes as well as from white sympathizers with their cause, numerous suits in the federal district courts of the deep South were financed and staffed.

Almost without exception, the federal judges — Southern born and trained — ordered compliance with the rulings of the Supreme Court. The localities and states affected, however, almost uniformly appealed these cases to the circuit courts and thence to the Supreme Court. In this way, they gained time and postponed the final decision as to whether they would obey the final rulings of the highest court in the land.

In the meantime, many of the Southern states — recognizing the significant support to constitutional rights given by the courts in private suits — moved to shut off outside aid to the beleaguered Negroes. In 1956–1957, five states, Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Texas, passed so-called antibarratry statutes. These made it a penal offense subject also to heavy fines for any “outsider” to furnish financial or legal assistance to anyone specifically engaged in a lawsuit. As I write, a similar bill is before the legislature of a sixth state, Alabama.

In these ways, the dominant white society of the South apparently believed that they could prevent the protection of the law from being extended to the Negroes. Once the Negroes could get to the federal courts and carry their cause through the lengthy judicial process, they could be assured of receiving substantially equal justice. But the process of getting there was costly and painful.

The other recourse was by criminal prosecution after the fact under the two remaining civil rights statutes which made it a criminal offense to intimidate any person to prevent him from enjoying his constitutional rights or to deprive any person of such rights on the ground of race or color. There were, however, two vital weaknesses in this procedure. It could be used only after an offense was committed and, hence, had no direct power to prevent such abuses from occurring. Prosecu-

tions after an election, for instance, would not restore the right to vote in that election. Secondly, indictments would have to be obtained from federal grand juries and convictions from petit juries.

When it is remembered that one recalcitrant jurymen could prevent conviction on these all-white or overwhelmingly white federal juries, it can be seen that the prospect for making criminal prosecution an effective deterrent was relatively slight. The fact that the nominal penalties were exceedingly heavy operated in the same direction. There was, therefore, a necessity for devising a legal course of action whereby the government would try to prevent these abuses from occurring. The obvious method was to permit the Department of Justice to start civil suits to protect the constitutional rights of individuals. The way for the government to act was through equity proceedings in which it would seek an injunction from a federal judge restraining individuals or political bodies from interfering with these constitutional rights. This is the method by which no less than thirty-eight federal statutes are enforced, including most of the antitrust laws and the Fair Labor Standards Act.

But could such a measure get through Congress, and more especially the Senate, where the Southerners were entrenched behind the filibuster and were ensconced in the position of power as chairmen of most of the important committees?

AFTER the parliamentary defeats of 1949–1950, it became apparent, as Arthur Krock of the *New York Times* observed, that “the Senate was the graveyard of civil rights and Rule XXII was the gravedigger.” A modification of Rule XXII, governing the length of debate, seemed, therefore, to be an essential first step. Adoption of rules is always carried through by the House at the opening of each new Congress, and we believed that it could also be done by the Senate at such times. In doing this, Rule XXII could be so modified as to end the filibuster.

During the interregnum between the expiration of the previous rules and the adoption of the new, the Senate, we contended, would operate under general parliamentary law. This permits the shutting off of debate by means of moving the previous question. If such a motion were carried, the Senate could then proceed to the adoption of a modified Rule XXII.

Although our motion was defeated at the opening of Congress in 1953 and again this year, in retrospect we owe more to the Rule XXII fight than we understood at the time. It created a climate of opinion in which for the first time a

meaningful civil rights bill was possible. It placed the Southern Senators in a position in which if they filibustered civil rights to death again, they might stir up so much resentment that Rule XXII would be modified at the next Congress and bring a still stronger civil rights bill.

In April, 1956, the Eisenhower Administration decided to push forward an effective civil rights program and introduced in the House and Senate a bill which brought together a number of provisions previously embodied in bills introduced by Senators Humphrey, Hennings, and other Northern Democrats. There were four main parts of this bill, namely:

- 1) The creation of a presidentially appointed commission for civil rights with subpoena powers which would study the question for two years and then submit a report.

- 2) The creation of a civil rights division inside the Department of Justice under the direction of an assistant attorney general, instead of the section in the Criminal Division set up by Attorney General Murphy in 1939.

It is probable that both of these first two steps could have been taken by executive action, but the Administration wanted them formalized by congressional approval.

- 3) An authorization to permit the attorney general to seek injunctive remedies in federal courts to restrain localities and individuals from violating the civil and constitutional rights of individuals.

It must be admitted that this section of the bill was, in the beginning, imperfectly explained and understood. It was later more widely publicized — as the result of a speech by Senator Russell — that it would permit the Department of Justice to intervene in behalf of children denied the right to attend nonsegregated schools, to protect the right to travel on nonsegregated means of transportation, and to use public facilities such as parks on a nonsegregated basis.

- 4) An authorization to permit the Department of Justice to seek injunctions before federal courts restraining public officials and individuals from interfering with the right of citizens to vote.

If such injunctions — under either Part 3 or Part 4 — were violated, then the federal judge could impose a penalty for contempt of court. In this case, a jury trial was not required.

A coalition of Northern Democrats and Eisenhower Republicans succeeded in getting this bill passed by the House in the closing days of the 1956 session by a vote of 279 to 126. Despite efforts which Senators Hennings, Lehman, and I made to get the Senate to act directly on this bill, it

was sent to the Judiciary Committee, and Congress adjourned. In the congressional elections of the fall, the Republicans made appreciable gains among the Negro voters in the Northern cities, and this increased the desire of many in both parties to push civil rights legislation.

With the coming of the 85th Congress in 1957, effort was redoubled. The Administration's bill was again introduced, and the House again passed the bill without significant amendment by a vote of 286 to 126. When it came to the Senate, the leadership of the Republican Party, aided by approximately half of the Northern and Western Democrats, succeeded by a series of parliamentary moves in bringing this bill up for direct consideration without referring it to the Judiciary Committee, which had been delaying action for months on the companion measure and which, it was believed, would have buried the House bill.

The Southerners made two fundamental attacks upon the measure. They charged 1) that the federal government should not be given the power to start suit in cases involving Constitutional rights under both Parts 3 and 4, and 2) that the power of a judge to impose sentence for contempt violated the right of a man to be tried before a jury of his peers. The latter claim won a great deal of support. With consummate tactical skill, Senator Johnson, the Democratic leader, persuaded a number of Western Democrats to join the Southerners in moving to eliminate Part 3 from the bill by means of the Anderson-Aiken Amendment. To these were added thirteen Republicans who felt it was going too far for the federal government to protect other than voting rights. The desire to avoid a filibuster that could not be ended under Rule XXII was the clinching cloakroom argument. The vote to eliminate Part 3 was 52 to 38. Thirteen Northern Democrats, however, held fast and joined twenty-five Republicans in seeking to retain this feature.

Senator Johnson then moved on to include a jury-trial provision in the voting rights section of the bill. An amendment was introduced by Senator O'Mahoney which after several revisions provided for jury trials in criminal contempt cases or where compliance with the order of the court was no longer possible because of the passage of time. Cases of civil contempt in which the penalty could be avoided by compliance and in which the violator, therefore, had the key to the jail in his pocket were not, however, to be subjected to jury trial.

Once again Senator Johnson showed his tactical skill. He won over still more Democrats to his side and held a considerable number of Republicans. The jury-trial amendment was adopted by a vote of 51 to 42 — only nine Democrats holding

out against it. The Southerners, believing that the bill had been stripped of its most important features, then did not filibuster against its passage, which came by a 72 to 18 vote.

THE Senate vote was hailed in the South as a great victory. And so, indeed, it probably was. But the House had to be reckoned with. Despite efforts to compel the House to accept the Senate version, a limitation of the jury-trial proviso was therefore put forward: namely, that if in criminal contempt cases the federal judge imposed a fine greater than \$300 or a jail sentence longer than forty-five days, the defendant in the action then had the right to have his case tried before a jury. Within the limit of these penalties, however, the judge had the right to enforce the dignity of his rulings in criminal contempt proceedings without a jury trial and could do so in all civil contempt cases regardless of the severity of the penalty.

The two leaders of the Democratic Party in Congress, Speaker Rayburn of the House and Senator Johnson, felt it proper to yield, and while nearly all of the Southerners voted against the final measure, it passed the House by a vote of 279 to 97 and the Senate by a vote of 60 to 15.

The final result was reached only after an extremely complex interplay of differences of opinion on legislative tactics and substance, personal political ambitions, competition for partisan political advantage, traditional and new bipartisan coalitions, pleas of civil rights groups not only for improvements in the Senate bill but for completed action at this session of Congress, calculations of possible long-run losses from the use of a filibuster, and the basic concern for human rights.

The dilemma in which Southern Senators were placed following the Rule XXII fight at the beginning of the session certainly played no small part in the passage of the bill. Senator Russell's frank admission after the bill was passed that at no time was there any collective agreement among Southern Senators to filibuster, their outrage at the twenty-four-hour talkathon by Senator Thurmond, and the absence of a filibuster at any stage of the floor fight support the conclusion that the Southern Senators did not dare to filibuster, but that by the adroit use of a threat of a filibuster the passage of a stronger bill was prevented.

While some have seen in the absence of a filibuster signs of some willingness on the part of Southern Senators to compromise differences over civil rights or to heed the call to party unity, I believe that this view is a false one and that the absence of a filibuster was due more to carefully calculated judgment on the part of Senator Rus-

sell and his colleagues as to what was the best method to reduce their losses.

The final agreement would never have been possible without the steadfast pressure of the civil rights advocates in both parties.

What kind of an act then has emerged after eighty-two years of legislative sterility? Is it worthless, or does it herald a new day? In my judgment, it is neither; it is a modest step forward.

The commission, if properly constituted, can have a real influence not only in educating public opinion to the facts of discrimination against Negroes, Mexican-Americans, and Indians but also in suggesting possible remedies. And it is public opinion which in a democracy is in the long run controlling.

It is highly regrettable that Part 3 of the bill was eliminated. In view of the bitter-end resistance in a few states to the Court's orders in equal protection cases, particularly those involving public schools, and in view of the more subtle evasions in others, simple law and order require Congress to back up the Court and give the executive the authority to do likewise. Had Part 3 been available, the Little Rock crisis might have been headed off.

But in its final form, real protection is thrown around the voting rights of citizens by this new law. Federal attorneys can, if they will, seek injunctions to restrain election officials from refusing to register qualified Negroes and Spanish-speaking Americans, and to prevent coercion from being practiced to stop them from voting. Judges will have the power to put some force behind their rulings. The prospect of a possible moderate fine or short jail sentence should, therefore, serve as a real deterrent to restrain officials and citizens and should lead to a gradual increase in voting by the Negroes and "Latinos." Moderate men in the South and Southwest can fall back upon the law as a sufficient reason for not indulging in unfair or coercive tactics.

As the Negroes begin to vote in ever larger numbers, race-baiting in Southern politics should decrease for the simple reason that it will not pay. Candidates and parties will begin to compete for the Negro and Mexican-American vote, and out of this should come more attention to the educational, health, and housing needs of these minority groups and greater respect for their civil and constitutional rights. Our future efforts for legislation to aid equal educational and employment opportunities will be strengthened by the gains made in 1957.

All this will come slowly and not suddenly. But there should be set in motion a gradual increase in the political power of the weak, out of which a greater degree of justice can grow.

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH



Mid-Summer

After the cataracts of June, the swollen stream
Of buds and blossoms that I ran beside,
The racing tide of green, I breathless tried
To keep in step with; suddenly I seem
Bogged down, stock still, knee deep in tangled
grass

And tiger lilies, tempting me to pass,
Waiting, with poisonous sap and sinister eye,
For prey trapped in the pampas of July.

This is the season of repletion; now,
Nothing will bud or bloom; on the full bough
The leaves hang listless, neither grow nor fade,
And birds flit silent in the songless shade.
Time ceases to record; the hour, the date
Never go by, forever elongate;
Only the crickets' thin mechanical call
Ticks like a clock upon a hospital wall.

Beneath the smiling torpor of these days,
A dull destructiveness begins to burn;
Thunderstorms smolder and rebellions blaze,
Where lightning quickens lethargy to strife.
The summer promised more than this — My life,
My powers, wasted, unproductive pass;
These months were meant to yield a richer crop
Than weeds and poisonous lilies in the grass.

This is the summer of the body but
The spirit's winter, when the seeds are lost;
The blossoms are too far behind; the fruit,
Too far ahead; I hunger for the frost.

The extraordinary respect which writers and artists felt for the opinions of Harold Ross is the basis of Part II in JAMES THURBER's extended series about the late editor of the NEW YORKER. With little or no formal education and a weirdly jumbled reading background, Ross became nevertheless the creator of entirely new standards in many aspects of literature and journalism.

THE YEARS WITH ROSS by JAMES THURBER



THE questions most often asked me by outsiders during my early *New Yorker* years, which began in 1927, were: "What is Dorothy Parker like?" and "How old is Peter Arno?" Later on, at home and abroad, more and more people, in bars and drawing rooms, wanted to know: "What manner of man is this Harold Ross?" To this I could only reply, "What Harold Ross do you mean? There are so many of him. On the other side of every Ross is still another Ross. I keep finding new ones myself." In the drawing rooms I have frequented, people usually inquired, over their tea or gin and tonic, "What kind of mind does he have? What is his literary background?"

Faced with these formidable questions, any of his intimates, unstimulated by a third Martini, might easily murmur, even now, "God knows" or "Search me." Having undertaken the task of describing Ross, I shall reach for the brandy bottle and, for the purposes of this piece, the anecdotes

marked "literary," perhaps the richest and easily the most bewildering section of my memory files. Ross wouldn't like any part of it. The man who gave the dictionary a new definition of "profile" was never entirely secure about the formula, especially when it was tried on complex personalities he knew well. When Joe Bryan announced that he was planning to write about Benchley for the *Saturday Evening Post*, Ross said, "It won't work." Months after the piece was printed, Ross caught sight of Bryan in Grand Central Station one day and yelled at him, "I told you it wouldn't work."

Starting high, as they say in the theater, I shall take you first to Harold Ross's Park Avenue apartment. The time is 1948, after dinner of a spring evening. Ross had asked me (to shift tenses suddenly in a manner that always irked him) to sit around and talk with him and H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. (Mayor O'Dwyer had been asked to join the party, heaven knows why,

but he didn't show up.) Ross felt, I think, that he could depend upon me to redirect the traffic of conversation if it got onto boulevards where the going might make him uneasy. Mencken had then been writing for the *New Yorker* for a dozen years, and until his final illness he wrote a total of fifty-six pieces for Ross, about his travels in Europe, his life, and the American language. After twenty years of editing, Mencken had given it up to devote himself to prose, meditation, and the companionship of good minds.

I don't know when the two men first met, but each had high respect for the other. The ex-editor of the *Smart Set* and the *American Mercury* and the editor of the *New Yorker* had both helped to revitalize native literature, humor, and journalism in the half century then drawing to its close. They had seen the decline and fall of such relics of the somnolent carriage years as *Everybody's*, *Munsey's*, *Ainslee's*, and *Pearson's*, the disappearance of *Puck*, the old *Life*, and *Judge* (of which Ross had once been editor), the collapse of *Vanity Fair* upon the bosom of *Vogue*, the silent stealing away of many a so-called little magazine, and the advent of Henry Luce's *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* and DeWitt Wallace's *Reader's Digest*. They had viewed, through widely different lenses, the amazing and disturbing and exhilarating American scene, Mencken aiming his binoculars and his bung starter at those well-known and badly battered objects of his eloquent scorn and ridicule, the booboisie, the Bible belt, the professor doctors, the lunatics of the political arena, and the imbeciles infesting literature; while Ross, fascinated by many things that would have bored Mencken, took in the panorama and personalities of New York City and finally the whole American spectacle, interested in everything from a swizzle stick he picked up one day ("There's a story in this damn thing") to the slight swaying of the Empire State Building in a stiff gale.

THE long newspaper experience of the two men, certain of their likes and dislikes, and their high and separate talents as editors formed basis enough for an evening of conversation. They were both great talkers and good listeners, and each wore his best evening vehemence, ornamented with confident conclusions, large generalizations, and dark blue emphases. Nathan and I were, for the most part, just spectators. The session was richly monogrammed with Mencken's M and Ross's R. The man from Baltimore announced that heads of authoritarian governments who discouraged religion were feeble-minded, or else they would go from door to door giving everybody the choice of

joining the state church or being led to the gallows. On theories of international politics Ross could be both hazy and positive. He had once asked me, "Is Communism the same as Marxism?" and on another occasion he had said, with finality, "All Communists had unhappy childhoods." That night he said nothing on the subject. "Taft is a good man," Mencken said suddenly. "If he had Dewey's voice he would sweep the convention." He pinned an orchid, in passing, on Alf Landon, for whom he had a perverse and persistent liking.

Ross rarely talked about domestic politics, and when he did it was on a curiously personal basis. He said he had been against Roosevelt because "Morris Ernst could get in to see him any time of the day or night" and because "Roosevelt called Ralph Ingersoll by his first name. Jim Forrestal worked for him, too," he added morosely, "and I have little confidence in a government run by friends of mine." Mencken then applauded some Southern newspaper publisher who had boldly turned his plant into a non-union shop. Ross said, gloomily, that he was satisfied if the unions let him get out his magazine. He couldn't understand why the men who printed the *New Yorker* didn't have a special loyalty to it, somewhat comparable to his own.

Now and then that evening the tone and color of their thoughts seemed to blend perfectly; once when they discussed the parlance of railroading — deadhead, highball, whistle stop, gandy dancer — for Ross wanted Mencken to write an article about it, which Mencken was eager to do, and when they discussed newspapers ("All managing editors are vermin," said Mencken) and literary-minded reformers who kept writing social-conscious pieces ("It's a city of Abraham Lincolns," said Ross).

Mencken began talking about Will Durant, for whom he had conceived a recent and unexpected admiration. "How could an imbecile suddenly become a great man?" he demanded, meaning, in Menckenesque, how could the author of *The Story of Philosophy* have written *Caesar and Christ*? Mencken regarded this step, "from balderdash to excellence," as little short of miraculous. Ross could add nothing to this discussion, for if Will Durant meant anything to him at all it was as the unhappy victim of a bizarre public banquet in his honor, given in 1930, which Andy White had written up for the *New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town." This banquet, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, had degenerated into an embarrassing charade in which several actors in masquerade, one of them representing Molière, had appeared from nowhere around midnight to place a laurel wreath upon the agonized brow of the American philosopher.

Herbert Spencer was the only philosopher Ross ever quoted, and it was always the same quote: "A genius can do easily what nobody else can do at all," which precisely described the editorial genius Ross kept dreaming about.

The conversation split in two at this point, and Mencken and I began talking about Willa Cather. We were still discussing "the old girl" when Ross caught the name, turned it over in his mind a couple of times, and then said, "Willa Cather. Willa Cather — did he write *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*?" I couldn't see Mencken's face, but I felt the puzzled quality of his silence, and hastily came to the rescue of a situation hopelessly snarled by Ross's incomprehensible confusion of Willa Cather and John Erskine. "Ross hasn't read a novel since *When Knighthood Was in Flower*," I said, "or *Riders of the Purple Sage*. He doesn't read anything except what goes into his magazine."

"I haven't got time to read novels," Ross admitted. That evening, as always, he had brought home from the office a brief case stuffed with manuscripts and proofs. There was hardly ever a night that he didn't bring work home with him, or go back to the office after dinner to take up where he had left off between six and seven o'clock. The Cather-Erskine confusion was never cleared up. We just let it die there.

AMONG the writers Mencken liked to talk about — I had listened to him several times while he smoked an after-breakfast cigar in the Rose Room of the Algonquin — were Cabell and Dreiser, about whom Ross could have had nothing to say, and Sinclair Lewis and Scott Fitzgerald. The *New Yorker* files reveal only two pieces by Lewis, both printed in 1937, one of them a "That Was New York" article and the other a profile of an imaginary character called Effie Kayshus. Fitzgerald (whom Mencken fondly called Fitz) is represented in the files by three casuals and two poems. Faulkner, Dos Passos, and Mencken's great friend Hergesheimer never wrote for the magazine, for Ross did not seek big established names. Thomas Wolfe sent in three pieces, unsolicited, which were bought, but Hemingway contributed only one, a short parody of Frank Harris's autobiography, away back in 1927 when the author of *The Sun Also Rises* was just another writer to Ross. Mencken had once described the Hemingway stories of *In Our Time* as "cloacal," a judgment he never modified. He and Ross might well have been of one mind about *Death in the Afternoon*, which had been reviewed for the *New Yorker* by Robert M. Coates when he was its book critic. After reading the review, Ross had phoned

Coates in the country to say, "Woolcott tells me there's a hell of a bad word in the book — bathroom stuff." Coates wanted to know what the word was. "I can't tell you over the phone," Ross said.

About American novels Mencken could talk endlessly — he thought *Tom Sawyer* and *Babbitt* were the best — but Ross was soon lost and floundering. He had said to me, after reading Peter DeVries's accurate parody of Faulkner, "Does Faulkner still write this way?" The sentence structure and punctuation dismayed him, and he could have got little further in any Faulkner than in Joyce's *Ulysses*. He was always wary of his own book department, approaching it with curiosity, respect, and trepidation, the way I once saw a Scottie approach a turtle. He couldn't understand why one critic refused to review the latest Thomas Mann novel, and I tried to explain that the distinguished man of letters then serving as literary critic for us had never read the body of Mann's work. "I don't care about the body," Ross said. "I don't see what that has to do with it." To him, a new novel whose publication had been heralded and talked about had a timely news value. Clifton Fadiman, the *New Yorker's* book reviewer for ten years, was probably the one with whom Ross felt most at ease. The editor had been attracted by Fadiman's lively and penetrating essay on Ring Lardner in the *Nation* and had hired him in 1933 when Robert Coates dropped out as critic.

"I agreed in part with Ross that books are news," Fadiman has told me. "I always reviewed a book on publication, even when I was reviewing as many as thirty a week; and I never considered that a book should be a springboard for personal theorizing." Ross probably did not concur in Fadiman's belief that the key to Lardner was to be found in "his ability, even talent, for hating," for Ross had a deep affection for Lardner, as well as great admiration. He once told me, "I asked Lardner the other day how he writes his short stories, and he said he wrote a few widely separated words or phrases on a piece of paper and then went back and filled in the spaces." Ross had fallen for one of the great humorist's famous deadpan gags. Fitzgerald wrote of his close friend Ring, "He had a face like a cathedral." Lardner had obviously turned his somber gothic gaze upon Ross and made him believe the nonsense about his method of composition. Ross's keen, almost boyish, enthusiasm for novel bits of information could disarm, for a while, his mature shrewdness and skepticism which, on clear days when the mental visibility was good, functioned as sharply as any man's.

Ross was unembarrassed by his ignorance of the great novels of any country, and one of the

indestructible items of Rossiana tells how he stuck his head into the checking department of the magazine one day to ask, "Is Moby Dick the whale or the man?"

When he found out that I had spent several months writing a parody of Henry James and heard that Edmund Wilson had suggested I send it to the *Atlantic* — I had already promised it to Cyril Connolly for his now defunct *Horizon* in England — he said he wanted to read it. He gave it back a few days later with a sigh, saying, "I only understood fifteen per cent of the allusions." But he printed a nostalgic piece I had written after rereading James's *The Ambassadors* and what Ross might have called Willa Cather's *The Private Life of a Lost Lady*. It had interested him even though he had no knowledge of Madame de Vionnet or of Marian Forrester. "It's about a man and two women," he said, "and it comes over." If a literary essay had a narrative scheme that held his attention, it got by, but he kept a bludgeon ever handy for the literary exercise or *tour de force*. "Nobody's going to make me arty," he would say. "This is not the old *Dial*."

Ross's general reading was like a trip into darkest Confusia, without a map. It had neither discipline nor direction. He talked, fitfully and at long intervals, about Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*, the short stories of O. Henry, especially "The Ransom of Red Chief," Jack London, certain war books, H. G. Wells — not the novels — the memoirs of doctors and surgeons, *True Detective* magazine, a book about the migration of eels, whose way of life never lost its fascination for him, and Kipling — not the poems. (He said once to a secretary of his, "Never leave me alone with poets.") Sometime during the thirties, in a memo complimenting his literary editor, Gus Lobrano, on a deft piece of rewriting, he said, "This is a swell job. Kipling couldn't have done it better."

ONE afternoon Sherwood Anderson was brought into Ross's office and introduced to the editor. On such occasions, when there was time, Ross was briefed by one of us as to the nature and stature of a visiting author's work — not that it ever did much good. Ross stood in awe and reverence of no writer. He had been through too much with too many of them. I am sure that, after the introduction, he said, "Hi, Anderson," in his large freewheeling way, and then launched into whatever came into his mind. This meeting was notable for one of his reckless literary pronouncements: "There hasn't been a good short story writer in America, Anderson, since O. Henry died." I wasn't there and I don't know how this affected

Anderson, but he later sold Ross five short stories.

I was present, though, when Ross met Paul Nash, having ushered the English painter and critic into the editor's office myself one morning in 1931. The day before, I had explained to Ross that Nash was on his way to Pittsburgh to serve as one of the three foreign judges of the annual Carnegie Exhibition of Modern Art, but had stopped over in New York to meet Otto Soglow, Milt Gross, and other favorite cartoonists of his, for he was easily admirer-in-chief of American comic art and artists. I had also told Ross that Nash was a keen collector of human curiosa, and had long wanted to talk with the editor of the *New Yorker*.

"Hi, Nash," Ross began. "There are only two phony arts, painting and music." Nash was a man of humor and imagination, whose eyes twinkled, and never darkened, when outrageous opinion raised its aggressive head. He was pretty good at holding untenable positions himself. When Nash and I finally left Ross's office, the Englishman said, "He is like your skyscrapers. They are unbelievable, but there they are."

Ross's knowledge of the two phony arts was, it is safe to say, flimsy. I never heard of his going to a show of paintings, and he would have been as unhappy at a symphony concert as at a lecture on dialectical materialism. He had certainly encountered modern painting in colored reproductions and on the walls of the apartments of some of his friends and acquaintances, but he must have viewed them disconsolately, as if they were jumbled paragraphs of prose that needed straightening out. Nobody ever heard him sing, or even hum, a single bar of any song, and whistling set his teeth on edge. "His mind is uncluttered by culture," said a man at the Player's Club, during one of those impromptu panel discussions of Harold Ross that often began when writers and artists got together. "That's why he can give prose and pictures the benefit of the clearest concentration of any editor in the world." It wasn't as simple as that, for there was more than clear concentration behind the scowl and the searchlight glare that he turned on manuscripts, proofs, and drawings. He had a sound sense, a unique, almost intuitive perception of what was wrong with something, incomplete or out of balance, understated or overemphasized. He reminded me of an army scout riding at the head of a troop of cavalry who suddenly raises his hand in a green and silent valley and says, "Indians," although to the ordinary eye and ear there is no faintest sign or sound of anything alarming. Some of us writers were

devoted to him, a few disliked him heartily, others came out of his office after conferences as from a side show, a juggling act, or a dentist's office, but almost everybody would rather have had the benefit of his criticism than that of any other editor on earth. His opinions were voluble, stabbing, and grinding, but they succeeded somehow in refreshing your knowledge of yourself and renewing your interest in your work.

Having a manuscript under Ross's scrutiny was like putting your car in the hands of a skilled mechanic, not an automotive engineer with a bachelor of science degree, but a guy who knows what makes a motor go, and sputter, and wheeze, and sometimes come to a dead stop; a man with an ear for the faintest body squeak as well as the loudest engine rattle. When you first gazed, appalled, upon an uncorrected proof of one of your stories or articles, each margin had a thicket of queries and complaints — one writer got a hundred and forty-four on one profile. It was as though you beheld the works of your car spread all over the garage floor, and the job of getting the thing together again and making it work seemed impossible. Then you realized that Ross was trying to make your Model T or old Stutz Bearcat into a Cadillac or Rolls Royce. He was at work with the tools of his unflagging perfectionism, and, after an exchange of growls or snarls, you set to work to join him in his enterprise.

Ross's marginal questions and comments were sometimes mere quibbling or hairsplitting, and a few of them invariably revealed his profound ignorance in certain areas of life and learning and literature, while others betrayed his pet and petty prejudices. You had to wade through these and ignore them, as you did his occasional brief marginal essays on unrelated or completely irrelevant subjects. One or two of his trusted associate editors would sometimes intercept a proof and cross out the impertinent and immaterial Rossisms, but I always insisted that they be left in, for they were the stains and labels of a Ross that never ceased to amuse me.

The blurs and imperfections his scout's eye always caught drew from his pencil such designations as *unclear*, *repetition*, *cliché*, *ellipsis*, and now and then blunter words. He knew when you had tired and were writing carelessly, and when you were "just monkeying around here," or going out on a limb, or writing fancy, or showing off. His "Who he?" became famous not only in the office but outside, and ten years ago was the title of a piece on Ross written by Henry Pringle. Joe Liebling once had "Who he?" painted on the door of his office, to the bewilderment of strangers who wondered what kind of business Liebling could be in. Sometimes this query put a careful

finger on someone who had not been clearly identified, and at other times it showed up the gaps in Ross's knowledge of historical, contemporary, or literary figures. (He once said that only two names were familiar to every reader in the civilized world: Houdini and Sherlock Holmes.)

I remember that Ross once told me, after reading a casual of mine, "You must have dropped about eight lines out of this in your final rewrite." The thing ran smoothly enough, it seemed to me when I reread it in his office, but I went back and checked my next to last draft. Ross had been wrong. I had dropped only seven lines.

When he worked on a manuscript or proof, he was surrounded by dictionaries, which he constantly consulted, along with one of his favorite books, Fowler's *Modern English Usage*. He learned more grammar and syntax from Fowler than he had ever picked up in his somewhat sketchy school days. He read the *Oxford English Dictionary* the way other men read fiction, and he sometimes delved into a volume of the Britannica at random. One of the funniest moments in Wolcott Gibbs's *Season in the Sun* showed the actor who played Ross calmly looking up the word "hurricane" in Webster's *Unabridged* while the advance gales of a real hurricane swept toward him like a cavalry charge.

WHEN he got up from his desk late in the afternoon, with a deep reluctant sigh, often after everybody else had left, for he always hated to stop work and turn to the affairs of the outside world that had been designed to wear him down, he sometimes found that he had a dinner and theater date with his wife or a friend or colleague. One night Wolcott Gibbs took him to see the Old Vic Company's production of *King Henry IV, Part II*. Ross wore an attitude of discomfort at plays, and you felt that he might get up at any moment and start pacing the aisle, ironing out some office problem in his mind. He often seemed more antagonist than spectator. On this particular night it was raining and he "had an umbrella and rubbers and a wet trench coat in addition to that brief case," Gibbs remembers. "Everything kept dropping off his lap." Ross was annoyed by the female character called Rumour, whose long speech opens the play, and Gibbs recalls that the aggrieved Ross said to him, "What kind of writer would put in a dame like that just to muck me up?" As in his editing, he looked first for faults and flaws, and he would have been more amused by Falstaff if he hadn't been upset by two characters in the play named Bardolph.

The editor's curious critical awareness, likely

to strike from any quarter, pounced upon the lightly confessed promiscuity of the heroine of *The Voice of the Turtle*. A few days after we had gone to see it together, he asked me if I would want my daughter to attend the play. I said she wasn't old enough to understand it, and he snapped, "I mean if she were sixteen or seventeen." I said certainly, why not? "Because the girl stands up there and admits she has slept with several men she wasn't married to," said Ross.

"Compared to the amorous activities of certain persons we could hit from here with this ash tray," I told him, "the characters in that play are virtuous to the point of chastity."

"I don't want to hear any names," growled Ross, and he turned away.

HE NEVER gave up going to the theater, but as the years went on, he practically had to be dragged to opening nights, because he knew and would have to talk to almost everybody in the audience. I think he was comforted by Mencken's overt opposition to the stage as a medium that distorted human life and magnified the distortions. And yet a great many of Harold Ross's closest friends were theater people, actors and actresses, playwrights, directors, and producers. Jed Harris at one time was a crony of his, and once Ross actually began writing a profile of his friend, but he never got past the first page. In the old days you might meet at his apartment one or more of half a hundred theater people whom he liked and admired, including Noel Coward, Harpo and Groucho Marx, Bert Lahr, Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey, Joe Cook and Dave Chasen, S. N. Behrman, Charles MacArthur and Helen Hayes and Ben Hecht, Beatrice Lillie, Madge Kennedy, Phyllis Povah, Ina Claire — the list seems endless as I begin recalling the names. Men and women of outstanding importance in the theater, all good

friends of Harold Ross, dominated the list of ten advisory editors who got up the prospectus for the *New Yorker* in the winter of 1924, several months before the magazine was first published in February, 1925. This informal board of advisers consisted of Ralph Barton, Heywood Broun, Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, Rea Irvin, George S. Kaufman, Alice Duer Miller, Dorothy Parker, Laurence Stallings, and Alexander Woolcott. Rea Irvin, who remained the magazine's chief art adviser for many years, had been an actor, and a good one, before he turned to cartooning. A few of the others became well-known contributors — Ralph Barton, Dorothy Parker, Woolcott — but the editorship of all except Irvin was purely nominal.

I don't know who wrote the prospectus, but the old museum piece bears neither the stamp of Ross's hand nor, read aloud, the sound of Ross's voice. Only one sentence has survived the years: "The *New Yorker* will be the magazine which is not edited for the old lady in Dubuque."

The *New Yorker* was, whatever else, first and foremost the magazine of the young man from Aspen. Many helped him, a little or a lot, in the trial take-offs of his frail craft. Its name was suggested, I am told, by John Peter Toohey; John Hanrahan, a professional counselor in such matters, is said to have staffed the business and advertising departments; and Raoul Fleischmann, as everybody knows, rashly financed and kept refinancing the infant project; but the hand on the editorial controls was the stubborn, impulsive hand of H. W. Ross, who was by no means absolutely sure where he was going in his tremulous flying machine, but knew he would recognize the place when he got there. The boy from Aspen, Colorado, finally came in for a landing, and I was glad to join him and to be one of the lucky men who went along with him on his adventures for a quarter of a century that went too fast and ended too soon.

(To be continued)

After a drawing by Delacroix



The Guest

BY ALBERT CAMUS

Algerian-born, Nobel Prize winner ALBERT CAMUS is the author of THE STRANGER, THE PLAGUE, and THE FALL.

THE schoolmaster was watching the two men climb toward him. One was on horseback, the other on foot. They had not yet tackled the abrupt rise leading to the schoolhouse built on the hillside. They were toiling onward, making slow progress in the snow, among the stones, on the vast expanse of the high, deserted plateau. From time to time the horse stumbled. He could not be heard yet but the breath issuing from his nostrils could be seen. The schoolmaster calculated that it would take them a half hour to get onto the hill. It was cold; he went back into the school to get a sweater.

He crossed the empty, frigid classroom. On the blackboard the four rivers of France, drawn with four different colored chalks, had been flowing toward their estuaries for the past three days. Snow had suddenly fallen in mid-October after eight months of drought without the transition of rain, and the twenty pupils, more or less, who lived in the villages scattered over the plateau had stopped coming. With fair weather they would return. Daru now heated only the single room that was his lodging, adjoining the classroom. One of the windows faced, like the classroom windows, the south. On that side the school was a few kilometers from the point where the plateau began to slope toward the south. In clear weather

the purple mass of the mountain range where the gap opened onto the desert could be seen.

Somewhat warmed, Daru returned to the window from which he had first noticed the two men. They were no longer visible. Hence they must have tackled the rise. The sky was not so dark, for the snow had stopped falling during the night. The morning had dawned with a dirty light which had scarcely become brighter as the ceiling of clouds lifted. At two in the afternoon it seemed as if the day were merely beginning. But still this was better than those three days when the thick snow was falling amidst unbroken darkness with little gusts of wind that rattled the double door of the classroom. Then Daru had spent long hours in his room, leaving it only to go to the shed and feed the chickens or get some coal. Fortunately the delivery truck from Tadjid, the nearest village to the north, had brought his supplies two days before the blizzard. It would return in forty-eight hours.

Besides, he had enough to resist a siege, for the little room was cluttered with bags of wheat that the administration had left as a supply to distribute to those of his pupils whose families had suffered from the drought. Actually they had all been victims because they were all poor. Every day Daru would distribute a ration to the children.

They had missed it, he knew, during these bad days. Possibly one of the fathers or big brothers would come this afternoon and he could supply them with grain. It was just a matter of carrying them over to the next harvest. Now shiploads of wheat were arriving from France and the worst was over. But it would be hard to forget that poverty, that army of ragged ghosts wandering in the sunlight, the plateaus burned to a cinder month after month, the earth shriveled up little by little, literally scorched, every stone bursting into dust under one's foot. The sheep had died then by thousands, and even a few men, here and there, sometimes without anyone's knowing.

In contrast with such poverty, he who lived almost like a monk, in his remote schoolhouse, had felt like a lord with his whitewashed walls, his narrow couch, his unpainted shelves, his well, and his weekly provisioning with water and food. And suddenly this snow, without warning, without the foretaste of rain. This is the way the region was, cruel to live in, even without men, who didn't help matters either. But Daru had been born here. Everywhere else, he felt exiled.

HE WENT out and stepped forward on the terrace in front of the schoolhouse. The two men were now halfway up the slope. He recognized the horseman to be Balducci, the old gendarme he had known for a long time. Balducci was holding at the end of a rope an Arab walking behind him with hands bound and head lowered. The gendarme waved a greeting to which Daru did not reply, lost as he was in contemplation of the Arab dressed in a faded blue *jellaba*, his feet in sandals but covered with socks of heavy raw wool, his head crowned with a narrow, short *chèche*. Balducci was holding back his horse in order not to hurt the Arab, and the group was advancing slowly.

Within earshot, Balducci shouted, "One hour to do the three kilometers from El Aneur!" Daru did not answer. Short and square in his thick sweater, he watched them climb. Not once had the Arab raised his head. "Hello," said Daru when they got up onto the terrace. "Come in and warm up." Balducci painfully got down from his horse without letting go of the rope. He smiled at the schoolmaster from under his bristling mustache. His little dark eyes, deep-set under a tanned forehead, and his mouth surrounded with wrinkles made him look attentive and studious. Daru took the bridle, led the horse to the shed, and came back to the two men who were now waiting for him in the school. He led them into his room. "I am going to heat up the classroom," he said. "We'll be more comfortable there."

When he entered the room again, Balducci was on the couch. He had undone the rope tying him to the Arab, who had squatted near the stove. His hands still bound, the *chèche* pushed back on his head, the Arab was looking toward the window. At first Daru noticed only his huge lips, fat, smooth, almost Negroid; yet his nose was straight, his eyes dark and full of fever. The *chèche* uncovered an obstinate forehead and, under the weathered skin now rather discolored by the cold, the whole face had a restless and rebellious look. "Go into the other room," said the schoolmaster, "and I'll make you some mint tea." "Thanks," Balducci said. "What a chore! How I long for retirement." And addressing his prisoner in Arabic, he said, "Come on, you." The Arab got up and, slowly, holding his bound wrists in front of him, went into the classroom.

With the tea, Daru brought a chair. But Balducci was already sitting in state at the nearest pupil's desk, and the Arab had squatted against the teacher's platform facing the stove, which stood between the desk and the window. When he held out the glass of tea to the prisoner, Daru hesitated at the sight of his bound hands. "He might perhaps be untied." "Sure," said Balducci. "That was for the trip." He started to get to his feet. But Daru, setting the glass on the floor, had knelt beside the Arab. Without saying anything, the Arab watched him with his feverish eyes. Once his hands were free, he rubbed his swollen wrists against each other, took the glass of tea and sucked up the burning liquid in swift little sips.

"Good," said Daru. "And where are you headed?"

Balducci withdrew his mustache from the tea. "Here, son."

"Odd pupils! And you're spending the night?"

"No. I'm going back to El Aneur. And you will deliver this fellow to Tinguit. He is expected at police headquarters."

Balducci was looking at Daru with a friendly little smile.

"What's this story?" asked the schoolmaster. "Are you pulling my leg?"

"No, son. Those are the orders."

"The orders? I'm not . . ." Daru hesitated, not wanting to hurt the old Corsican. "I mean, that's not my job."

"What! What's the meaning of that? In war-time people do all kinds of jobs."

"Then I'll wait for the declaration of war!"

Balducci nodded. "O.K. But the orders exist and they concern you too. Things are bubbling, it appears. There is talk of a forthcoming revolt. We are mobilized, in a way."

Daru still had his obstinate look.

"Listen, son," Balducci said. "I like you and

you've got to understand. There's only a dozen of us at El Aneur to patrol the whole territory of a small department and I must be back in a hurry. He couldn't be kept there. His village was beginning to stir; they wanted to take him back. You must take him to Tinguit tomorrow before the day is over. Twenty kilometers shouldn't faze a husky fellow like you. After that, all will be over. You'll come back to your pupils and your comfortable life."

BEHIND the wall the horse could be heard snorting and pawing the earth. Daru was looking out the window. Decidedly the weather was clearing and the light was increasing over the snowy plateau. When all the snow was melted, the sun would take over again and once more would burn the fields of stone. For days still, the unchanging sky would shed its dry light on the solitary expanse where nothing had any connection with man.

"After all," he said, turning around toward Balducci, "what did he do?" And, before the gendarme had opened his mouth, he asked, "Does he speak French?"

"No, not a word. We had been looking for him for a month, but they were hiding him. He killed his cousin."

"Is he against us?"

"I don't think so. But you can never be sure."

"Why did he kill?"

"A family squabble, I think. One owed grain to the other, it seems. It's not at all clear. In short, he killed his cousin with a billhook. You know, like a sheep, *kreezk!*"

Balducci made the gesture of drawing a blade across his throat, and the Arab, his attention attracted, watched him with a sort of anxiety. Daru felt a sudden wrath against the man, against all men with their rotten spite, their tireless hates, their blood lust.

But the kettle was singing on the stove. He served Balducci more tea, hesitated, then served the Arab again, who drank avidly a second time. His raised arms made the *jellaba* fall open, and the schoolmaster saw his thin, muscular chest.

"Thanks, son," Balducci said. "And now I'm off."

He got up and went toward the Arab, taking a small rope from his pocket.

"What are you doing?" Daru asked dryly.

Balducci, disconcerted, showed him the rope.

"Don't bother."

The old gendarme hesitated. "It's up to you. Of course, you are armed?"

"I have my shotgun."

"Where?"

"In the trunk."

"You ought to have it near your bed."

"Why? I have nothing to fear."

"You're crazy, son. If there's an uprising, no one is safe; we're all in the same boat."

"I'll defend myself. I'll have time to see them coming."

Balducci began to laugh, then suddenly the mustache covered the white teeth. "You'll have time? O.K. That's just what I was saying. You always have been a little cracked. That's why I like you; my son was like that."

At the same time he took out his revolver and put it on the desk. "Keep it; I don't need two weapons from here to El Aneur."

The revolver shone against the black paint of the table. When the gendarme turned toward him, the schoolmaster caught his smell of leather and horseflesh.

"Listen, Balducci," Daru said suddenly, "all this disgusts me, beginning with your fellow here. But I won't hand him over. Fight, yes, if I have to. But not that."

The old gendarme stood in front of him and looked at him severely.

"You're being a fool," he said slowly. "I don't like it either. You don't get used to putting a rope on a man even after years of it, and you're even ashamed — yes, ashamed. But you can't let them have their way."

"I won't hand him over," Daru said again.

"It's an order, son, and I repeat it."

"That's right. Repeat to them what I've said to you: I won't hand him over."

Balducci made a visible effort to reflect. He looked at the Arab and at Daru. At last he decided.

"No, I won't tell them anything. If you want to drop us, go ahead; I'll not denounce you. I have an order to deliver the prisoner and I'm doing so. And now you'll just sign this paper for me."

"There's no need. I'll not deny that you left him with me."

"Don't be mean with me. I know you'll tell the truth. You're from around these parts and you are a man. But you must sign; that's the rule."

Daru opened his drawer, took out a little square bottle of purple ink, the red wooden penholder with the "sergeant-major" pen he used for models of handwriting, and signed. The gendarme carefully folded the paper and put it into his wallet. Then he moved toward the door.

"I'll see you off," Daru said.

"No," said Balducci. "There's no use being polite. You insulted me."

He looked at the Arab, motionless in the same spot, sniffed peevishly, and turned away toward the door. "Good-by, son," he said. The door slammed behind him. His footsteps were muffled

by the snow. The horse stirred on the other side of the wall and several chickens fluttered in fright. A moment later Balducci reappeared outside the window leading the horse by the bridle. He walked toward the little rise without turning around and disappeared from sight with the horse following him.

Daru walked back toward the prisoner, who, without stirring, never took his eyes off him. "Wait," the schoolmaster said in Arabic and went toward the bedroom. As he was going through the door, he had a second thought, went to the desk, took the revolver, and stuck it in his pocket. Then, without looking back, he went into his room.

FOR some time he lay on his couch watching the sky gradually close over, listening to the silence. It was this silence that had seemed painful to him during the first days here, after the war. He had requested a post in the little town at the base of the foothills separating the upper plateaus from the desert. There rocky walls, green and black to the north, pink and lavender to the south, marked the frontier of eternal summer. He had been named to a post farther north, on the plateau itself. In the beginning, the solitude and the silence had been hard for him on these wastelands peopled only by stones. Occasionally, furrows suggested cultivation, but they had been dug to uncover a certain kind of stone good for building. The only plowing here was to harvest rocks. Elsewhere a thin layer of soil accumulated in the hollows would be scraped out to enrich paltry village gardens. This is the way it was: bare rock covered three quarters of the region. Towns sprang up, flourished, then disappeared; men came by, loved one another or fought bitterly, then died. No one in this desert, neither he nor his guest, mattered. And yet, outside this desert neither of them, Daru knew, could have really lived.

When he got up, no noise came from the classroom. He was amazed at the unmixed joy he derived from the mere thought that the Arab might have fled and that he would be alone with no decision to make. But the prisoner was there. He had merely stretched out between the stove and the desk and he was staring at the ceiling. In that position, his thick lips were particularly noticeable, giving him a pouting look. "Come," said Daru. The Arab got up and followed him. In the bedroom the schoolmaster pointed to a chair near the table under the window. The Arab sat down without ceasing to watch Daru.

"Are you hungry?"

"Yes," the prisoner said.

Daru set the table for two. He took flour and

oil, shaped a cake in a frying pan, and lighted the little stove that functioned on bottled gas. While the cake was cooking, he went out to the shed to get cheese, eggs, dates, and condensed milk. When the cake was done he set it on the window sill to cool, heated some condensed milk diluted with water, and beat up the eggs into an omelette. In one of his motions he bumped into the revolver stuck in his right pocket. He set the bowl down, went into the classroom, and put the revolver in his desk drawer. When he came back to the room, night was falling. He put on the light and served the Arab. "Eat," he said. The Arab took a piece of the cake, lifted it eagerly to his mouth, and stopped short.

"And you?" he asked.

"After you. I'll eat too."

The thick lips opened slightly. The Arab hesitated, then bit into the cake determinedly.

The meal over, the Arab looked at the schoolmaster. "Are you the judge?"

"No, I'm simply keeping you until tomorrow."

"Why do you cat with me?"

"I'm hungry."

The Arab fell silent. Daru got up and went out. He brought back a camp cot from the shed and set it up between the table and the stove, at right angles to his own bed. From a large suitcase which, upright in a corner, served as a shelf for papers, he took two blankets and arranged them on the cot. Then he stopped, felt useless, and sat down on his bed. There was nothing more to do or to get ready. He had to look at this man. He looked at him therefore, trying to imagine his face bursting with rage. He couldn't do so. He could see nothing but the dark yet shining eyes and the animal mouth.

"Why did you kill him?" he asked in a voice whose hostile tone surprised him.

The Arab looked away. "He ran away. I ran after him."

He raised his eyes to Daru again and they were full of a sort of woeful interrogation. "Now what will they do to me?"

"Are you afraid?"

The Arab stiffened, turning his eyes away.

"Are you sorry?"

The Arab stared at him openmouthed. Obviously he did not understand. Daru's annoyance was growing. At the same time he felt awkward and self-conscious with his big body wedged between the two beds.

"Lie down there," he said impatiently. "That's your bed."

The Arab didn't move. He cried out, "Tell me!"

The schoolmaster looked at him.

"Is the gendarme coming back tomorrow?"

"I don't know."

"Are you coming with us?"

"I don't know. Why?"

The prisoner got up and stretched out on top of the blankets, his feet toward the window. The light from the electric bulb shone straight into his eyes and he closed them at once.

"Why?" Daru repeated, standing beside the bed.

The Arab opened his eyes under the blinding light and looked at him, trying not to blink. "Come with us," he said.

IN THE middle of the night, Daru was still not asleep. He had gone to bed after undressing completely; he generally slept naked. But when he suddenly realized that he had nothing on, he wondered. He felt vulnerable and the temptation came to him to put his clothes back on. Then he shrugged his shoulders; after all, he wasn't a child and, if it came to that, he could break his adversary in two. From his bed, he could observe him lying on his back, still motionless, his eyes closed under the harsh light. When Daru turned out the light, the darkness seemed to congeal all of a sudden. Little by little, the night came back to life in the window where the starless sky was stirring gently. The schoolmaster soon made out the body lying at his feet. The Arab was still motionless but his eyes seemed open. A faint wind was prowling about the schoolhouse. Perhaps it would drive away the clouds and the sun would reappear.

During the night the wind increased. The hens fluttered a little and then were silent. The Arab turned over on his side with his back to Daru, who thought he heard him moan. Then he listened for his guest's breathing, which had become heavier and more regular. He listened to that breathing so close to him and mused without being able to go to sleep. In the room where he had been sleeping alone for a year, this presence bothered him. But it bothered him also because it imposed on him a sort of brotherhood he refused to accept in the present circumstances; yet he was familiar with it. Men who share the same rooms, soldiers or prisoners, develop a strange alliance as if, having cast off their armor with their clothing, they fraternized every evening, over and above their differences, in the ancient community of dream and fatigue. But Daru shook himself; he didn't like such musings, and it was essential for him to sleep.

A little later, however, when the Arab stirred slightly, the schoolmaster was still not asleep. When the prisoner made a second move, he stiffened, on the alert. The Arab was lifting himself

slowly on his arms with almost the motion of a sleepwalker. Seated upright in bed, he waited motionless without turning his head toward Daru, as if he were listening attentively. Daru did not stir; it had just occurred to him that the revolver was still in the drawer of his desk. It was better to act at once. Yet he continued to observe the prisoner, who, with the same slithery motion, put his feet on the ground, waited again, then stood up slowly. Daru was about to call out to him when the Arab began to walk, in a quite natural but extraordinarily silent way. He was heading toward the door at the end of the room that opened into the shed. He lifted the latch with precaution and went out, pushing the door behind him but without shutting it.

Daru had not stirred. "He is running away," he merely thought. "Good riddance!" Yet he listened attentively. The hens were not fluttering; the guest must be on the plateau. A faint sound of water reached him, and he didn't know what it was until the Arab again stood framed in the doorway, closed the door carefully, and came back to bed without a sound. Then Daru turned his back on him and fell asleep. Still later he seemed, from the depths of his sleep, to hear furtive steps around the schoolhouse. "I'm dreaming! I'm dreaming!" he repeated to himself. And he went on sleeping.

When he awoke, the sky was clear; the loose window let in a cold, pure air. The Arab was asleep, hunched up under the blankets now, his mouth open, utterly relaxed. But when Daru shook him he started dreadfully, staring at Daru with wild eyes as if he had never seen him and with such a frightened expression that the schoolmaster stepped back. "Don't be afraid. It is I. You must eat." The Arab nodded his head and said yes. Calm had returned to his face, but his expression was vacant and listless.

The coffee was ready. They drank it seated together on the cot as they munched their pieces of the cake. Then Daru led the Arab under the shed and showed him the faucet where he washed. He went back into the room, folded the blankets and the cot, made his own bed, and put the room in order. Then he went through the classroom and out onto the terrace. The sun was already rising in the blue sky; a soft, bright light enveloped the deserted plateau. On the ridge the snow was melting in spots. The stones were about to reappear. Crouched on the edge of the plateau, the schoolmaster looked at the deserted expanse. He thought of Balducci. He had hurt him, for he had sent him off as though he didn't want to be associated with him. He could still hear the gendarme's farewell and, without knowing why, he felt strangely empty and vulnerable.

At that moment, from the other side of the schoolhouse, the prisoner coughed. Daru listened to him almost despite himself and then, furious, threw a pebble that whistled through the air before sinking into the snow. That man's stupid crime revolted him, but to hand him over was contrary to honor; just thinking of it made him boil with humiliation. He simultaneously cursed his own people who had sent him this Arab and the Arab who had dared to kill and not managed to get away. Daru got up, walked in a circle on the terrace, waited motionless, and then went back into the schoolhouse.

The Arab, leaning over the cement floor of the shed, was washing his teeth with two fingers. Daru looked at him and said, "Come." He went back into the room ahead of the prisoner. He slipped a hunting jacket on over his sweater and put on walking shoes. Standing, he waited until the Arab had put on his *chèche* and sandals. They went into the classroom, and the schoolmaster pointed to the exit saying, "Go ahead." The fellow didn't budge. "I'm coming," said Daru. The Arab went out. Daru went back into the room and made a package with pieces of rusk, dates, and sugar in it. In the classroom, before going out, he hesitated a second in front of his desk, then crossed the threshold and locked the door. "That's the way," he said. He started toward the east, followed by the prisoner. But a short distance from the schoolhouse he thought he heard a slight sound behind him. He retraced his steps and examined the surroundings of the house; there was no one there. The Arab watched him without seeming to understand. "Come on," said Daru.

They walked for an hour and rested beside a sharp needle of limestone. The snow was melting faster and faster and the sun was drinking up the puddles just as quickly, rapidly cleaning the plateau, which gradually dried and vibrated like the air itself. When they resumed walking, the ground rang under their feet. From time to time a bird rent the space in front of them with a joyful cry. Daru felt a sort of rapture before the vast familiar expanse, now almost entirely yellow under its dome of blue sky. They walked an hour more, descending toward the south. They reached a sort of flattened elevation made up of crumbly rocks. From there on, the plateau sloped down — eastward toward a low plain on which could be made out a few spindly trees, and to the south toward outcroppings of rock that gave the landscape a chaotic look.

Daru surveyed the two directions. Not a man could be seen. He turned toward the Arab, who was looking at him blankly. Daru offered the package to him. "Take it," he said. "There are

dates, bread, and sugar. You can hold out for two days. Here are a thousand francs too."

The Arab took the package and the money but kept his full hands at chest level as if he didn't know what to do with what was being given him.

"Now look," the schoolmaster said as he pointed in the direction of the east, "there's the way to Tinguit. You have a two-hour walk. At Tinguit are the administration and the police. They are expecting you."

The Arab looked toward the east, still holding the package and the money against his chest. Daru took his elbow and turned him rather roughly toward the south. At the foot of the elevation on which they stood could be seen a faint path. "That's the trail across the plateau. In a day's walk from here you'll find pasturelands and the first nomads. They'll take you in and shelter you according to their law."

The Arab had now turned toward Daru, and a sort of panic was visible in his expression. "Listen," he said.

Daru shook his head. "No, be quiet. Now I'm leaving you." He turned his back on him, took two long steps in the direction of the school, looked hesitantly at the motionless Arab, and started off again. For a few minutes he heard nothing but his own step resounding on the cold ground, and he did not turn his head. A moment later, however, he turned around. The Arab was still there on the edge of the hill, his arms hanging now, and he was looking at the schoolmaster. Daru felt something rise in his throat. But he swore with impatience, waved vaguely, and started off again. He had already gone a distance when he again stopped and looked. There was no longer anyone on the hill.

Daru hesitated. The sun was now rather high in the sky and beginning to beat down on his head. The schoolmaster retraced his steps, at first somewhat uncertainly, then with decision. When he reached the little hill, he was bathed in sweat. He climbed it as fast as he could and stopped, out of breath, on the top. The rock fields to the south stood out sharply against the blue sky, but on the plain to the east a steamy heat was rising. And in that slight haze, Daru, with heavy heart, made out the Arab walking slowly on the road to prison.

A little later, standing before the window of the classroom, the schoolmaster was watching the clear light bathing the whole surface of the plateau. Behind him on the blackboard, among the winding French rivers, sprawled the clumsily chalked up words he had just read: "You handed over our brother. You will pay for this." Daru looked at the sky, the plateau, and, beyond, the invisible lands stretching all the way to the sea. In this vast landscape he had loved so much, he was alone.

HOSPITAL WARD

The Social Order



ANONYMOUS

*In many of our large hospitals there is a special aristocracy
among those who are seriously ill, as the author of this paper,
a man in middle life, discovered in his convalescence from polio.*

I CAME down with polio two years ago, and the time intervening between then and now has opened up a new world to me. After my initial isolation period, I went to the orthopedic ward of a large general hospital. It was here that I first came to know other long-term patients well. Before my children begin to drive, I am going to take them to visit a ward like that one. The consequences of too much speed or a drink too many couldn't be more terribly illustrated. Death on the highway may be frightening, but the life of a severe traumatic spinal injury case is a worse hell than anybody has ever imagined.

You can enter this inferno by getting an injury to your spinal cord. From roughly the point of injury on down, the paraplegic loses all muscle control and all sensation, except for certain wandering pains. The first consequence of this, as in the case of severe paralytic polio, is the inability to walk without leg braces and crutches. But there are differences — differences that make most polio cases insignificant by comparison.

The polio victim knows when his foot is next to an overheated radiator. One of the paraplegics at the hospital got badly burned because he didn't. A polio's sensory awareness makes it possible for

him to have sexual intercourse. Traumatic paraplegia usually rules this out. No sensation is left, though desire remains unabated. The loss of muscle control means loss of bladder and bowel control as well. A lifetime of enemas is no joke. And bladder infections and seizures constantly plague the paraplegic. Then there are violent spasms in the affected muscles to complicate what is left of life. Quadraplegia is the same as paraplegia, except that the arms are involved too, and the area of anesthesia is greater. One quadraplegic I knew had lost the capacity to sweat.

The hospital I was in had a few quadraplegics and several paras. They constituted the aristocracy of the orthopedic ward. Their rights and privileges were carefully observed. The rest of us were ranked below them, according to severity of affliction and length of hospitalization.

My first visitor among the patients was a fellow polio. Like me, he had both legs impaired. Neither of us had lost much in our arms. A little later on, some of the paraplegics dropped by, but except for one who seemed to yearn for company they held a bit aloof. The quadraplegics never came, though in time I became a good and properly deferential friend of two of them. We met

mostly in the physical therapy clinic, the library, or the corridors.

Status among the patients is not governed by the same tokens of respect and prowess as those the outside world knows. The first and most clearly defined right of the aristocracy is the right to be left alone; to be able to make or break social contact at will; to retreat into the lonely haunts of a mind bereft of body and not to come forth again save at one's own volition; to enjoy the torments of hell in peace.

On the awful eminence of a Strykker frame (a rubber-cushioned substitute for a bed that makes tending and turning much easier) to which he was permanently wedded, the worst off of the quadraplegics maintained an almost total silence. It was broken only when he asked for a cigarette, which had to be tended at his mouth by another person, or when he invited a brief conversation. The only regular contact he maintained with the world was what he heard one afternoon a week when a Red Cross Gray Lady read extracts from magazines to him. He had long since declined any further offers of communication.

The other quadraplegics were able to sit up in wheel chairs and had enough muscle control left in their shoulders to move about a little on their own. They were, consequently, more approachable, but deferred in the right to begin conversations only to the man on the frame. They could be wheeled into the physical therapy clinic and maintain an absolute silence if they cared to. On the other hand, they could be lively and communicative, but the tone was always one they set, and no one else would have thought to try to change it. Close to their status was that of the paraplegics. I, whose problems superficially resembled theirs, could approach them and receive easy recognition. But when my first overtures were refused, I understood that no further effort should be attempted at that time.

Beneath the paraplegics there was a more loosely defined third estate composed of permanently crippled polios, less serious spinal injuries, badly shattered pelvis and hips that required months in enormous casts, and other long-term cases. There was an intra-class deference paid here by those who would someday return to reasonably full body function to those who wouldn't. Below that came those with no status at all — the simple fractures and sore joints, who came and went, it seemed, as easily as the night nurses relieved the day nurses.

As in all enduring hierarchal societies, rights were not accorded in the hospital without involving duties. The duty of the aristocracy was to provide the horrible example of greater suffering to its subordinates.

The house painter with his arm in a cast for a month could ease his regret at the loss of salary and the expense of medical bills by looking at the shattered hip next to him with two months in plaster and three more to go. The hip could lighten his troubles by imagining what it would be like to have polio and never walk again without braces and crutches. The polio saw his problems fade to insignificance beside those of the paraplegic. The paraplegic could comfort himself with the thought that, however limited, life outside the hospital might someday be possible for him in contrast to the future ahead for the quadras. The wheel chair quadras could see in the man on the Strykker frame a prospect beyond even their own melancholy eminence. He alone, like the solitary Inca, could look only downward, compensating as he could for his loneliness with the deference paid him by the rest of us.

IN MY last months at the hospital I had become thoroughly rank-conscious and knew exactly where I fitted in. All the other long-term patients knew their places too. Life went smoothly for me until they moved a broken thigh, a gentle middle-aged man, into my room. He had never been in a hospital before and found the environment disturbing. In addition, his hip hurt him and he complained about it. His conduct had nothing in it that wouldn't have aroused compassion in the normal breast. He tried to strike up a conversation with me because he wanted — and deserved — sympathy and assurance. All he got from me were curt responses to his inquiries and comments such as "everybody has his troubles" when he mentioned his pain. I realized at the time that he needed help over the initial period of adjustment to hospital life, but I couldn't help him. He didn't know his place and until he learned it there was nothing I could do. Fortunately for both of us, I left the hospital soon after his arrival.

I had a roommate, a broken pelvis, for a couple of months, who was a good friend of the hospital barber. The barber dropped by almost every day to gossip, and I soon discovered him to be the best source of local news. He was not only aware of all the happenings in the social world of the staff, but was well informed on the condition of the seriously ill, whom he shaved at their bedsides.

The hospital proclaimed each death with solemn ceremony. The bed on which the deceased breathed his last was stripped for airing and wheeled out onto the open sun roof. Through the barber, I not only knew on these occasions whose bed it was, but often could predict with accuracy whose would be next.

I followed one case from beginning to end via the barber. A fellow with pains in his head and some trouble in his coordination got a haircut. Gossip with the doctors indicated that he had some sort of growth in the brain cavity. The patient weakened and began to need shaving in bed. (From this point on we got much more detailed reports.) His legs gave out; then he went blind; he developed respiratory difficulties and had to go into an oxygen tent. This made the barber's work very exciting because the patient had to be taken out for shaving. The barber was notably depressed one day when he admitted that he'd only been able to get halfway through his task before the man had to be put back into the tent. Not long after that a new bed appeared on the sun deck.

ONE of the deep undercurrents in hospital society is the secret envy and competition for recovery among patients. The new patient is usually subject to detailed inquiry about his condition by those on approximately the same level in the social hierarchy. The interrogators then individually rate the newcomer relative to themselves, considering severity of affliction, length of service, and prospects for recovery. The most common tendency for the new man is to emphasize his difficulties and to strike for as high a rating as he can get. This has two major advantages; more deference will be accorded him and, if he has prospects for improvement, his progress will appear to be more rapid than it actually is. Perhaps the greatest satisfaction in a patient's life is to overtake a person who initially had a lesser affliction. Though high status in the hierarchy has its merits, descending therefrom has incomparably greater charms. One of the heaviest burdens the austere nobility must bear is to remain fixed, like milestones by which those on the mend can measure their progress.

When I first arrived in the orthopedic ward, my arms were quite weak, and this — combined with the flaccid condition of my legs — gave me a certain status even with the junior quadraplegic. He was a handsome young man with a pleasant smile and a tender heart. I remember his saying once, "This has made me much nicer than I used to be." I imagine that he was a very nice guy when it all began, too.

His life had been cut short three years before, but he hadn't adjusted to not living. He kept on hoping and working toward emergence into the outside world. He had developed tremendous power in his shoulder muscles, which were all he had left to work with. Somehow, with leg braces and his shoulders, he managed to drag himself

along vertically between the parallel bars where patients first learn to walk.

He had just learned to do this when I arrived and, since it was his first real accomplishment in two and a half years, he was vastly encouraged. But while I was there he never went beyond this feat. He did manage to increase the number of trips through the bars he could make without resting, but he was never able to graduate to crutches.

During all this time, as he pulled himself through the bars, he could watch the strength come back into my arms and trunk and the glimmerings of power even in my legs. He saw the hospital measure me for braces and, when they were delivered, how easily I could put them on. He saw me lifted up to the bars and noted how I could stand without holding on to them. He saw that my first attempt to move between them was better than what he could do after years of effort. And I shall never forget the look on his face, as he sat there in his wheel chair, tears in his eyes, his lips pressed together, and his chin trembling. After a while he got control of himself sufficiently to murmur, "Pretty good, there." I tried to thank him for his acknowledgment, hoping that my feeling of triumph was somewhat dampened in my expression by my shame in feeling that way.

When you have become an established part of hospital society, the competition in recovery with those cases most similar to yours becomes very keen. Another polio and I almost immediately selected each other. This competition, so far as I can see, doesn't hamper real and deep friendship. I was my competitor's senior in disability by two months, so that our comparative progress had always to be converted by a time factor.

Each time he was able to do something new — sit up longer, lift himself up in his chair with his arms, get on and off the toilet — we carefully compared notes. I usually exaggerated my abilities at the equivalent point in my career, and he indicated how easily he had done whatever it was.

At Warm Springs, I understand, the patients are separated into three categories, each of which lives apart from the others. The categories are divided according to degree of disability. There may be other reasons for this, but one happy result is that the severely afflicted aren't taunted throughout each day by the sight of roommates much better off than they are.

I must add, on this general theme, that I have never met a severely paralyzed patient who wasn't revolted by the "I triumphed over" literature of the popular magazines and a particular breed of religious pamphlet. The cases I have tracked down are all essentially, though perhaps unwittingly, fraudulent. The polio who, once having been severely paralyzed, makes a complete recovery

ery almost certainly never had polio in the first place. There are many conditions that initially look like the real thing but differ in important aspects; the first of these is that in non-polio, the anterior horn cells of the spinal cord aren't eaten away by a virus.

Any polio — subject to the quality of the treatment he receives — will get back whatever muscle function he is going to get back by doing what the doctors tell him to do. The limit is strictly set by the amount of damage done by the virus to his nervous system. Neither nobility of spirit, strength of will, nor faith in God will make him any better. These things may help him make a better adjustment to his condition, but they can't improve it.

It is, of course, much more ennobling to the person who thought he might emerge crippled, and didn't, to believe that his recovery stemmed more from his courage and faith than from pure chance. And the general — and unaffected — public eats this story up. "The tale of one man's courageous struggle and victory," and so forth. Thus one person's self-delusion and the public's vulnerability combine to produce such frightful travesties on reality as the televised version of "Rise Up and Walk" of New Year's Day, 1956, or "She Rode to Victory over Polio" in a 1955 *Reader's Digest*.

To recount an amazing recovery and attribute it to the steely determination of the recoverer is by implication to charge the permanently disabled with chickenheartedness. To imply that they were struck down by God for their sins is even worse. I don't mean to say that religious faith cannot be a great consolation to the afflicted and a very powerful force in sustaining morale and adjusting to changed circumstances. Obviously it is, to many of the disabled. But religious counseling sometimes leads the counselor to instill in the counseled something quite different from consolation or from the determination to go on, no matter how hard the road. The concept of trial through suffering, for instance, often plays a part in the quadraplegic's continuing will to live. But even this, let alone the idea of being singled out for damnation, should be left, it seems to me, for the sufferer to seek in his misery and not suggested to him by others. I have seen many cripples too deeply disturbed by having read or heard some tract on punishment and redemption to remain silent on this subject.

EVERYBODY seems to react in a different way in adjusting to permanent disability. I try to pretend that nothing has changed and attempt to do everything for myself, no matter how much inconvenience or confusion it causes for those around

me. Some people come to think that they are being tried like Job and find mystical happiness in their misery. I had one friend, a paraplegic, who had to assert his individuality by the most ostentatious drinking I've ever seen.

In the hospitals I've known there have been a good many hidden bottles for quiet nipping, which the management overlooked. But Johnson couldn't drink that way. He wasn't an alcoholic; I don't think he really liked the stuff very much, but he had to show the world that, legs or no legs, he was still Johnson. He would hide a bottle under the sheet that covered his legs in the wheel chair and drive into the office of the resident neurologist or some other equally impressive authority. There, in front of the doctor, his secretary, and whoever else might be present, he would produce his whisky and gulp it down until the bottle was wrestled away from him. Sometimes he would slug off half a bottle and then roll roaring drunk into the hospital lobby. Some of us used to point out to him the advantages of discreet tipping, but we had missed the point of his drinking. It wasn't tipping but indiscretion that he craved. If he didn't act that way, people might have thought that he was just another faceless cripple.

Adjustment to physical disability is a problem for the patient's family too. In fact, it is often harder for the family than for the disabled. If the patient still can lead a useful life outside hospitals, adjustment to his limitations usually comes fairly easily. It is harder, I think, for school-aged children, adolescents particularly, but it comes. But parents, even more than spouses, seem to find it very difficult to get used to. The parent looks at the child — in my case, even the child approaching middle age — from a particular historical perspective. He sees the child's "world line" (to borrow a term from those who write about relativity) in its entirety, from birth to the present, and he charts, if only vaguely, the onward course he hopes it will follow. To have it altered by being capriciously intersected by somebody else's automobile or by a polio virus comes as a greater shock to the parent than to the victim himself. We live, it seems, more in our hopes for our children than in our hopes for ourselves.

I was puzzled for a long time by the attitude of my parents. They seemed totally unable to accommodate themselves to a reality that my wife and I had long since accepted. Then one day in the hospital brace-repair shop I saw a little boy just the size of my son, and with about the same color of hair. He was wearing one long leg brace and walking on crutches. He walked nimbly and with assurance. He didn't seem to mind the encumbrance of his supports. But I have never been so touched at the sight of a cripple as I was then.

OUR ISOLATION FROM THE ARAB WORLD



Woodcut by Jawad Selim

BY WILLIAM R. POLK

A graduate of Harvard and Oxford, where he specialized in Oriental languages, WILLIAM R. POLK is a member of the Center for Middle Eastern Studies at Harvard. As a fellow of the Rockefeller Foundation, he lived for several years in the Middle East, and this provocative article he wrote on his return from a recent visit to countries he has known well. He is author of WHAT THE ARABS THINK and co-author of BACKDROP TO TRAGEDY.

LIKE other students of the Middle East, I am alarmed at our current position and the drift in our policy. We have tended to lapse into a reliance upon the threat of force, to vacillate between bluff and threat, generosity and pettiness, and to slip into easy alliances with those who are linked to us only by opportunism. We have yet to offer real competition to the hostile ideologies.

We are now a domestic issue to the Arabs. We are intimately connected with the establishment of the state of Israel; our oil interests are the largest business ventures in the Middle East; our aid to Britain and France indirectly makes possible the continued activity of those countries in the area, and in addition several Asian countries depend on our support. Our enmity is feared by all, and our Sixth Fleet appears and disappears like a host of gray ghosts around the shores of the eastern Mediterranean.

We have spent lavishly and have convinced ourselves that we have acted rightly but have received little in return. Never before have we been so desperately in need of achieving an understanding of the forces at work in the area. We do not need praise or the well-wishes of fair-weather friends, but we surely lack contacts with those who are

critical of us, who suspect us, and who hate us. We need to break through linguistic barriers so as to communicate; we need to understand norms of conduct so as to be able to correlate actions and to achieve a balance between what we regard as the right and the good and what is so regarded by others. Above all we need to tell the East of ourselves in terms meaningful to their experiences.

We have come quite far in a decade, but our development has not kept pace with our involvement. Lacking cadres of specialists, we have created a new class of so-called experts. Necessarily we have taken short cuts: if Arabic were the exhausting task of years of study, if local customs seemed inscrutable, if local leaders were xenophobic, well, they could be bypassed. Available to us by inheritance in the Arab states was the Westernized diplomatic set which was for years the foundation of French and British control. Under former conditions, these people could be taken as spokesmen upon whom observers could rely since with British or French support they wielded effective if unpopular power. Today they are less able to put their opinions into effect and have tended, themselves, to lose touch with recent currents of the popular will. Furthermore, in the condi-

tions in which we have operated, when a typist at the American embassy earns roughly the same as the native cabinet minister, casual social relations can develop only with the upper classes. Even more significant, in recent years certain American ambassadors, apparently acting upon the notion that acquaintanceship implies approval, have begun to restrict the contacts of their staffs to those known to be friendly to America.

During my visit to Syria, I was told by Akram Hourani, the parliamentary leader of the Arab Socialist Resurrection Party, the *Baath*, that neither he nor his party colleagues had contacts in the embassy and thus were forced to rely upon hearsay or news dispatches in their attempt to evaluate American policy. Frankly, I took this as hyperbole. Hourani is generally regarded as the key man in the Syrian Parliament, speaking as he does for the most energetic group, the non-Communist left, and he is certainly one of the coming leaders of the entire Arab world. Yet when I inquired at the American embassy, I was told that this is quite accurate: there are no contacts. The same situation, I found, was rapidly coming into effect in Egypt as well.

Paradoxically, then, the two areas in which we seem to be having the least success are the ones we are least interested in learning about. In Lebanon, which is much less significant in any scale of evaluation and which is already "won" (largely by a dole at the rate of about \$15 yearly per person), we work far harder to develop local contacts. But in Iraq and Jordan, we have never taken the trouble to meet the opposition. In Jordan we base our position upon the Bedouin, as the British did years ago when the urban population was a fraction of its present size. The future does not lie with the Bedouin. The urban classes, in our default, are pro-Nasser. When we speak of pro-Western Iraq, we really mean Nuri Said; but there, as a former prime minister told me, it must be admitted that Nasser is as popular as Nuri Pasha is strong. But Nuri, who is now seventy, is a lone giant. Not unlike certain other strong men he has been effective in stamping out the moderate opposition, led by Kamel Chadderchi, but he has not built a party which is likely to survive him. What will happen after his retirement is an open question — which requires open eyes. But the long-range outlook for our contacts and possible future allies is not what it should be, for our own interests; and with hundreds of young Iraqis studying in our universities, it does not approach what it could be.

Perhaps the most striking aspect of the Middle Eastern scene today is the emergence of the younger generation. These are young men and women who grew to adulthood under Western domination; they are directly or indirectly West-

ern-trained, and their ideals are much more like ours than were those of the older generation. A middle class is arising, and many of the most active of the younger men represent it. What was to the older generation a loosely worn cloak of nationalism is to them a skin; not only is there a more intense dedication to nationalism but there has also been a certain discernible shift away from the simple self-determination concept of nationalism toward a greater concern with domestic problems. And these problems — disease, grinding poverty, a huge backlog of ignorance and illiteracy, and economic underdevelopment — are horrifying in their complexity, enormity, and immediacy. To find solutions or even "new ideas," Arabs are today more than ever before exploring the whole spectrum of ideologies. Concepts are still remarkable for their flexibility and for the mutations they have undergone in the Middle East, but there is a decided hunger for plans, systems, and ideas.

And here, in catering to the ferment among the younger intelligentsia — a group which is much wider in relation to Arab society than it is in ours — is where the Russians are at their best.

PERHAPS more potent in the Russo-American competition in the Middle East than all the arms, the goods, and the diplomatic moves is the advent of Soviet books. The increase is startling. In some Arab countries Soviet publications are still banned. However, even before the First World War, translations were made from the Russian classics. Many Arabs, for example the Iraqi novelist Dun'n-Nun Ayyub, found the intellectual ferment of the 1860s, 1870s, and 1880s not only fascinating in the same terms as have many Americans but relevant to their own experience. One of Ayyub's first works in Arabic was a translation of *Fathers and Sons*, which to him was also a study of the rift between generations in the current Arab scene.

Today it is possible to find in addition to the literary classics many of the basic books of Marxism as well as a growing library of current Russian and Chinese writings in Arabic. In Cairo bookstores, along with these, several hundred titles in English translation are available. Engels' works average 12 cents, four volumes of Lenin cost \$2.75, and *Das Kapital* is 95 cents. Current publications are a few cents a volume. But of the lot, the most inviting, and the best sellers, are still the classics. Chernyshevski, Belinski, and even Herzen are available at roughly a dollar a book. Chekhov's *The Cherry Orchard* is 20 cents, Tolstoi's *Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth* is 90 cents, Turgenev's *Sports-*

man's Sketches is 80 cents, and Pushkin's *Queen of Spades* is 10 cents.

An Egyptian book of 250 pages normally sells for \$1, and to this norm Soviet publications in Arabic adhere. American books sell at double their American prices — a \$5 book which an American professor at home begrudgingly buys on a salary of \$500 a month becomes a \$10 book which an Egyptian professor earning perhaps \$150 a month cannot buy. Arabic publications of the American government have not proved a great success, and even the output of the highly successful Franklin Publications seems not completely acceptable to intellectuals. Why? The usual answers are that they are thought to be propaganda and they do not often enough cater to the Arab's hunger for ideas. (I doubt that American intellectuals own many of the English versions of the kind of books we send to Arab countries.) Even if the Russian books are propaganda, which in the broad sense even the classics are, they are welcome because of the fact that their ideological books are quite open and frank in offering an approach to the creation of a new society, which most Arabs — however much they may differ regarding what kind of a society — want. And the classics have an intrinsic value which transcends propaganda. As a friend put it, "If you would print Walt Whitman at Russian prices, we would love it. But you give us neither your classics nor your philosophy."

It is difficult to avoid the feeling that we have adopted a Madison Avenue approach to the selling of democracy. The emphasis in our propaganda is on the crudest materialism and relies upon the most obvious gimmicks. America is the land of the supermarket, the two-car family, and the bathroom. But is this all we really have to offer? We offer money, some of which has accomplished excellent works, and we offer arms — when we get nervous we even deliver them airmail — but in the realm of the intellect we give our audiences as little credit as does the average television advertiser. Then, when we do something that is praiseworthy, for example several years ago when we helped a number of stranded pilgrims reach Mecca in time for the pilgrimage, we so vociferously applaud our own efforts that there is very little anyone else can say. Finally, we have the President photographed, with his shoes off, in Washington's Islamic mosque, a promotion stunt so obvious that the Arabs can only smile.

Our propaganda backfires in many ways. In our picture of America there are no slums, no social problems, no racial discrimination — none of the domestic issues which have challenged and stimulated us in recent years. This is puzzling to peoples whose whole lives are engaged in grap-

pling with seemingly overwhelming social problems. What is more, such fairy tales are easily discredited by returning Arab students, by Soviet propaganda, and by our own popular press. As a consequence our propaganda, true or false, is devalued.

For better or for worse the Middle East has learned to follow intimately our domestic affairs. In every conversation I had in Cairo, racial segregation, the suicide of Mr. Norman, Canadian ambassador to Egypt, and the appearance of Arthur Miller before the House Un-American Activities Committee occasioned quick jibes at America which were mitigated only partially by praise of the Supreme Court's recent decisions. I am glad I left before Little Rock.

But what might happen if we were to come clean? An Arab friend who studied in a Southern university and who is now a delegate to the I.L.O. told me that at a recent meeting in Geneva the issue arose of adopting nationwide fair-employment practice codes. France opposed the move because of the effect in Arab North Africa (which is legally included in metropolitan France). The American delegate upheld France. The Afro-Asian bloc delegates then prepared to attack our move as both harmful to the Arabs and undemocratic. Then, my friend said, the American delegate asked leave to speak and did so in candor. He explained exactly why he could not support such a resolution, discussed racial problems in America in a frank and adult fashion, both admitting the weakness of our current position and indicating the direction of change. My friend remarked, "That is all we could have asked. I didn't speak against him nor could my colleagues. This is one of the few times you have been frank with us."

AMERICAN policy in the Middle East in the past two years, indeed in the past decade, is far removed from this line of approach. As events have not gone in the ways we wanted, we have come to play with bribes and threats. When we oppose policies we have little that is constructive to offer in their place. Although we strongly opposed Nasser of Egypt, we show in Jordan that we have nothing to replace him with except the rule of kings. Nasser both as a ruler and as a symbol occupies such a central position on the current scene that I should like to discuss him briefly. The attitudes toward him I found in the course of my trip are not those presented in the American press. To us he has become a hodgepodge of Hitler, Stalin, and a wily Oriental despot. In Egypt he represents the younger generation and is most popular among them.

I have remarked that the new generation is partly understandable as a middle-class movement, and perhaps this is indicated in its quest for respectability. Most Egyptians, even those who genuinely fear him, agree that Nasser has given them a greater degree of self-respect than they have ever felt. No one who knew Egypt in the old days can fail to be impressed by the revolution in the public personality of the policeman, the soldier, and even the professional man. It is important to remember that it was only a decade ago when even the king of Egypt could not have belonged to the exclusive European preserve, the Gezira Sporting Club, and when the biting satire of Major Jarvis' *Oriental Spotlight* was the nightmare of the whole nation.

Nasser has also given many Egyptians something of a feeling of stability, a curious achievement for the leader of a revolution. The Egypt of 1950 gave one the sensation of sitting on a volcano. Today the wealthy have the security which comes with having passed a dangerous point and passed it not only with heads still upon shoulders but with riches relatively intact. The revolution has been remarkable for several things, but for none so much as moderation. Wealthy friends, even in the exposed minority communities, surprised me by the warmth of their support of Nasser. "God help us if he dies," said one. "If the army loses control, we might have a *Jacquerie*."

Intellectuals were less enthusiastic. It is the Syrian, not the Egyptian, government to which many look for ideology. In Egypt the intellectuals have had to swallow some bitter pills. For years they had planned for the new Egypt, and yet when it came they had little to do either with its conception or with its birth. Nasser told them bluntly that "not one of them presented a new idea." The Army has been harsh with the universities, students have all but disappeared as a political force, and even professors are required to obtain government permission to meet with foreigners. But it must be emphasized that although basic splits exist in many policy issues, it is generally agreed that Nasser is the best that Egypt has had or could hope for in the immediate future, and, therefore, has to be supported.

The proletariat bears the brunt of the Army's energy. In its lurches toward a better Egypt, the regime has occasionally moved with such dramatic suddenness and with such callous efficiency as to terrify the pathetic mass which drags like an anchor on the country's development. In Cairo I was told of the case of a slum district marked for clearance. The government ordered its inhabitants to move. They did not. Where were they to go? In the past, government laziness had been in itself a sort of Bill of Rights upon which the

safety of the individual rested. But given the restless energy of Nasser's trouble-shooter, al-Baghdadi, such reliance was sadly misplaced. At the end of the time limit, the inhabitants were forcibly evicted; their homes and the belongings they could not carry were leveled.

It is easy to criticize the tough-mindedness involved. But many Egyptians feel that they are in the same stage of development as was the West in the nineteenth century, when the same necessity to build, regardless of human cost, gave us our great industrial and financial foundations. Put bluntly, there is also a general realization that in a country where only one child in two lives to the age of five and where, unless something drastic is done to bring about a change, the survivor can look forward only to a life of disease, poverty, and hunger, a clean if ruthless slice with the scalpel is kinder in the long run than milder measures.

The great hope of Egypt — the anesthetic to kill the pain of that scalpel — was the High Dam. For the failure of this, Egyptians of all classes blame us.

IF EGYPT had other comparable possibilities, the feasibility of the dam could be questioned, but she has not. The High Dam offered what seemed the only hope for a period of grace in the frantic race with the growth of population. Thus when Mr. Dulles' curt renunciation of the previous American offer of aid arrived in Cairo, it could only be taken as a deliberate attempt to topple the government. Let me paraphrase the observations of an Egyptian friend:

"When Dulles' message came and I had a chance to read it, I closed my business and went home with a group of friends to listen to the radio. The wording indicated that it was sent with the sole intent of ruining Nasser, and so we assumed that it heralded a planned coup. We waited by the radio for hours, expecting to hear that Nasser had been arrested or shot, but nothing happened. One of us noted that the message had come on a holiday when banks, the Bourse, and almost all businesses were closed. That seemed very inept planning for a coup, because the government obviously on any other day would have been under strong public pressure but on that day all of the usual meeting places, where opinion or even panic might have formed, were vacant. But still we felt sure that no government would send a message like that unless everything were carefully prepared. We waited and still only the usual programs came over the radio. Finally, late in the night a spokesman announced that the government was still firmly in control. Later when the announcement came that the government had

decided to nationalize the canal — well, you can't imagine the popular reaction to that. Suez was the last of the great symbols of foreign rule — Kasr el-Nil barracks, the Citadel, and Suez. When Nasser came into Cairo after nationalization, he was a popular hero as he had never been before. Dulles gave Nasser Egypt."

Many Westerners who had been critical of this episode in American policy toward Egypt felt that we had been redeemed by our stand at the United Nations during the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt. Few Arabs agreed. The Russian "threat" to London was taken seriously, and the American ambassador to France was quoted as considering it crucial. No one thought the British or French were worried by our verbal stand. Thus Russia, rightly or wrongly, was regarded as the savior of Egypt. Then came the announcement of President Eisenhower's speech on foreign policy. Many expected a dramatic turn in American policy. If our performance at the UN had not shown our teeth, it had shown our heart. It surely gave us a great opportunity to go to Asia in terms that Asians wanted to hear.

But the Eisenhower Doctrine is not an Asian policy except in incidence; it did not announce a new credo of American belief, nor did it approach the problems and issues felt by the Middle East. As it was understood in Egypt, the meaning was "We will protect the Middle East, but not from those whose bombs and rockets had just been killing Egyptians (because those people are our allies), but from those whose actions had popularly been credited with averting a return to European domination." Even if the Egyptian government had wanted to accept the Doctrine, and it is certainly obscure why at that moment they should have, popular feeling was strongly opposed.

THE slogan in the Middle East today is "positive neutralism," a phrase with almost Hegelian obscurity. Put in its simplest terms, I understand it to involve the desire to live between East and West not as the passive buffer but rather as the floating vote which can be crucial on issues of world import and which can gain the most from both by "balanced exploitation." In Egypt there are many signs that the government is striving to become not too closely involved with Russia, and it seems to me likely that Britain, neutralized by the Suez debacle, is in a position to become the Middle East's harmless friend. The British who felt and

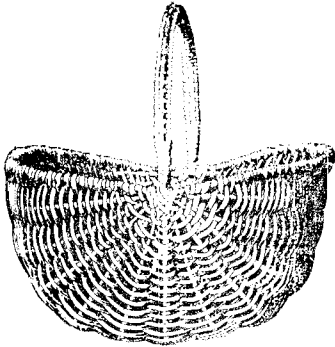
acted the most strongly about Suez are now seemingly preparing not only to let bygones be, but wherever possible to utilize them. We, who were far less involved in the first place and who had great opportunities for bettering our position, have replaced Britain as the most-hated nation.

In Syria the position is in some ways more simple. The Syrians have noted that when the tripartite guarantee of the frontiers of Israel and the Arab states was violated by Israel, two of the guarantors joined the attack and the third, America, was unable to prevent them. Rightly or wrongly, Syria today expects an Israeli attack upon her territory. We have by our pronouncements convinced the dominant Syrian politicians that we regard them as Communists and will not work with them. In their eyes, we have bought Jordan (and paid cash) after having engineered a coup d'état against its mildly left-wing government. We have no contacts among the Syrian left wing, studiously avoid making any, and many Syrians are convinced we are planning a coup there. We strongly oppose Syria's receiving Russian aid or arms but have made it clear that we will give neither to those now in power. They cannot buy arms or equipment from us since in Syria, as in Egypt, they must pay in cotton. This the Russians are happy to accept, whereas we are unable to accept it. Therefore, it has seemed logical to many Syrians to accept all the Russian help offered.

In summary, it appears to me that we have deliberately thrown away flexibility in our policy. We have arbitrarily, often without adequate information, divided Arabs into those on the one hand with whom we will cooperate, to whom we will give, and from whom we will apparently expect little, and on the other hand those with whom we will have nothing to do, whom we have convinced can have nothing from us but animosity, and toward whom we give the appearance of pointing a loaded gun.

Why should this be? Is Syria today less of a democracy than Jordan? Is Egypt less than Iraq or Saudi Arabia? Are we sure that the goals of these countries are incompatible with our own? Is the pouring into Asia of millions of dollars worth of arms, aid, and *expertise* to be our answer to the hunger for ideas? Should we not stop and take stock? Or have we arrived at the position where our only answer to Russian propaganda — or indeed to ideas and aims which are much closer to our own than to Communism — is the rule of tired old men and kings?

PADRAIC COLUM



THE BASKET MAKER

(MARKET PLACE, IRELAND, PRESENT DAY)

A basket maker, an itinerant,
His hands as supple as the rods he bended:
I stayed to buy the withied shape he made.

And then a friend
Who had the lore of ancient fields and houses
Came to me there (It was a market place).

Four arm-rings of gold
In box of alder bark were in his gleanings
Where the receding lake had left behind
A Bronze Age village; a quern in its place,
The grains it ground beside it — barley, wheat;
Two boar-tusk pendants and a piece of amber,
And under these, the woven hazel twigs
Laid down in summer, since the hazelnuts
Were not then filled; spindles and ox yokes. . . .

I thought them apt, the woven hazel twigs,
For there before us was a batch of them,
With rods that shone like amber — willow rods.
But these were not engaging to my friend:
He left me with the man of supple hands —
Two of us only in the market place.

No tool but his own hands he had, a knife
That he had used since his apprenticeship
Which took him back, a youngster by the pool
Where no one bided but the water hen,
Or in a dell when hazelnuts were green,
And the wren showed the bulky nest he made
To his small mate. I watched him weave,
Rod over rod, no gaps between the ridges.

And thought upon "the woven hazel twigs
Laid down in summer, since the hazelnuts
Were not then ripe": "The basket on the arm
Of the old woman out for marketing;
The wicker round," he said,
"In which potatoes from the pot are poured;
The creel that brings the turf up from the bog;
The kish that holds them by the fireside:
There's no one marks them with a craftsman's name —
Scanted they are as commons of the house."

And there it is — my thought come back to me!
You're one that's known
At doors, as is the thatcher or the weaver,
Or by the din you make, as the horseshoer,
Before your name gets into household speech.
For if you find and bring material
From willow-pool or hazel-dell far off,
And make a thing that is of shape and use
Without bystanders or the noise of tool,
You are not spoken of by men or women.
"The basket maker has no name," he said.

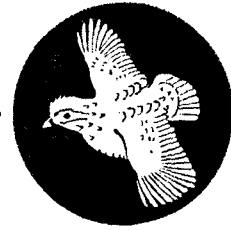
But noteworthy. In Kerry glens, he told me,
Where grow the trees whose branches no one bends,
The old arbutus, the weavers' bundles
Arc carried in his creels on asses' backs
Across the Reeks; the silver ring he showed me,
With two hands clasped, a Claddagh granny gave him
For baskets were a benefit to carry
Her fish to Galway in. And there he ended
His discourse and his task; he got his shillings
And I the withied shape was to my liking.

I watched him go, his stock-in-trade upon him.
"I travel Ireland's length and breadth," he said.
There was dominion in the way he said it,
And in his even pace towards other roofs,
A basket maker, an itinerant.

An Atlantic "First"

THAT BEAUTIFUL SHORE

by JAMES M. IDEMA



An English major at Dartmouth College, class of 1942, JAMES M. IDEMA studied composition under the late Sidney Cox and in his senior year was awarded the Grimes Prize for one of his short stories. After three years as a patrol bomber pilot for the Navy, he returned to Michigan, his native state, where he sells life insurance and devotes a part of each week to writing.

Nor that I begrudge him the food that he eats and the whiskey he drinks and the oxygen he breathes in my house," my father said. "It's just his old crankiness that works under my skin!"

"Not that," my mother said gently, but not put off, either, by my father's pointed tolerance. "He's just a mind of his own is all. He's independent."

I had stayed in bed that Friday morning with a cold, and had an uninvolved awareness of our small household as the mildly querulous voices of my parents floated up through open doors and stairway from the big farm kitchen. The subject of their idle breakfast argument was my grandfather, the hunter Oak Davis, who lived with us and who was, I think, beloved only by me. He was bent and thin, brittle as a winter leaf. Once he had been tall, like his very name (though it was really Oakfield, my mother's middle name), but now when he looked into someone's face to help his deaf ears catch a word it was the strain of looking up as well as the effort of listening that creased his forehead. Most of the time, however, he kept his view down, saying little to the people with whom he lived and moving about with the almost tuneless little songs on his lips. It was a wonder, people said, that he could even carry a shotgun any more, but my grandfather was hard and strong and could walk a mile or so of woods and swamp without apparently tiring, and in our part of the county he was regarded still as a kind of old wizard with the gun. Tomorrow he was going to take me hunting with him.

I could see them in my mind's eye, my father poised restlessly for the day's work as he sat at the kitchen table by the west windows, my mother walking

back and forth as she fixed his eggs and coffee, the two of them talking, almost out of habit alone, about the old man who years ago had come from Vermont to live out his days at his daughter's home in Michigan, and who, partly out of his own choosing, was an alien among us still.

"He's hardly in your way, Tom," my mother was saying. "He's hardly in anybody's way. He keeps to himself."

"Not in our way, no," my father said impatiently. "Just there, that's all. Just around in his old clothes and singing those hymns under his breath whatever he's doing, like he'd never stop."

"He's old, don't forget. He can't hear. And he is my father," she said.

"He hears more than you think," my father said knowingly. "He hears what he wants to hear is the better way of putting it."

"Why don't you try to be a little more friendly?" my mother suggested. "Make a little effort."

"A little effort!"

My father was apt to seize on an easy phrase when an argument approached hopelessness for his cause, and put an emphatic end to it. Tom Easter was the editor of the weekly newspaper in Alto, the *Alto Note*, and was called on frequently to make speeches at the Fraternal Order of Eagles or the Baptist Men's or the Grange, and sometimes in conversation he gave you the idea he was talking to a crowd.

Their quarrel was interrupted by the opening of my grandfather's door and his funny voice announcing "I'm up now" to no one. For a minute there were just the busy kitchen noises, and I could see my mother putting a forefinger to her

lips. In spite of my stopped-up head, I could smell the coffee. Then the door to the bathroom closed and I heard my grandfather clear his lungs and spit, and I visualized my father wincing at the common sound, then hurrying to finish his breakfast before the taciturn old man would enter the kitchen to eat his.

"And why, will you tell me, should I 'shhh' for him," my father said finally, "if he can't hear?"

The old man emerged, and was humming to himself as he felt around in the closet where the hunting clothes and guns were kept, and I heard the chair stutter along the kitchen floor when my father got up quickly.

"So he's going hunting again," my father said, though more gently now, "and we are being treated to hymns at breakfast." Things were working out close to the pattern of his prediction, and he sounded pleased. "I suppose he'll be wanting to take the boy, too."

"Tommy has a cold," my mother said.

"Well, just explain that to the old man, will you," my father said. "As long as he's home from school the old man won't be able to figure out why he can't go hunting. You know that."

"He knows it," she said. "They plan to go tomorrow."

"Besides, he's so old, is it safe?"

"Safe?" my mother said quickly. He had struck effectively her cold and irrational dread of guns, though he knew well my grandfather's singular reputation was come by honestly, and for all his skill as a hunter he knew guns and handled them with respect for the rules. But this was my father's way, that's all.

"Oh, safe enough, I guess," he said. "But he's so old, how about his reflexes, and that hair-trigger cannon he shoots with?"

There was a muffled crash from the closet. I turned over in bed and put my face into the pillow with the knowledge of what had happened, yet kept an ear cocked for what would come out of the sudden silence.

But at so commonplace an annoyance Tom Easter only muttered "Damn!"

My grandfather once more had tipped from its place on the closet shelf the German helmet, pierced by a bullet, which my father had borne proudly home as a souvenir of Château-Thierry. It always fell to the closet floor with a shocking clatter; shocking when you considered what it was.

"Good morning!" my father shouted as they met at the bottom of the stairs. "You're going hunting again?" My grandfather probably answered him, but I didn't hear him.

"You dropped something?" my father said. It was another question, but now not really a ques-

tion, and I imagine that my grandfather didn't even bother to turn around as he replaced the helmet and continued sorting out his hunting things from the racks. I heard his nearly voiceless little song begin.

"Maybe you'll shoot yourself today, eh?" my father said, just loudly enough for my mother to hear. She said "Tom!" before the front door closed, and I knew my father was on his way to his newspaper office in Alto, six miles away, where the climate was more agreeable, where he was respected as someone of great importance, where he truly was the voice of the people. "Throw out the lifeline, O throw out . . ." I heard the old man softly singing. "Someone is drifting away."

I turned over to gaze at the ceiling of my bedroom, and I remembered the time a year ago that I had surprised Oak Davis grinning into the bathroom mirror, my father's helmet coming down almost over his fuzzy ears, and he had stuck a finger impishly into one of the bullet holes which once had made of the helmet such a heroic conversation piece in the columns of the *Alto Note*. When my grandfather saw me laughing at him, his face sagged into an expression of great gravity, and he lifted the helmet slowly from his head and replaced it with innocent ceremony on the closet shelf. I thought now of him warmly, and plotted to go hunting with him that very day instead of waiting.

I might just run out of the house, and take him a pint of whiskey.

I heard him go into the kitchen, where my mother greeted him in her kindly if perfunctory way and fed him breakfast.

"Tommy is sick — he has a cold, upstairs in bed," she said. Probably she pointed upward after the last phrase, like an interpreter. I heard him answer in his rather high slow voice, but couldn't make it out.

"You think you ought to go out there alone again today?" she asked him.

I knew he would not bother to reply to such a question, but after a while he would muse on the only subject that really interested him. He would say that the grouse would be "out on the feed a morning like this one"; he would surprise them on the sunny slopes, and shoot as they flushed in the direction of the poplars, and that would be answer enough to my mother's solicitude. I thought of the soft brown birds who fed on the wintergreen berries of a frost-crisp hillside, and of how they would fade to trembling, hiding at the footsteps of the old hunter, then explode into flight with a wingbeat to make your heart stand still.

"Bring another bird home," my mother said, "and I won't have a place to put it 'less Tom starts giving them away."

The back door closed against her mild complaint, then opened again as she told the old man loudly to be careful. I could watch him now, from my bedroom window. At her voice, he turned around politely, but with his curious reserve, to acknowledge her before continuing on his way. He knew I was watching him, but he would never wave to me. He was cold and indifferent in the opinion of most people, and never effusive toward me, not even after I had killed my first grouse under his tutelage one morning a year ago, but I believe that this was part of why I liked him so much. When he did things or said things, they were accomplished without waste or excess, and in my memory this gives him an original sort of grace. Down the lane he walked toward the orchard, this morning a diaphanous green against the late October sky, a thin small man from the back walking carefully, as if studying the ground immediately ahead, his once-Sunday felt hat square on, with the brim turned up, and the gun, the lovely Parker double, crossways in the crook of his arms.

He would be singing absorbedly, I thought, "We will meet by and by," or another of the old gospel favorites of my family's church, not so much to blaspheme the hymn as to mock my father, whose pew was in the middle of the third row and who sang, as he talked and as he wrote in his newspaper, with authority. My grandfather would be smiling, too, partly in anticipation of what he loved most to do in this world and partly in mischief: he knew that the eyes of this small boy were watching him and that this boy's heart, on such a morning, was reaching out after him.

IT TURNED out that I joined Oak Davis that day without any special guile, but that I regretted having joined him then for the rest of my life.

I was sitting in my pajamas at the kitchen table later in the morning, looking hopelessly at the woods out beyond the pasture hills and thinking that it might have been better to go to school than spend the long day in the house waiting for the next day, and even that one in doubt. For uncertainty of weather haunted me as a young boy, and I did a lot of bargaining with God, trying to match up the fair days in my prayers with the importunate and elaborately fragile projects of youth. Today, alas, was a fair day.

My mother said suddenly, "He's forgot his lunch!"

She picked up the little bundle of sandwiches which he had wrapped in last week's *Note* and bound with a rubber band, and which he generally carried in his hunting vest.

"He's getting so forgetful," she said mournfully, looking out the window of the back door. "I wonder where he went to."

I jumped up from my chair and snatched the package from her hand.

"I'll take it to him!" I said. "I know just where he went, where he always goes in the morning. Oh please, please let me take it to him!"

My mother was startled at my enthusiasm, then settled down sensible, and reminded me of my cold and didn't I want to be completely well so I could go tomorrow with my grandfather? Besides, he would come back for his lunch when he got hungry and discovered he had forgotten to put it in his pocket. Better yet, she would take it to him herself.

"Oh, you could never never find the place; not even if I told you, you couldn't find it," I said. "And even if you could find it, you couldn't walk through some of the stuff. You'd get all scratched."

"Well," she said with a pursed expression which I recognized as the edge of surrender, "we'll just have to leave it here then. He can come home when he wants it."

"Isn't that sort of mean?" I suggested after a pause. "It's pretty far. You can't even see it from the top of the orchard, the hill over there."

I kissed her, and ran to get on my pants and shirt and boots, then walked down the lane in the direction my grandfather had gone, his lunch and a couple of cold apples in my jacket. I wanted to run, but didn't. I had thought of getting my own gun out of the closet, but gave that up. Also, there had been no way to get his whiskey. I was lucky just to be going, even though I had been told to return home as soon as the mission was accomplished.

FALL where we lived is a swift and golden season, with both the perfection and transience of a spell about it, and although I seemed to run about heedlessly in my boy's world I was dogged during those autumns by a nameless urgency. Here was a casual errand, when you look at it. I was taking his lunch to my old grandfather, who being somewhat forgetful had set out without it, but as soon as I had reached a point past the barn, where the lane branches off to join the Alto road, I broke into a run west across the field, startling larks and sparrows and finches from the brown weeds and, later, a blue heron who croaked miserably as he rose from the pasture pond ahead.

I found him about noon, when in October the day already is beginning to turn old. He wasn't hunting in the relatively open country of what we called the slopes — the middle ground be-

tween swamp and woods — but sitting under a big gray beech on the very edge of the woods themselves and facing somewhat toward them, away from me. I surprised him, and that is unusual because my grandfather in spite of his deafness seldom permitted himself to be surprised. Not even — or perhaps I should say especially — by the grouse, which he spotted almost unerringly when they plunged into flight. He felt them rather than heard them, he once told me.

I hesitated before running into his view. His head was tipped back and he took two swallows of whiskey while I watched, then rested the little flat bottle on his lap. His gun lay alongside him in the yellow carpet of curled beech leaves. I was breathing hard from the long flight from the house, and I felt that he would turn and see me at any moment. I angled off on an arc to approach him more head on, more honestly, but I got quite close before he seemed to see me. Perhaps he dozed, or perhaps he was just getting me into focus. Then his head moved slightly, his eyes brightened in welcome. He smiled, but said nothing. I reached into my pocket and pulled out his lunch and one of the apples.

"You forgot," I said.

The old man took them from my hand, then moved the gun to a position across his lap and motioned for me to take the place beside him against the tree. We sat together for a little while, letting the breeze wash us with speckled, uncertain sunshine. I knew that I should go back. He capped the bottle and put it in his pocket.

"I meant to bring you that, too," I said. "I didn't know you had it."

In exchange, from the back of his hunting vest he drew two birds, and winked at me merrily, like a magician. I held them, still warm, tenderly, and stroked the mottled feathers which have the colors of lichen clinging to a rotted log in the autumn woods, and gazed down at the bills, stiffened agape, and at the sad dead eyes.

"You're not going to mourn for them, are you, boy?"

I handed them carefully back to him. "Why are their mouths open like that?" I asked. "Are they open when they fly, before they die?"

He patted my knee and looked up through the branches. "Did your mother let you out of the house to fetch my lunch, or did you run away from her?"

I stood up, full of mingled wonder, of him so old whose big gun was such certain death and of those birds back now in the dark of his pocket, scarcely to be counted in this game he played so flawlessly.

"I better go back now," I said. "She'll worry. And you better eat. She'll ask me if you ate."

My grandfather stood, too, wincing with the effort, and put a thin hand on my shoulder. He was just my height. "I was thinking," he said, "she might not worry too bad if you was to stay for a little bit."

"She might be mad," I said. "She might even say I couldn't go with you tomorrow. I'm supposed to be sick, see."

"I was thinking," he said again, stooping to pick the gun up out of the leaves and reaching into a pocket for a couple of shells, "there's a little piece the other side of those trees. Willow and thornapple mostly, and thin, but the leaves are down from it, and there's berries in there, too. I think a fat partridge might be just setting there waiting for you."

"For me?"

He squeezed my shoulder. "You ever shoot this before?" he asked. "This's a Parker," he said, not looking at me at all but away off through the trees, toward the cover he had described, as though not to lose track of it, and then I had the big gun in my hands and I was walking slowly beside him, his hand still on my shoulder, and already the private little song was on his lips and he was giving none of his concern to my filial responsibilities, but all to the tangled willow copse at the foot of the next rise, where the grouse hid. "We will meet by and by," the old cat-footed hunter murmured under his breath as he urged me along the leafy path. "We will meet on that beautiful shore."

We found the cover where he said it was, but as we approached, the gun felt suddenly heavy and unwieldy, and I was afraid of it.

"You shoot first," I said. "I'll watch." I handed it to him quickly, then fell in behind him, in the old way. Almost at that instant a grouse clattered up out of the leaves, here mostly rusty oak, on the near side, directly in front of us, and died as the big gun still roared in my ears.

OAK DAVIS shot with a grace which you saw only if you happened to be looking right at him. Most of the time your eye was on the flushed bird, and you looked back at the hunter only after the bird crumpled in the air and fell. But I had walked behind my grandfather like this often, and I saw this small man, stiff with age and deaf for as long as I can remember, kill many birds. I had carried a gun, a single-barreled 20-gauge, for the first time the year before, and had killed a partridge with it, too.

When we hunted a piece of cover together, one on a side, my grandfather was apt to stop his intent little song as we approached a likely spot of

brush, and he would say some soft low word like "now" or "here," as if to himself, and I would take my eyes from the ground ahead to watch him. When the bird tore out of the thick stuff, the old man seemed sometimes to wait forever; then there would be this beautiful spare upward movement so quick I could never tell exactly how it went. At other times, I would be behind him, like this, as we pushed our way through some particularly heavy cover, and even when a bird flushed unexpectedly ahead, my grandfather waited him out. I remember that from behind I could see that he lowered his head ever so slightly to meet the gun coming up, all in the one movement, and through his vest that the thin shoulders knotted into lumps as he swung along the line of flight.

He walked on into the brush to retrieve the bird he had shot, and I found the big Parker in my hands again. I turned the old weapon in the sun. Dull arrows of light glanced along the barrels. Behind them the receiver glistened with oil. When this hot odor, like burned spice, floated up I raised the gun tentatively to my face. I pressed on the oily steel with my thumb, feeling over the worn grooves of engraved ivory. Then the gun burst again. The recoil slammed it against my cheek.

I looked down in numb horror where it lay in the leaves, smoke curling up from the muzzle. Then I looked at Oak Davis. From the middle of the thicket he was holding the bird up for me to see, as a prize, with a smile on his face that I could see through the lacy tangle, but in that moment he dropped the bird, reaching around and behind him for his other hand, his right one. I screamed and plunged toward him. Before I reached him the old man seemed to bow, and his hat tumbled off. Then he pivoted slowly lower as he sought the wound with his one whole hand, and, finally and inexorably, collapsed gently within himself in a small faded heap.

When I reached him I fell to my knees. I did one of those things which in retrospect are appalling but which in that frenzied exigency seemed altogether right. I put his hat back on his head. His head, with the breeze wafting his white hair as he lay there in the woods, had been more unforgettably vulnerable than what I had not yet seen, the shredded right hand and the blood from it spreading into the cloth of his clothes. With that he looked up at me. His eyes seemed to search my face. He smiled and said, "Thanks."

I dragged him to a place near a tree, where with his left hand he managed to claw himself into a sitting position, and it was then that I saw all that I had done to him. Nausea racked me before I could speak or act to help; then with vague intuition I pulled the bottle from his pocket and

handed it to him. It was while he was holding it that I became conscious of the bemused everlasting song working under his breath, and I knew that his mind was clear and practical. Then he said, simply and seriously, "Maybe you better take the cap off the bottle," and when I did that I felt a little less tragically unnecessary there. He took two long pulls, then poured some of the liquor directly on his butchered hand while I watched. He raised the bottle up and squinted hard as if to appraise the liquor's quality. "Time you get back here," he said, "this'll near be used up." Then he looked quickly at me and said, "Now, boy, you got to run. You got to run all the way."

I ran all the way. I was sure that Oak Davis, lying still and small, would die without a word and before I ever saw him again.

He didn't die. Not then. But that was the start of an almost endless year during which I thought he might as well die — no right hand to shoot with and so the golden hunting days ended, then for a long time having to be fed like a petulant infant because he refused to eat with his left. Out of the hospital just before the holidays, he was put to bed in the spare room upstairs. Out of the way. But, my mother reminded, he'd have a nicer view, and when the F.O.E. and the Baptist Men came with their Christmas prayers and presents it was a nicer place to talk.

At first I avoided him with elaborate care, but after they let him get up and wander about the house and yard I felt drawn to him more than ever. When he was in his room I would hurry past the open door, but look in always to search the sad ambivalent face for its lost smile. Beyond his chair and bed was a dormer window. I longed to catch him looking that way, just as I longed to hear the sound of his small song again, for the window looked out on the same cherished aspect my window did: north, where the barn stood across my mother's snowy garden and, beyond, where bare orchard and pasture rolled out, and finally where the dark woods started and the grouse hid.

Spring and a long summer passed. Another hunting season, observed in our household by an almost holy silence, had come to Michigan and very nearly passed, too, when I decided suddenly one afternoon to go hunting by myself. I was thirteen. The months had been doing their slow work of softening my guilt. When I announced boldly that I was going, my mother stopped her sewing and looked at me, but she said nothing.

"The season is almost done," I said then, and opened the door of the closet under the stairs.

It could have been the first time that door had been opened since the accident, since they burned my grandfather's old vest and carefully replaced his boots and hat, and the long-barreled Parker

next to my gun, then sealed these things off by shutting the door for perhaps all eternity; and there until now they had been undisturbed, along with the fierce helmet of the Hun, gathering the dust of disuse, and discomposed now only because this day suddenly had seemed to me mysteriously precipitate, as if something had signaled an end to their tacit inviolableness.

I acted quickly, took his own, the Parker, gun from the rack next to mine and a handful of 12-gauge shells, slipped on my hunting coat and boots, then shut the door again. I left the house quietly and did not look back. Now I know that I was watched.

It was a changing November day with the feeling to it of an anxious winter, and here and there the dry ground held a dust of snow. Weeds in the field yielded stiffly to the wind, and the leaves on the floor of the woods moved fitfully as I approached. It would be difficult to hear in the woods. A bird could get up quite close to you, but if a gust came throwing the leaves he'd be out of range before you got a shot off. Oak Davis said partridge know how to take advantage of the wind. They flushed wild on days like this. You had to feel them.

Reluctant to enter the uneasy woods, I hunted along familiar middle ground for an hour, hoping to jump a partridge off the slope for a going-away shot, but nothing happened until I had angled off on a shallow course among the first trees, then, with dusk turning the day deeper gray, begun to circle to a point near our fields. A grouse flushed that I never heard get up, but saw

out of that part of the eye which catches and recognizes only when it is turning away. It flushed close by from a clump of scrub oak which still held its brown leaves and would all winter, then flew quickly into taller hardwood where I could see it ghosting faster and faster among the file of tree trunks, but could see it plain and close for that long instant when every feather seems etched on and you move, if you move at all, as if in a dream. I felt at the moment of firing I had hit clean, knew it by the right place on my shoulder that the recoil bruised. The bird folded up and slanted down into the leaves.

Then, as I broke the gun and shucked the two shells, I knew he was there somewhere, watching.

I spun around, not really believing. He stood, draped in an old overcoat and bareheaded, on a little rise twenty yards away, just inside the first line of trees, shadowy and preternatural, a figure weird enough to send a boy flying in panic, appearing as it had in the dimming and windy woods, out of nowhere. "You!" I whispered. I stared hard, then knew I would cry.

My grandfather was smiling, but a smile to dissolve at a stroke any possible sorcery, or even any doubt, and I had to turn away from it.

He spoke, now from quite close by.

"You going to pick up your bird, or you going to leave it behind for the foxes?"

I put the bird in my coat and hefted the big gun across the crook of my arms. We walked side by side for a little; then the path which led into our pastures narrowed, and I fell in behind him, in the old way.

SONG FOR A BAD NIGHT

BY JOHN MOFFITT

When the white wind whistles
Over the hard ground
And all but the twigs
Of the oak blow bare,
When a creeping numbness
Gathers close
And the mind's slow musings
Shiver and stare —

Crawl under the covers
And cower down,
Let winter's voices
Pound and heave:
There's a time too sharp
For thought to face,
There's a cold too bitter
Even for love.

THE PUBLIC AND SMOKING

Fear or Calm Deliberation ?

BY CLARENCE COOK LITTLE

A biologist who graduated from Harvard in the famous class of 1910, CLARENCE C. LITTLE served as president of the University of Maine and then of the University of Michigan before taking up a leading role in cancer research. He is presently scientific director and chairman of the Scientific Advisory Board to the Tobacco Industry Research Committee.

WE ALL agree, I am sure, that excess in and abuse of any human activity are undesirable and should be discouraged, whether it is the use of alcohol or coffee or tobacco, or the function of eating, of exercise or inactivity, of work or recreation. For the vast majority, however, the temperate expression of most of these same activities is an essential part of total health and well-being.

When any of these commonplace activities falls under suspicion as being a specific factor in the causation of human disease, we can agree also that this is a matter for serious consideration, but we must be extremely cautious in evaluating the basis for such suspicion and the extent of the supposed risk involved, and in avoiding the creation of fear and panic.

This is especially true today, when we are dealing with ailments, such as cancer and heart disease, of people mostly in advanced age groups. These do not, so far as our present knowledge goes, fit into the categories of the old-time pathologists—they are not specific diseases produced by specific causes with specific patterns of injury to specific tissues.

It is now generally agreed that they are, at least in part, diseases related in some way to present-day stress, modern environment, and to extension of life into the problem of old age. The

worries of home, of business, of driving along highways, of crowded living, the search for relaxation and, not the least, the fears of being sick or of catastrophe have an untold effect upon the body and, if sufficiently intense, may certainly lead to illness, if not cause it.

As to seeking specific causes of cancer, and also heart disease, science is only now on the threshold of what I hope will be great advances in developing better methods of testing the biologic activity of many, many substances that we all use or are exposed to from day to day and, more important, of assigning to them their relative place in the scale of risks we assume in our daily lives. For it cannot be gainsaid that while there is an absolute-ness about the hazards to life, there is no such thing as absolute safety for life. The very things that are essential or important to continued, effective living may be harmful or even fatal under conditions of misuse or abuse.

In the field of tobacco use and health, all concerned admit the need for more knowledge and research. Differences exist mainly over the evaluation of our present knowledge, or lack of it, and the direction and emphasis of future research.

There are some who feel and proclaim that “beyond reasonable doubt” cigarette smoke contains one or more as yet unknown substances that

may cause cancer in man. They would concentrate their research on isolating, identifying, or "removing" these substances even though no such agent has been discovered experimentally.

Others believe, however, that the existence in tobacco smoke of substances carcinogenic to the lungs of men has not been and cannot be proved by statistical associations or by painting the skin of mice of certain specific strains with highly concentrated extracts of tobacco smoke. They therefore focus attention on development of more exact and more direct methods of assaying the cancer-inducing powers of suspected substances. In this direction may be found contributions not only to the smoking question but also to the total problem of bio-assay of other substances.

FEAR OR CALM DELIBERATION?

Generally speaking, the public believes in dicta from scientists or public health groups. Doubt, suspicion, fear, and mental tension can be created and maintained by one type of presentation of a situation. Balance, poise, a judicial attitude, and calm deliberation can be engendered by another. For at least four years there have been repeated, sensational, and fear-arousing statements and resultant headlines on the theoretical lethal nature of tobacco smoke.

The repeated expression of these views, however, is no measure of their general acceptance by all who are concerned with the problems involved. For instance, the statistical evidence in support of the cigarette theory has not been accepted as proof of generalized conclusions about smoking by a number of distinguished statisticians, among whom may be mentioned especially Dr. Joseph Berkson, Section of Biometry and Medical Statistics of the Mayo Foundation for Medical Education and Research in Rochester, Minnesota.

There are certain unfeared but fundamental contradictions in different statistical papers from which points of agreement have been selected for presentation by advocates of the "cigarette guilt" theory.

For example, the implication of the American school of cigarette theorists is that inhalation and, therefore, direct contact of smoke with lung tissue is an important factor in the origin of lung cancer. On the other hand, certain British investigators state that it would appear that inhalation is a "negligible" factor. If this is the case, direct contact is not an important element. In any attempt to identify a suspected agent or agents, these two possibilities are an unsolved complication and are evidence of incomplete knowledge.

The clinical pathological data of one American Cancer Society grantee was hailed by the then

medical director of that society as "the very evidence skeptics demanded." These same data have not been so evaluated by a considerable number of trained clinical pathologists not affiliated with the American Cancer Society but familiar with much more data of a similar nature.

The reports of inducing skin cancer on some mice by smearing highly concentrated tobacco smoke condensates have been countered not only by similar experiments failing to result in cancer but by universally negative carcinogenic results reported by a number of investigators following the inhalation of cigarette smoke or its injection directly into the lungs of rodents.

Such contradictions in findings and interpretations could be continued at length, and indeed have been in many authoritative scientific publications, but these few are cited merely as evidence that the status of research into lung cancer involves many unresolved differences in concepts about possible causation and also about its relative incidence and increased frequency.

In accepting and carrying out the responsibility of developing a research program in tobacco use and health for the Tobacco Industry Research Committee, my colleagues on the Scientific Advisory Board and I believe the cause of scientific investigation is best served by adherence to *our* stated position that definitive conclusions or predictions of individual risks are unwarranted by the present state of knowledge in this complex field.

INDUSTRY ASSURES FREEDOM IN RESEARCH

Some people question, as might be expected, whether the tobacco industry is honest in its efforts to find the whole truth. The conditions under which Tobacco Industry Research Committee grants are made guarantee complete freedom, unhampered conduct of research, and uncensored publication of any and all results.

The tobacco industry was and is aware of the seriousness of the implications in the charges against smoking. The industry intends to support research until these charges can be proved or disproved by direct experimental evidence. Even cynics will admit that the industry cannot afford as a practical business matter to offer products which have been so definitely attacked without making every effort to find out the whole truth and, if and when any substance is identified and is shown to be harmful, to do its best to eliminate it. The industry is aiding research for scientific facts and will continue to do so. But it need not accept as final opinions based on incomplete evidence that is challenged by others. Nor does it feel able to "remove" from its products substances

the nature, presence, and existence of which are generally admitted to be unknown.

In these circumstances, the industry chose a course that is unusual, if not unique, for business-supported research. Scientists were given full responsibility for determining what research is needed and who should do it. The Scientific Advisory Board, of which I am chairman, has complete freedom in allocating the research monies, now amounting to some \$2.2 million, to investigators in leading U.S. research, medical, and educational institutions. The board considers proposals for projects on their scientific merits and the prospects of constructive findings. The board may also initiate research ideas and then seek out qualified scientists to develop and conduct the needed lines of investigation.

It is important for the public to remember that the members of the Scientific Advisory Board, in their approach to this research responsibility, take the position that smoking has not been proved guilty or guiltless in matters affecting human health. Their attitude is that statistical and indirect evidence does not prove its guilt as a causative agent. The open question of its innocence or its guilt can best be answered through unhampered research for the full facts.

THE RIGHT TO LEARN AND TO INFORM

The board members do not deny the right of any individual to state his belief in the guilt of smoking. Along with many independent research scientists, they do ~~and~~ will as scientists insist on maintaining their right to their own criteria for judgment and for the opportunity to inform the public concerning the reasons for their position.

They will do this until they possess evidence which they consider meaningful and conclusive on each and every research step. They will do this in spite of expensive and extensive pressure propaganda, and in spite of personal misinterpretations and attacks.

These statements of honest doubt, shared by many scientists, do not constitute a "controversy," and those who feel as does the Scientific Advisory Board will not be driven into admitting it to be such.

There has been no organized effort or campaign to claim that tobacco has been proved innocent, because those who, like the Scientific Advisory Board, desire a full and complete analysis of its effects are still in search of the answers. Similarly, there has been little widely publicized presentation of negative evidence relating to tobacco use, such

as there has been of reports by those who are already convinced that they have found proof of its guilt. This is not surprising, for it is satisfying to proclaim you have surrounded the enemy and that mopping up activities are all that is needed. But to state that strong enemy forces are still undetected and that a long hard campaign lies ahead is irritating to the generals who are claiming the victory.

It seems, however, to those who will have some responsibility for the continued campaign, that the public — the troops on the firing line — deserve to be told what the whole evidence is and of the likelihood that the battle is not won and then be allowed to decide for themselves what the dangers, real or imaginary, may be.

About fifteen years ago there were headlines and a propaganda flurry based on statistical evidence that direct exposure to sunlight was a causative factor in skin cancer. This point of view, which was widely accepted, received support from experiments showing skin cancer on the ears of rodents following exposure to ultraviolet light, a component of sunlight. In spite of this, no one asked for legislation to bring back the bathing regalia of the gay nineties, and no one attempted to educate children not to visit beaches or to wear sun suits, nor were farmers and sailors urged to carry umbrellas.

From the first charges that tobacco might be a causative factor in lung cancer and cardiovascular disease, there have been repeated efforts by some ardent laymen and some already convinced scientists to activate debate and controversy with those who desire further information before they feel ready to take the trip to Canossa.

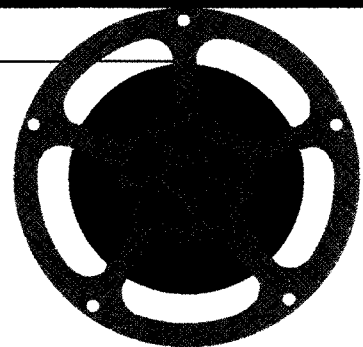
It may be that some day — perhaps soon, perhaps years from now — we shall know what part or parts various factors play in the etiology of lung cancer in man. When we do, tobacco use may or may not prove to be one of them.

Today, while we are making real progress in lifting the cancer curtain, we should not be misled into thinking that one glimpse behind a raised corner of this curtain reveals to us all the knowledge that remains to be unearthed.

The public has been heavily propagandized along one definite theory of causation by those convinced by one level of information. Some of us demand a different order and level of knowledge before we accept causation or condone presentation of conclusions to the public. We claim merely the right to pursue knowledge through scientific research, the right to hold our point of view, and the right of the public to be aware of it.

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INTRODUCTION

BY THE EDITOR

THIS is a speculative look at the present state of human intercourse. It is a mercurial subject, this mass communication, which can be an art but is more often big business; so magnificently swift and so wide open to propaganda that we have all grown protective calluses against it. In radio and television it provides entertainment as an opiate for all ages, yet in times of stress it alerts us with the warning of a Murrow or the Hoosier horse sense of an Elmer Davis. It seems destined to be controlled by the few, and there lies its danger. In the Communist state it is an unopposed giant, the voice of Orwell's Big Brother, politically controlled and so partisan that even the young grow skeptical. With us, where the free competition of ideas is still taken for granted, a different power of consolidation is at work: due to the pressure of the unions and of ever-rising costs, more than one thousand newspapers have perished since 1929; the one-paper town is now the rule, not the exception. Eighty per cent of the press is Republican owned and Republican in sentiment; and, despite its pretensions to the contrary, the FCC continues to favor the pyramiding under a single ownership of radio stations, newspapers, and television channels. It seems to be characteristic of America to build bigger and bigger combines — and then struggle to regulate them.

But bigness is apt to lose the individual touch. The circulation of the printed word is unbelievably greater than ever before in our history, yet it raises the question: Are Americans reading more and more but believing less and less? "All too often in radio and television," says Edward R. Murrow, "audiences are conceived and treated as people, not as persons. Quantitative response is consequently made the measure of quality. There is a willingness, and indeed eagerness, to answer the questions, 'What?' and 'How?' But not enough attention is paid to the 'Why?'" It is here that the little independent has his chance — the regional radio station; the educational channels, like WQED of Pittsburgh and WGBH of Boston; the small-town newspaper with its editorial-writing editor and its local humorist; the unchained periodical; the publisher with a taste for Borzoi books — they can still reach out for the individual, and find him. Theirs is an audacity, an identification of interest, and an integrity which are somehow diluted in bigness.

The articles which follow have been selected for their diversity, for their ability to criticize constructively, and for their reasonableness in looking toward the future. For help in their arrangement we wish particularly to thank Volta Torrey of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

WHAT MAKES NEWS

T. S. MATTHEWS

American editor and author now residing in London, T. S. MATTHEWS is a most discerning and experienced journalist. He began his career as proofreader and make-up man for the NEW REPUBLIC. In 1929 he was offered the book editorship of TIME; he eventually became managing editor, and after twenty years retired to do free-lance writing. These findings of his will appear in his new book, THE SUGAR PILL, to be published by Victor Gollancz of London.

THE main business of the press, supposedly, is news, as the main business of banks is money. It might surprise the public to discover how incurious many bankers are about the real nature of money and how unclear they are about it. In just the same way, and perhaps to a greater extent, most journalists are incurious about the real nature of news and just as unclear about it.

Perhaps the neatest as well as the most generally accepted definition of news is "what happened yesterday." I remember once toting up the front-page news stories in a good provincial newspaper in America. Of the eleven stories on the page, seven had not happened at all. Some of the speculations about the future, and there were many, might have come true, but so far they were just speculations. If news is what happened yesterday, the newspapers print an awful lot of phony news.

Most of the world's "news" is manufactured by the press itself: interviews with important men, reports on grave situations, press conferences, press investigations, political surveys, "informed speculation." An amusing example of manufactured news appeared last winter in the New York *Herald Tribune's* Paris edition. On February 6,

1957, the main headline on the front page read: "Dulles Believes Israel, Egypt Will Obey Resolutions of UN" and the following day the main headline was: "Eisenhower Believes Israel Will Withdraw." For two days the biggest news the paper could find was what an official *said* he thought!

Most "hard news" falls into the press's lap like meteorites or manna from heaven: murder and suicide, rape, war, pestilence, famine, catastrophes of all kinds. This bad news is the best news to the press: it is not only exciting to read but it comes ready-made. Mongers of sensational news, like the London *Daily Mirror*, admitting that the supply of this sort of news is unsteady, meet the daily demand for sensation in two ways: by dressing up small news to look big and by ballyhooing daily features. There is no essential difference between the inevitable screaming front-page headline of the *Mirror* and the "running story" of a diplomatic conference from Reuter's News Agency. Both are manufactured news. They are said to have happened big; actually, they either didn't happen at all or they only happened a little.

Some of the more exacting followers of C. P. Scott, the famous editor of the *Manchester Guardian*,

still insist that their paper deals in sacredly regarded facts. That is probably true in spots, although they conveniently overlook the other spots in the paper that are profanely opinionated rather than sacredly factual. A large part of the British and American press has in effect abandoned the pretense of dealing exclusively with facts or the pretense that their source is invariably as pure as the Pierian spring. A great many newspapers, for example, make no bones about printing gossip. They still, officially at least, exclude rumor (except from the gossip columns or unless it can be attributed to a "hitherto unimpeachable source," when it rises from "rumor" to "speculation" or "inside information").

Actually, news includes a great deal of rumor. A journalist friend of mine, on assignment in Central America, once had occasion to hire a "stringer" (a local correspondent) in a small town there. Since there was no newspaper in the town, the most likely candidate was one of the few English-speaking inhabitants who seemed to know his way around. He was duly hired and his duties explained to him. A few days later my friend looked up the new stringer to see how he was getting on. As yet he had found nothing to report, but he had prepared himself for any emergency by buying a large notebook which he had divided into two sections; the first was headed "Rumors," the second "False Rumors."

Claud Cockburn, once a prized London *Times* correspondent, during the last war put out a brilliant weekly news sheet that was read by the small number of people who constituted "everybody" in London. His views on the nature of news were also unorthodox:

I went about saying that rumours were just as important, just as significant, just as — in the last analysis — "valid" as "facts."

This shocked people horribly, although if you pressed them and asked whether it was not true that ninety percent of "information received" by such serious persons as Ambassadors and Chiefs of Police really consists in significant rumours and rumours which can be interpreted by the person who knows enough rumours, they were usually bound to admit that this is indeed the case. . . . Unless one is God, how on earth can one tell truth from rumour in less than perhaps fifty years? And fifty years is too long to wait if one is in the business of issuing a weekly newspaper.

Cockburn was honest enough — or cynical enough, if you prefer — to include rumor in his definition of news. Few editors would agree with him without wincing, but whatever they may say, their practice follows his precept. The only journalists who are consistently successful in keeping rumor and gossip out of the news are the Com-

munists. The Communist press, an avowed instrument of government, is dedicated to the proposition that facts equal propaganda equals truth. The facts are chosen, the propaganda ordered, and the truth announced. It's much simpler than with us. And the Russians have a great contempt for the confusions of the Western press, which all stem from this inadmissible *search* for news. News in Russia is issued as a valuable, state-controlled ration.

When Ilya Ehrenbourg, one of the dark stars of Communist journalism, visited the United States a few years ago, he was much bothered by reporters who pried into what he considered irrelevant personal questions. The one that moved him to most sardonic mirth was whether a suit he was having made at a New York tailor's was to have trousers with a buttoned fly or with a zipper. There, he said triumphantly, you have a picture of the Western press, which concerns itself with gossip: buttons or zipper, that is all it cares to know about. In the doctrinaire Communist view, our free press makes too little distinction between public news (which is the press's only business) and private news (which is none of its business). Moreover, say the Communists, nobody but they knows what news is fit to publish, or what news really is.

Our answer to this is apt to be, "The truth shall make you free" — by which we mean that if everybody talks continuously at the top of his lungs, somebody from time to time will probably say something true, somebody else may hear it, and it may have some good effect, by and large. Nevertheless, we have an uneasy suspicion that there should be some distinction between public and private news, and that the press doesn't make the distinction clear — no doubt because of the general confusion about what news really is. Public or private, the news must affect our individual lives, it must be translatable into our personal terms, before we will pay attention to it. Even the news in Russian papers, which couldn't be more public, can be so translated, I should imagine. Everything *Pravda* or *Izvestia* publishes means some action or threat of action by the government; the trick is to figure out, "How is that going to affect *me*?" We read the newspapers that way in time of war, when all governments are gray. In peacetime, public news for most of us is just something to quack about, and it rolls off our backs; the news that really concerns us comes by word of mouth or by mail. The opening door, the doctor's verdict, the expected letter, the telegram that says "death" or "life": each of these is the kind of news that comes home to us. Perhaps it is the only real news there is.

Nevertheless, we feel that there should be bigger

news than this, and the press continually assures us that indeed there is. The press keeps on telling it, in big headlines; big good news and big bad news. The big good news is mainly manufactured, not so much because the press is sanguine by nature as because it is committed to the encouraging notion of progress. The big bad news is what has actually happened. When our candidate is elected or the war ends, we may call the news both big and good; but what will it be called by the people who voted for the other man, or who lost the war? No, really good news, in the public sense, is either incredible or beyond our understanding. And yet we crave it, its absence seems wrong, we want it to be.

The press, which is as human as the rest of us, shares this craving and gropes for big good news — however incredible or beyond our understanding. When the *New York Times* printed the text of Einstein's theory, it was in this mystical and groping spirit. It's rather like the poem in which Thomas Hardy said that if someone asked him on Christmas Eve to come with him to the stable to see the oxen kneel before the Christ child, he would go along, "Hoping it might be so." The hope was that Einstein had found a large piece of truth even if nobody, or almost nobody, could understand it; and in that hope the *New York Times* editor was willing to bow his uncomprehending head and take the whole congregation of the *Times* to their knees with him.

In less than two generations science has become untranslatable, and its speculations about the world come to us more and more faintly. The news that it sends back to us (with the press as messenger) often seems contradictory of earlier bulletins; the gist of it comes across as a progressive disillusionment with accepted facts and an immense widening and deepening of the unknowable. But this is depressing and therefore unacceptable to our optimistic habit of mind — as if, with all our advantages, we were just catching up with Socrates. So the press continues to hail every scientific "discovery" (the substitution of a new theory for an abandoned one) as if it were real news, big news, and good news. And the public, official view of science's search for knowledge is one of untiring hope and faith. In private, however, there is skepticism and doubt, and not just among illiterate peasants, either.

The only big news, private and public, that human beings are really concerned about is news of life and death. There has been no new news on either subject for some time — nearly 2000 years, in fact. The Resurrection was tremendous good news, if true; the best news ever reported. But though it has been told wherever Christian missionaries have gone, and a large proportion of the earth's population must have heard it, it is still

widely disbelieved or believed only in a poetic or mystical sense, as an honorable thought or an incomprehensible symbol.

The press is only a reflection of the world it reports, and, like the world, it is quite unable to recognize or accept really good news — a saint for the ages, a lasting hero, a revelation of permanent truth; it can only exaggerate or minimize, ignore, misreport, or doubt, just like the rest of us. Big bad news it can't miss; big good news it never sees, though it pretends a lot of little good news is big, and manufactures all the big good news it can. What keeps the press going is mainly snippets: some news, much gossip, loads of rumors — not to speak of all the features, extras, special acts, and entertaining etceteras.

THE biggest piece of claptrap about the press is that it deals exclusively, or even mainly, with news. And the next biggest piece of claptrap is that the press has enormous power. This delusion is persistent and widespread. It is taken for granted by the public-at-large, who are apt to be impressed by anything that is said three times; it is continually advertised by the press itself; and it is cherished by press lords, some of whom, at least, should know better.

In what way is the press supposed to be so powerful? The general notion is that the press can form, control, or at least strongly influence public opinion. Can it really do any of these things? Hugh Cudlipp, editorial director of the London *Daily Mirror*, and a man who should know something about the effect of newspapers on public opinion, doesn't share this general notion about their power. He thinks newspapers can echo and stimulate a wave of popular feeling, but that's all: "A newspaper may successfully accelerate but never reverse the popular attitude which common sense has commended to the public." In short, it can jump aboard the bandwagon, once the bandwagon is under way, and exhort others to jump aboard too; but it can't start the bandwagon rolling or change its direction once it has started.

Like other habit-forming pills, the press can stimulate or depress, but it cannot cure. It can fan fear and hatred of another nation when the fear and hatred are there waiting to be fanned, but it cannot make peace. William Randolph Hearst, in his day the biggest of American press tycoons, deliberately used his papers to embroil the United States with Spain in 1898. In the process of fomenting war fever, he sent correspondents to Cuba, then in halfhearted revolt against Spain, to get propaganda photographs and inflam-

matory stories. When one of them protested that he could find no suitable photographs, Hearst cabled him in a fury: "You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war."

As more and more people have painful reason to know, the press has a nasty kind of power, the same kind of power a bully has; that of hurting somebody smaller and weaker than himself. An individual's only defense against the press is the law of libel, but considerable harm and much pain can be caused without going so far as to commit an actionable libel. Journalists themselves generally have a horror of being interviewed, "written up," or even noticed by the press; they know too well from their own experience how inept and cruel a distortion the result is likely to be — even in photographs — which, in the lying phrase, "cannot lie." They can be made to lie (for example, to bolster a point of propaganda, as Northcliffe was one of the first to discover. When he was using the *Daily Mail* to try to get Asquith out as Prime Minister and Lloyd George in, he once issued this order: "Get a smiling picture of Lloyd George, and underneath put the caption 'Do It Now,' and get the worst possible picture of Asquith and label it 'Wait and See.'" Since Northcliffe's day this technique has been developed much further). In spite of the reluctance of picture editors to admit it, the camera can also distort. In the office where I worked there used to be a saying: "The camera distorts. The TV camera distorts absolutely."

Nine times out of ten, ineptness is to blame rather than conscious cruelty; but there is always that tenth case. And a blundering friendly hand can be as heavy as an unfriendly fist. The press is often like a clumsy giant who gives you a pat on the back and knocks the wind out of you, if he doesn't cause internal injuries. I remember once coming upon an elderly professor from my university who had just been "written up" by the paper I worked on. When he saw me, tears came into his eyes, and he said: "What have I done to them? What have I done to deserve this?" He was deeply wounded by the article and regarded it as an extremely unkind caricature. Knowing that it had been written by one of his former students who liked and admired the professor, I tried to reassure him that it was at least kindly meant. I don't think I succeeded.

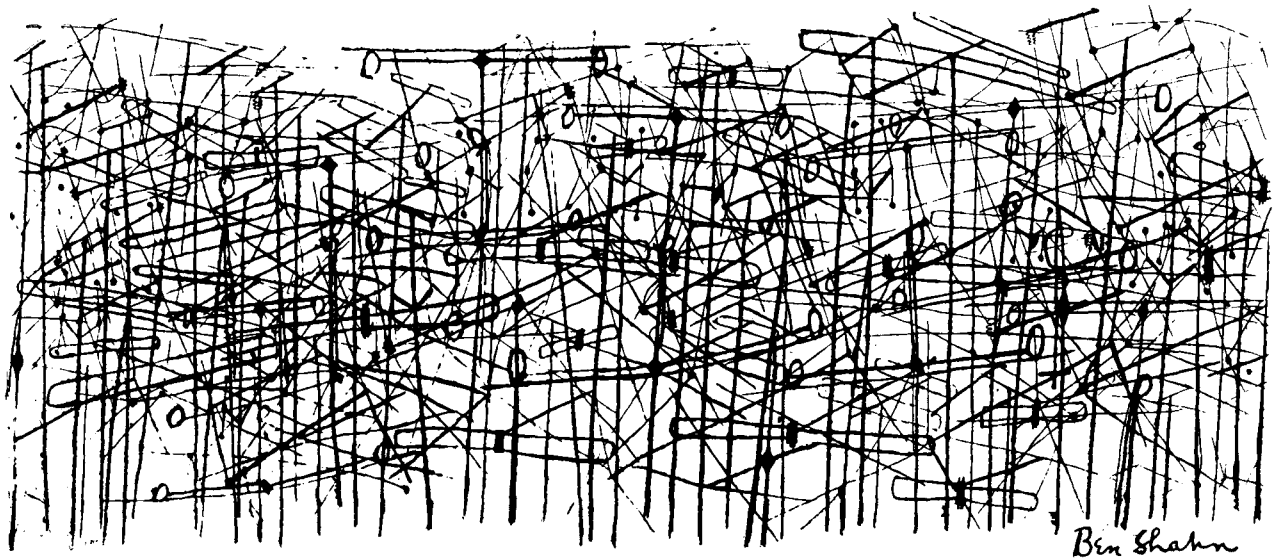
The press has a negative power — to titillate, alarm, enrage, amuse, humiliate, annoy, even to drive a person out of his community or his job. But of the positive power to which it pretends and of which the press lords dream — to make and break governments, to swing an election, to stop

a war or start a revolution — there is no tangible evidence. Its vaunted might is a gigantic spoof. Professor David Mitrany, speaking in 1932 on "The Press and International Relations," put the case with delicate irony: "There is no need to spend time in an attempt to show how great is the influence of the press. It is greater in certain fields than in others. It is greater, one could say, in any field in which the knowledge and interest of the man in the street is lesser. For in that case the reading public is apt to think that the press speaks with the voice of Authority; while the authorities are apt to assume that the press is speaking with the voice of the People. . . ."

Everyone has heard of the "power of the press"; no one has seen it. The greatest believers in this exaggerated power and the loudest promoters of it are, naturally, the press lords themselves. One of the most deluded of these, not even excepting Northcliffe or Beaverbrook, was Robert McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune* (still emblazoned with his modest motto, "The world's greatest newspaper"). McCormick and, of course, his paper were always in bitter opposition to the Roosevelt Democrats as well as to the liberal element in his own Republican Party. A story used to be told about the *Chicago Tribune*, no doubt apocryphal but in essence true: that one of the janitors in the *Tribune* building always bet against any political candidate the paper supported, and gave odds to boot; and that he found this side line so profitable that he was able to buy two sizable apartment houses. The men in the street are better able than the press lords to judge the power of the press; in spite of all the kowtowing and brass bands, they can see that the Emperor has no clothes on.

During the twenty years (1932–1952) of Democratic Party government in America under Roosevelt and Truman, something like 85 per cent of the American press was owned or controlled by Republicans: the majority of American newspaper readers were being continually exhorted to vote Republican but continued to vote Democrat. The people in Chicago who bought the *Tribune* didn't buy it to find out how to cast their votes: they bought it in spite of its advice and its bias, because on the whole they liked its personality and found it entertaining.

Does this seem to argue a too shrewd, calm, and sensible attitude on the part of the ordinary newspaper reader? The press is generally appreciated by the public for what it is rather than for what it pretends to be; they don't feel it as a power in their lives but as a perquisite in their working day.



MOTION PICTURES and PAY TV

BY MERVYN LEROY

A native of San Francisco, MERVYN LEROY took naturally to Hollywood, first as an actor, then as assistant cameraman to Cecil B. DeMille, and finally as producer-director of such smash hits as LITTLE CAESAR, RANDOM HARVEST, THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO, and THE BAD SEED.

HOLLYWOOD, which thrives on crises and romance, nervously finds itself on the threshold of a royal marriage. Having played an elusive philanthropist for almost a decade, the motion picture industry, for whom television has been a beguiling and convenient mistress, is about to make an honest woman of its faithful paramour through a proposal of marriage with pay TV; if it should come to pass, despite opposition which has reached clear to the floor of Congress, this royal wedding could have far-reaching repercussions. It may well trigger another bloodless revolution in the field of mass entertainment comparable to that set off thirty years ago by the bold-visioned Warner brothers when they startled a bemused nation with the first talking picture, *The Jazz Singer*.

There are two powerful groups not radiating joy over the impending liaison. The exhibitors who own the nation's 20,000 movie houses and those who control the destinies of the giant television

networks have a common cause in opposing the marriage of motion pictures and pay TV. Although normally competitors, their billion-dollar investment has brought them together in a mutuality of interest as their newest rival bids for public affection. With stakes so high, the entire subject is fogged in mists of intense partisanship. Charges and countercharges, debates in public forums, and millions of words poured out in the press have made it increasingly difficult for the American people to distinguish fact from propaganda.

In this area the television networks undoubtedly have had a willing ally in Madison Avenue's top-drawer advertising agencies, for whom the preservation of the status quo in television is an economic must, in view of the handsome commissions they pocket on the millions of dollars their clients spend for TV sponsorship. It would not be surprising if Madison Avenue's professional hand were behind a highly vocal organization with the name "Committee Against Pay To See TV." This committee has been sounding the theme that not only is freedom of the air waves an established American tradition, but that pay TV — by its very name — is a threat to every red-blooded American's right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. In the same dire vein, Marcus Cohn, counsel for the committee, has stated: "If the American public is ever told it will have to pay for its TV programs the Boston Tea Party will fade into an insignificant skirmish."

Drawing "Caliban" courtesy of Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Meta and Paul Sachs Collection.

So well has the propaganda war been waged that Chairman Emanuel Celler of the House Judiciary Committee warned the Federal Communications Commission — which regulates television broadcasting — to keep its hands off pay TV and let Congress decide. He also introduced a bill imposing a five-year prison term or a fine of \$10,000 or both on anyone attempting to impose a fee on home TV viewers. When the FCC authorized a wide test of pay TV, Representative Celler stated he would press for early action in the next session of Congress.

As is usually the case when the kettle is called black, pay TV is not the ogre its opposition has made it out to be. If this statement implies an ulterior motive on my part, it is motivated by a point of view that thus far has not been heard. In the tumult and shouting of recent months, very little, much less an opinion, has been heard from the one group which really has the most to say: the directors, producers, stars, writers, cameramen, art designers, costumers, and many other creators whose collaborative efforts in Hollywood make possible most of America's entertainment.

I have been identified with the production and direction of motion pictures since 1928. I have spent the better part of a lifetime making responsible and costly movies for a mass audience. I have loved the audience challenge. A successful movie at the box office is seen and enjoyed by millions. I have had more than a fair share of success at the box office, and intend to keep making pictures, because there will always be a demand for good pictures. I do not necessarily regard pay TV as a cure-all. But I am for its marriage with motion pictures. It is a healthy alliance because it opens up exciting new horizons in audience penetration.

Let me make plain that I understand the threat that pay TV poses for many movie exhibitors. I wholeheartedly sympathize with them. Their apprehension is understandable because of their enormous investment in land, theaters, and equipment. But progress, change, evolution — whatever you care to call it — invariably takes its economic toll. The crude nickelodeon of the 1910 era was replaced by comfortable, attractive movie houses. In turn came huge cathedrals of screen entertainment like Radio City Music Hall. A few years ago came a further refinement in movie-going, the drive-in. It has mushroomed in popularity for a familiar reason, convenience.

The emergence of a new competitor like pay TV will not destroy America's zest for movie-going. Quite to the contrary, it will stimulate a

desire to see movies. As a people Americans are gregarious. The bright lights of Broadway, Chicago's State Street, San Francisco's Market Street will always be a magnet for audiences to crowd first-run theaters.

Pay TV is not a rule-or-ruin situation. It was said that movies would ruin the legitimate stage. They haven't. Pessimists said radio would hurt motion pictures. It didn't. When television arrived, the prediction was freely expressed that Hollywood was about to be engulfed in a catastrophe. Movies are still being made and with more enthusiasm than ever.

There are plenty of resourceful exhibitors who will come to grips with the competition of pay TV and capitalize on it. One exhibitor has already shown the way. Early in September, a chain operating one hundred seventy-five theaters in the Southwest began a practical pay-as-you-see operation in Bartlesville, Oklahoma. For a subscription fee of \$9.50 per month, residents of Bartlesville are being offered a daily fare of first-run movies. The Bartlesville project is the beginning move for other exhibitors to apply for pay TV franchises throughout the country, using such systems as Telemeter, which I regard as the best developed.

Pay TV will eventually be the bridge that will transport new and old audiences to attend fully-equipped movie theaters, because of the dramatic difference in screens. The wide screens which today enable theaters to project such processes as CinemaScope, Warnervision, Vista-Vision, and Todd-AO offer a depth and dimension that home screens cannot match. As the mass distribution of paperback editions has augmented reader volume for the book business, pay TV will create a fresh audience for motion picture theaters.

Unlike the exhibitor's situation, the opposition of the television networks to pay TV is frankly indefensible. The intensity of their apprehension is a clear reflection of the excesses they have committed against the American public in the name of good entertainment and standards of quality. There are things television does superbly well. In the broadcasting of fast-breaking news events, political conventions, sports, debates, travelogues, educational projects, it has been exciting and topical. In such undertakings as *Omnibus* or *Wide Wide World*, television also has functioned with great effectiveness.

But the reverse side of the coin is anything but shiny. Such entertainment hodgepodge as giveaway panels, unspectacular spectaculars, warmed-over dramatic hours, and a plethora of situation comedy shows has alienated and wearied many television viewers. The responsibility for this is split three ways between the networks, Madison Avenue's advertising agencies who call the turn,

and the big-time commercial sponsors who foot the bills.

In the last analysis Madison Avenue mirrors the prejudices, ideas, and tastes of hardheaded sponsors who know next to nothing about show business but are willing to pay for it as an acceptable interlude between commercials. Since there is no box office in television, Madison Avenue has devised systems for measuring popularity on TV such as the Nielsen, Trendex, and other ratings. Each week these ratings purport to reassure the uncertain sponsor by reporting the number of Americans glued to his show. The net effect has been to drive a score of talented performers from the network channels.

If anything justifies the marriage of pay TV with the motion picture industry it is television's indiscriminate, wholesale appropriation of old movies. With no particular regard for standards, the television networks and their station affiliates have bought up for reshewing on home television screens hundreds of films made prior to 1948. Many of the films range back to the early thirties. In the outpouring of movies to the TV public, fine films and trash have been lumped together. I know something about old movies on television. Some twenty of my pictures, including such well-remembered favorites as *The Wizard of Oz*, *Fugitive from a Chain Gang*, *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo*, *Little Caesar*, *Waterloo Bridge*, and *Random Harvest*, to name a few, have appeared on television screens. I have been pleasantly surprised to receive many letters from TV viewers who have enjoyed seeing my pictures despite the barrage of interrupting commercials.

These letters are important as a barometer of the audience that is building for the appearance of quality, first-run motion pictures via a convenient and nominally-priced subscription TV system. And I am firmly convinced that these good films will drive out the bad.

NO MATTER where the chips fall for the exhibitors or the television networks, pay TV's marriage with motion pictures cannot be halted, because of the inexorable changing social scene in America since the end of World War II.

America is changing its entertainment patterns as radically as it is changing its way of living. America is on the move from the cities to suburbia. Decentralization has led to such social phenomena as all-inclusive shopping centers and do-it-yourself projects. The home again is a focal point of interest. Americans are marrying younger — because of better economic conditions — and raising

families. Classes of society are upgrading themselves. What was once an upper-lower class has become part of a big middle class. Because it has a zest for living, this middle class has become a tremendously important consumer market.

From the creative standpoint, a marriage of pay TV and motion pictures promises to open up exciting new horizons in mass audience exposure. Unlike some freewheeling thinking in Hollywood that anything will make money on pay TV, this mass audience will create exacting standards that should prove rewarding to those who artistically meet the acid test.

Pay TV will represent a wonderful coming of age for the talented writer, director, and producer. Great screen properties, like great plays or novels, are never plentiful. The acute demand that exists today in Hollywood for good story material will be accelerated by pay TV. It will also encourage bolder writing, which in turn holds promise for a widening maturity of themes on the screen.

The amalgamation will be healthy on many creative fronts, particularly in opening doors to new talent in the fields of producing and directing. Let me warn, however, that pay TV represents no short cut to success. A meticulous and intense apprenticeship is still a prerequisite for authority and skill as a producer or director. Pay TV, with its critical audience, will be no less exacting than the audiences in the movie theaters.

Finally, pay TV will not only provide a golden showcase for the talented star and the exciting personality, but will, of necessity, spur a fresh and unending search for new talent. Star dust is never easy to come by. The discovery of new stars will take on a new zest and purpose.

When the cultural history of twentieth-century America is written, its outstanding characteristic may well be the acceleration that has taken place in the field of mass communications. Consider the developments in a single lifetime: the telephone, high speed presses, the teletype, motion pictures, radio, the phonograph, television. Pay TV is clearly part of this exciting evolution.

Some skeptics in the motion picture industry persist in saying that it is impossible to tailor full-length movies made for the theater's wide screen to the home television screen. What about a *Ten Commandments*, a *Giant*, they ask? My answer is that the yardstick of quality is not the size of the screen but what you put on it. Nothing suffers on the screen if it's good. A bad picture is bad whether it plays Radio City Music Hall or your living room. A good picture will prove its quality on a small screen in your home or on a wide screen in your favorite theater. It's as simple as that.

CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

DISCIPLINE and

REWARD: A Writer's Life

CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN *has been writing for close to four decades. She began with essays about music and musicians, and these formed her first book, FRIENDS AND FIDDLERS. Music led her on into biography, and with the publication of YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS she achieved national recognition. She speaks from experience in this paper, which was prepared for the Bread Loaf Writers Conference.*

IN 1920, I sold my first piece to a magazine. I have been writing fairly steadily ever since. And fairly steadily I have been asked the same questions:

"Do you write at regular intervals, or do you wait for inspiration?"

"How do you manage with children, husband, household, and find time to write?"

Intrinsically, these are not foolish questions. They only come to seem foolish after years of repetition. Actually, I think writers like to answer this particular questionnaire, if you can catch the writer alone, when his colleagues cannot hear what he says.

Now, in answering these questions I shall go beyond them to talk about discipline, about the rewards and sacrifices of a writer's life. I shall speak out of my own experience, though I have no way of knowing if my experience will prove of value to anyone besides myself.

That is the risk I take: the risk of boring my audience, the risk of ridicule from overexposure of the person, the risk of being shrugged off and dismissed with what a scholar friend of mine calls the gesture of the Hapsburg lip.

This is the risk we all take when we walk on stage, or send our painting to be exhibited, our manuscript to a publisher: the risk of public exposure. It is no small thing, the incurrence of this risk, and it runs from beginning to end of a writer's life. After thirty-five years of writing for publication, I suffer from it more than I did in the beginning. As one gains in reputation, the risk becomes somehow larger, or one thinks it does. Consciousness of it generally strikes in the night when one wakes. Actual physical sweating takes place, loud moans are rendered, and the question

is put, "Why in God's name did one undertake such a venture, such a presumptuous, enormous, unlikely book? Why can't one be content to live an anonymous, respectable life?"

Well, I can't. And neither can anyone who intends to write. Perhaps this fear of the public is healthy. I think I like writers to be afraid. They can show their fear by a noble defiance in their work or by a beguiling charm and grace in seeking to win their public. At least these fearful ones are not writing for themselves alone. They are seeking to communicate, and their fear is proof of it.

Nevertheless this fear is something to wrestle with, especially in the beginning, at the outset of a career. Women writers are notably tender in this regard, possibly because women are trained, from the cradle, to please. It is the quite practical business of women to please. One way or another, most of us women get our living by it. "Oh no, Mrs. Bowen," young women writers say to me. "Oh no! I mustn't write that scene. I couldn't put it on paper as I have just told it to you. I can't describe that child, that man, that mother, in such terms! Even in a fiction story, I can't do it. The characters would recognize themselves."

The writer, I maintain, cannot afford such reservations. He must find a technique that will let him describe anybody, anything, any situation — a technique that will permit him to use all his experience of living: tragic, comic, embarrassing, obscene, cruel, beautiful.

Few writers are born with this technique. They must search until they find it. The search, if it teaches nothing else, in the end will teach them to know themselves. Actually it is a little difficult to separate, for purposes of definition, the technique

of writing from the techniques of living — which is another way of saying the style is the man. I have no patience with that view of writing — a quite prevalent view — which looks on style as a trick and on the great techniques of writing as a bag of tricks. I have heard people say to a writer, “Ah, but *you* could describe that man! I envy you. *You* could tell that incident as it really happened. You have this gift of words.”

These people seldom tell a writer, “You have this gift of perception, this passionate concern with life and living, that enables you, or compels you, to watch and learn.”

Writing, I think, is not apart from living. Writing is a kind of double living. The writer experiences everything twice. Once in reality and once in that mirror which waits always before or behind him. I said this for the first time in *Yankee from Olympus*. I was trying to describe how Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, the judge’s father, felt when, as a young man of twenty-two, he began to write, and I quoted a letter from Oliver to his friend and former classmate, Phineas Barnes:

March, 1831

I must announce to you the startling position that I have been a medical student for more than six months. . . . I have been quietly occupying a room in Boston, attending medical lectures, going to the Massachusetts Hospital and slicing and slivering the carcasses of better men and women than I ever was myself or am like to be. It is a sin for a puny little fellow like me to mutilate one of your six-foot men as if he was a sheep — but *vive la science!*

I must write a piece and call it records of the dissecting room, so let me save all my pretty things, as plums for my pudding.

My book goes on to comment:

Oliver Holmes was finding himself. Action was important; one’s blood called for action, whether it was the slicing of carcasses or the shove that sent a wherry from boat-slip to river. But what really mattered was to *remember* the slicing, remember the glint on the river beyond the bridge’s shadow. Not to remember dimly, as a vague, completed pleasure. The act of memory must be one with the experience itself. While the thing was happening, Oliver experienced it with a joyful, painful vividness, phrase by phrase as it were, dimly conscious that later when, pen in hand, he called upon these phrases, they would come back to him.

It was a kind of double living, the success of which could be proved only by Oliver’s readers. Strangers, reading what he wrote, must feel as Oliver had felt. If they did not so feel, then Oliver knew that he had failed, and his own experience turned to ashes within him. There was in this no shred of altruism; Oliver Holmes had no desire to give boat trips to the poor of Boston or to the rich. He was an artist and acted from the artist’s necessity to record and thus fix

forever — shake off forever — the impressions that crowded so mercilessly, demanding release.

I maintain that this double living, these hours and scenes twice experienced, make up the inevitable sign of the natural-born writer. There is a compulsion to relive everything, repeat conversations to oneself, mimic a speaker’s accent, tone of voice, gesture, as carefully as if one were rehearsing to do it before an audience. It is an odd practice and serves no immediate purpose, certainly. I sometimes think it derives from sheer love of life, or infatuation with life, even the parts of life that we hate and fear. The practice takes its toll, also, in fatigue, a peculiar exhaustion. A double life is a double burden.

But it has also a double reward. Writers live on this honey, this marrow or this poison which they store up. Or if they don’t live on it, most assuredly they could not live without it. Deprive them of that peculiar nourishment and they wither, lose their identity, develop asthma or commit suicide. I have sometimes wondered about composers of music, in this respect. If we writers see things in reflection, in our mirror as remembrance and hindsight, whence comes the musician’s vision as expressed in sound? Man is not God, the original creator. The music that man writes must surely be an echo of something, a transcript of some suggested sound, some heroic tuning in to spheres the rest of us cannot catch or remember.

However that may be, I happen to think a writer’s life is the most privileged there is in our society. It is a life exciting, varied. If success comes, it is a life that lends itself to expansion both materially and spiritually. Expansion, surely, is what counts. Expansion is the prize of life. And, as with all of the best things in this world, the writer pays for that prize every inch of the way. Let us say he pays by the establishment and acceptance of certain disciplines, more rigorous than the disciplines that other people follow. I will try to describe them.

THERE is a channel down which your work pours. That channel must be kept clear, free-running. At all costs it must be so kept. Pain does not clog it, necessarily, nor misfortune. Unrequited love can loosen the dam and let the torrent down. These are the brief, rich experiences of life, the very stuff that flows and rolls through that channel, tumbling and roaring so the person can almost hear the noise.

What clogs the channel, I would say, is laziness, inattention, timidity, the propensity to lie to oneself, to avoid looking straight at a situation —

perhaps at the situation of your own work, the story or chapter you have just finished or thought you had finished. The most scrupulous honesty is necessary, in a writer. No matter on what level he operates, a total honesty is called for. To know what one is doing, to ask oneself from time to time, Why am I writing this book? Am I doing it for money? Have I chosen the subject because the name of Tchaikovsky or Oliver Wendell Holmes will sell a book? Whom am I trying to reach with my message, and have I a message? (You have, or you shouldn't be writing.) By a message I do not mean a moral. I mean a central idea which caused you to write your piece in the first place. Or your story, or your book, or any particular chapter in your book.

If that central purpose is strong, it will allow you considerable leeway, considerable wandering to and fro on the page. Even if the central idea seems small to start with, if it has validity it will gain weight like a snowball, and in the end will roll and carry the writer along as passenger.

I am trying to say that your central story idea need not be noble. It can be frivolous or shabby. But it must be looked at honestly by the writer. There can be no cessation, during composition, of this honesty or purpose. No cessation of caring. No slacking of this high wire on which you have elected to dance. No turning to easier, less hazardous matters.

The writer simply cannot afford to slack off. Not while work is in progress. Usually, after a book is moving steadily, the subject itself takes charge, as I have said, and the writer need not think about "not caring." A momentum has been generated, a high level of tension. Now tension, or intensity, is not pleasurable for human beings. Our American world has latterly discovered this and spends time and considerable money trying to get rid of tension, which is looked on as harmful, like a virus. How to relax, how to go to sleep, how to feel easy. It makes one smile, somehow, all these books and tracts, instructing us how to rid ourselves of the most valuable trait that some of us are endowed with.

A healthy person is tense whenever he is doing something difficult, or when he is getting ready to do it. The writer does not, of course, consciously flex his muscles. Unless he is a fool or a poseur, he is not consciously tense, although, sitting at the typewriter about to start his morning's work, he may find himself drawing some very deep breaths. The writer is in the position of a person who has accepted a grave responsibility, a task that is within his powers — his best powers — and which he has dedicated himself to accomplish.

Dedicated is a big, expensive word. Yet I am quite sure that all writers have a sense of dedica-

tion, once their work is really under way. Not dedication to perfection or to martyrdom or to produce a "great work." That would be silly. I just mean dedication to finish what we have begun, to the best of our powers.

This in itself is a quite fearful responsibility. It means that the writer must live, during working hours, at the peak of his capacity. If one's best hours, best productive hours, are, say, four out of the twenty-four, it means that the other twenty hours must be ordered to this effect.

SUCH a discipline can be extremely irksome over a long period of time, the more so as it is self-imposed and can be so readily broken. Irksome is too weak a word, if the job is a long one — say, five or six years. *Painful* describes this discipline more exactly. Anxiety goes along with it, anxiety lest you break rhythm and the momentum be lost. If you are a morning worker, with your best hours from, say, nine to one, your afternoons will have to be devoted to outdoor exercise, neglected housework if you are a wife, the tender loving care and feeding of family or whatever is necessary to make daily life go on, clearing the decks for tomorrow morning and keeping you in top health besides. With a man the routine will be only slightly different. For housework substitute chopping wood, putting up screens or storm windows.

When five p.m. comes, if you are a biographer or historian you will have to stop what you are doing with fly screens or hemlines and begin reading for tomorrow's writing or for next week's or next month's writing, depending upon how you plan your research for a long book. With a pencil in hand, making notes or marking passages, you will read on and off until ten o'clock, when you go to bed. I myself usually climb in bed with my notes in hand for tomorrow's start, read them over casually, trying not to think, and turn out the light. I am a firm believer in the action of the subconscious during sleep. At supper or dinner that evening, you have not overeaten because it would disturb your sleep, and you know from experience that eight hours of sleep are necessary to put you through a morning's work, though you know also, from experience, that you can afford to miss one night's sleep occasionally. But not two nights, unless you are prepared to sacrifice your work on the third morning.

Long ago, when I was in my twenties, I came across an awe-inspiring saying, in French: "If you abandon art for one day, she will abandon you for three."

It is true. It is all too lamentably true. At the time, I was studying the violin, and such abandon-

ment resulted in mere physical disability. Clumsy fingers, a general playing out of tune. I find it applies equally to the nonphysical business of writing biography. Even with Friday's notes sitting on your table staring you in the face — a map to guide you into Saturday's territory — even then, if you skip Saturday's work, on Sunday those selfsame notes will likely have gone dead. They will sit there, avoiding your eye. No message comes up; they are cold script. There is a strange psychological twist to this — with me, at any rate. If Saturday's interruption has been forced from outside, something I could not help, like going to the oculist, I work every bit as well next day. Probably because I have sat in the oculist's office raging and impatient, with my chapter never out of mind. On the other hand if I succumb to invitation and go out to lunch, an interesting lunch on a working day, I am ruined. Or even an interesting dinner, which should not, practically speaking, interfere with morning working hours at all. But a dinner party means what shall one wear, or going to the hairdresser, or even looking in the shops for a new dress, and this is fatally distracting. Giving a party is the finish, in my judgment, to several days' work. Randall Thompson, composer and professor of music at Harvard, told me he can't write music in the morning if he knows he has to go out at noon to Harvard Square to buy cigarettes.

That's not a pose. I am sure of it. What the writer needs is an empty day ahead. A big round quiet space of empty hours to, as it were, tumble about in. Hours that must be filled, hours that force one to think, to get the words on paper. Oh, let the writer do his living in between books! And let him not be afraid, if he is young, that life will pass him by because he is alone in a room, thinking. If he fears that, he should take up some other occupation than writing.

The necessity for empty hours ahead, empty days, applies not only to so-called creative work, but to reading and study, when it is serious. Take Sir Edward Coke — a passionate student of law and history. Coke recognized the danger of interruption. "Therefore," he wrote, "I allow not to the student any discontinuance at all (for he shall lose more in a month than he shall recover in many). . . . Knowledge of the law," Coke goes on, "is like a deep well, out of which each man draweth according to the strength of his understanding. He that reacheth deepest, he seeth the amiable and admirable secrets of the law."

Substitute, for the word *law*, the word *life*, and the quotation can apply to any writer.

For myself, the discipline works also in reverse. I dare not overwork. Let me write for too many hours, sit too long at the typewriter, and rubbish

emerges on the page. During a five-year book, I dare not let myself stay at it indefinitely, let alone slack off. If I am writing an exciting key scene — say, the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh in two chapters of six thousand words each — by lunchtime I may be going great guns, the channel free, tide high, waves slashing and slapping.

But I dare not keep on except in rare cases; for instance, near the end of a scene. Even then it is dangerous. Fatigue will betray me and I shall spoil my scene with sentimentality or bombast. When I am tired I write as a drunken man might write, deceived into spurious ecstasy. Spurious ecstasy is easy to achieve. But it is not communicable. It has no momentum. Apparently, a quite raging momentum is necessary to propel the written word, cold print, from one person to a number of other persons, all of whom are strangers to the writer. I think the young writer should always remember that he is writing for strangers. And strangers require to be won. So when lunchtime comes, I tamely stop and eat. Upstairs though, by myself. I am not quite ready to emerge altogether and plunge into the world. After lunch I read over what I wrote in the morning, correct it, add marginal notes of things I have left out or facts that need checking historically. Also, if at lunchtime I am still primed with ideas, I put them on slips of paper marked with the next day's date: "*Raleigh's arrival for trial at Winchester. Horn at gate . . . lead scene with coach uphill. . . . Only 2 days between R. and his fate.*"

THE writer of a long book dares not leave much to chance. I myself don't risk leaving anything to chance if I can help it. I doubt if any serious professional artist leaves things to chance. He cares too much. Chance, to the amateur or the beginner, probably implies inspiration. He tells himself that tomorrow morning at nine, or eight, or six o'clock, he will awake inspired, with the lead into chapter twenty set out plain in his mind.

And it will happen like that, if the writer orders his days and his nights in such a way as to let it happen. There is a natural, developing rhythm to a writer's life, a fallow time and a productive time. The fallow time applies not only to periods when a writer is between books, but to the months or years when he is in full production. In each period of twenty-four hours, the writer needs time to be quiet, to let his story arrange itself in his mind. If he is rushing about or making love or going to parties, I maintain the story won't arrange itself. Why should it? I have little patience with writers who think that books can be turned out in a hurry. They can, but not good

books. I have quite as little patience with publishers who plan books to be written in a hurry. This of course does not apply to timely, news-comment books about a Suez crisis, a civil rights bill. Nor does it apply, of course, to newspaper writing, or news writing in a magazine, particularly a weekly. That's something else altogether, maintaining its own tension, a good healthy kind of tension, the experience of which can be salutary to academic writers who sometimes take too long to finish their books.

Last spring I went down to Kentucky to report the Derby for a sports magazine. Actually, I don't think I learned a thing about writing, down there, although I expected to. I look on that experience as a reward rather than an exercise — one of the rewards which are sure to come if a writer keeps at it long enough. All of a sudden you get an offer, a strange, unlikely offer which pays good money, better money than your legitimate line of writing. You hesitate, doubting if you can wander into fields so far from your accustomed beat. Yet, once you have accepted and turn your mind in this new direction, a pleasing thing happens. Your writing techniques, acquired over the years, come busily to your rescue, walk right up and permit you to make this diversion into strange country — without, I may say, even the slightest dislocation, mental or spiritual.

But I would not have accepted that Derby offer in the middle of a book. Not while Sir Edward Coke was in progress. Not for any money, even the *Sports Illustrated* kind of money, which is what I got. To do so would have been asking for disaster. It would have been a rending in pieces of what I had built.

I HAVE been talking about concentration, about dedication straight through the twenty-four hours while work is in progress. You might well ask, What about the part-time worker, who must keep a job and write at night, or in such odd moments as he can find? I am sure that for him the same principle of concentration holds. No dichotomy here, as the college professors say. The daily job slides right down the chute into the literary feed bin. Anthony Trollope did not write about the post office, nor Charles Lamb about India House. One man loved his job, one hated it. Yet the job hours for these two seemed rather generative than destructive. A writer can be quiet in the midst of tumult, if he so wills.

It is absurd to mention one's own experience after such names as Trollope and Lamb. But I well remember a time in my late twenties when I wrote a novel during the hours of two P.M. to four

P.M. every day for a winter, the only hours I had alone. The rest of the time I thought about it. I don't know whether to say this with pride as a writer or with shame as a wife and mother — but the other twenty-two hours were spent automatically, as an underfed prisoner might spend the hours waiting for his one meal. By the time two o'clock in the afternoon came round, a heavy backlog of material had piled up. I had walked about the house with my story all morning. I knew it by heart. For better or worse, it came out on the paper with a rush.

Psychiatrists call this way of life *escape*. To live in two worlds and to look upon the dream world as the real one can make reality into illusion. Doctors tell us this is dangerous. The reason it is dangerous, I suppose, is because it allows so wide a margin for self-delusion. And self-delusion has no place in the mentality of a writer.

Actually, writing *is* escape. And what I say is: More power to it! A writer's regime, a writer's outlook, can reduce certain nagging moralisms to dust; certain rigid, boring values to hash and nonsense: the notion, for instance, that housework is ennobling to women, or at least instinctive to them, as scuffing leaves to clean his bed is instinctive to a dog. Love of cooking is thought by many to be a secondary female sex characteristic. So is the exercise of following little children interminably about the yard and liking it.

If I had not been a writer, these moralistic conceptions would have defeated me before I reached the age of thirty. Writing saved me. (Talk about rewards!) The housework still had to be done and done cheerfully. The children still had to be followed round the yard. But these activities, repeated day after day for years, were no longer defeating because they were no longer the be-all and end-all of existence. They had become incidental. I had something else.

And I kept it secret, until it leaked out of its own accord, which is the best way for writers to make their debuts: publication first and talk afterward. It was not until I had had two Books-of-the-Month — in the year 1951, that is — that I dared sign myself on my voter's registration card as *writer*. I used to put *housewife*. By no means from modesty, but because the Devil might be looking over my shoulder. I might spoil the luck.

It can be seen that I have wrestled with this problem head on. I maintain that it exists, in one form or another, for man as well as woman, whether it takes the shape of mop and duster or some more masculine business. Always, in early life, the writer's decks are cluttered and must be cleared. That it is possible to clear them is indeed one of the great rewards of a writer's life.

Another reward, less easy to define, and almost

shocking to express in words, is this: If you are a writer, no emotional situation can defeat you for very long. I don't say that as a brag or boast. Nor does it imply heartlessness. What it does imply is that every experience of life feeds the writer. Wasn't it Tolstoi who said a man could not truly be a writer unless he had spent time in prison? That used to discourage me a little. I take comfort in the fact that there are in life prisons without iron bars and that I have inhabited them. In the lives of all of us there have been weeks, perhaps years, when we were incarcerated, locked in — and to our own minds, locked in unjustly. Have you read the life of Florence Nightingale, by Woodham Smith? Miss Nightingale was not a writer but she was a woman with a single idea, and the case applies.

What an amount of living it takes to make a writer! I confess there is in your born writer a quality almost monstrous. A quality of outrageousness. People are suspicious of writers and artists and with good reason. It is outrageous to use life as writing material. It is outrageous to be infinitely curious, to stand looking at life with eyes wide open and then turn round and paint what we have seen. It is outrageous to be so direct. Yet directness is part and parcel of the writer's curiosity. There simply is not time to make the journey the long way round, which is the courteous way. One's husband, one's children are sometimes embarrassed. "Do you *have* to know the plumber's life story?" they ask. "And must you, for God's sake, tell him yours, besides?"

The answer is, of course I must! If I don't tell mine, or at least part of it, the plumber won't tell his. Not the part I want to hear, that is. Why should he? One-way exposure can be humiliating; there must be give as well as take. Writers seldom choose as friends those self-contained characters who are never in trouble, never unhappy or ill, never make mistakes, and always count their change when it is handed to them.

I WOULD like to speak for a moment about the writer's workroom, the furniture and equipment that surrounds him as he works. I think this is important. First of all I will say that your born writer, your talented writer, can write anywhere if he has to. But I don't advocate discomfort. Discomfort is costly. It uses up energy that might better be turned into print. To me, nothing that helps is extravagant. Nothing, not electric typewriters, not long-distance calls, not taxis to libraries to save time and strength nor a Pullman seat if one intends to study on the journey. I remember

being teased, six years ago, because when I flew to England for research on Coke, I had a berth on the plane, at vast expense, and undressed and went to sleep. But, on the night of my arrival I was to have dinner with a London barrister, a stranger to me, who I hoped would become interested in my Coke venture and take me in hand. Was I to arrive all worn out, which for me means being timid, apologetic — a woman to be avoided, not helped?

I am not advocating luxury. I advocate the buying of time and energy. And I ask you, is there a better way for a writer to spend his money than on the things that will save time for him, and energy? The writer must gamble on himself, right from the beginning. Every day, every hour, almost. This is hard for those of us who are not gamblers at heart, or whose nature is to be unsure of ourselves and of our talent. But life is very, very short. The writer cannot afford to miss a minute of it, merely for lack of equipment. I would not stress this nor take so much time over it if I had not been shocked again and again by young writers bringing me badly typed manuscripts or pages with gaps to fill later "when," they told me, "a certain reference book would be available." Or writers who cannot undertake a biographical piece or book because they haven't the money, they say with a sigh, to go to China or Milwaukee to do their research.

Nonsense! Somebody exists who is just waiting to send you to China or Milwaukee, if you want to go badly enough. Lacking money, haven't you something to trade or pawn? When I was young I used to get my typing done by teaching the typist's wretched, unmusical child to play the violin. One time a book I was writing required that I go from Philadelphia to Buffalo. My fare was paid by an innocent club of women to whom I gave a lecture on chamber music, illustrated (I hate to say it) by playing on my violin. They gave me fifty dollars. I still remember how I sweated over the letters I wrote to get that lecture assignment.

There are ways and means. Don't ask editors or publishers to help you, unless you have a good half of your manuscript to show as earnest of your ability. Figure out a way for yourselves. I am impatient about all this. I don't want to hear sad stories about lack of opportunity, and I don't want to see manuscripts that are unfinished for any of the above reasons. If I am tough about it, it's because I have been through this mill, myself. I know the excuses, and I know the answers to the excuses.

Write! And let writing get you out of your difficulties. Let writing be your discipline. And your reward.

THE
CAMERA'S EYE
YOUSUF KARSH

YOUSUF KARSH was born in Mardin, Armenia-in-Turkey, two days before Christmas, 1908. His grandfather was an engraver, his father an importer, but after the massacre of 1915 young Yousuf was sent to the protection of his uncle, who had a photographic studio in Sherbrooke, Quebec. "In Canada," wrote Mr. Karsh, "I discovered something I had never known before: freedom to be happy. At hand were my uncle's art and studio, and photography seized my imagination."

After a three-year apprenticeship in Boston, Mr. Karsh opened his own studio in Ottawa, which provided him with opportunities which he never would have received in any other city. Prime Minister Mackenzie King asked him to do the official Canadian portraits and later, in 1941, gave him access to Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill, fatigued after addressing the Canadian Parliament, insisted on being photographed with a cigar in his mouth, but at the last minute Karsh deftly snatched it away, revealing the Churchillian features in that flash of brooding determination so characteristic of Britain's leader throughout the war.

In 1946 Mr. Karsh published a selection of seventy-five of his most notable portraits in his book, *FACES OF DESTINY*. For this portfolio we have selected five of his new portraits and have invited Mr. Karsh to tell us how he made them.

Albert Schweitzer

SO WIDELY known is the legend of Albert Schweitzer, so great the man behind the legend, that I approached him with feelings of complete inadequacy. How should I assess and then record a personality so complex, a master of so many crafts, a student of the world who has left the world behind to pursue the craft of healing alone in the African jungle?

It had taken me a long time to catch up with "Le Grand Docteur." For several years I had wondered how I should ever reach his home and hospital in Lambarene, French Equatorial Africa, but, by good luck, I found myself in France when he happened to visit his home town, Gunsbach, in Alsace, before going to Sweden to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. The necessary arrangements for our meeting were quickly approved, and at the appointed time Madame Martin, who takes care of Schweitzer's varied interests in Europe, ushered me into a small study without the least ceremony. "Now," she said, "here is the Doctor."

When one has read all Schweitzer's works and long admired him from the distance, one fears that the actual man will fall below the imagined image. Not so with Schweitzer. Though he made no attempt to impress me, I felt at once, as everyone who meets him does, the presence of an immense wisdom, the stronger for its utter simplicity. What struck me from the beginning was this man's power to concentrate totally on the business at hand. While I changed my lights, films, and other equipment, he went back to his writing as if he were alone in the room, and then, when I was ready, he gave me his full attention.

A thousand questions were on my tongue, and it was tantalizing to realize that I would not have time to ask a fraction of them. "What," I said at random, "do the African natives think of Western music?"

"Natives," he answered, "don't think. They live. If they think at all it's only to find out how little work they can get away with." (This he said with a quiet, tolerant chuckle.)

Well, then, how did the natives react when they heard of the white man's world wars?

"They have no idea," he said, "what war means. Their first reaction is to say, 'Why don't they get together and settle it?' You see, in their country they try to negotiate their disputes. But since the white men fight, they want to know if more than ten warriors have been killed. To lose as many as ten warriors in battle is, for them, a great catastrophe."

All this time I was watching Schweitzer closely, especially his hands, for they are often more revealing even than a face. These were the fine hands of a musician and a healer. I wished to photograph him holding some books, preferably an album of Bach, but he protested that to use Bach's music for this purpose would be like "*choucroute garni*." Accordingly, with a shy smile, he brought out some of his own books. And then he revealed a very human side, a little confession of vanity, by refusing to be photographed while wearing his spectacles. "They make me look too old," he said.

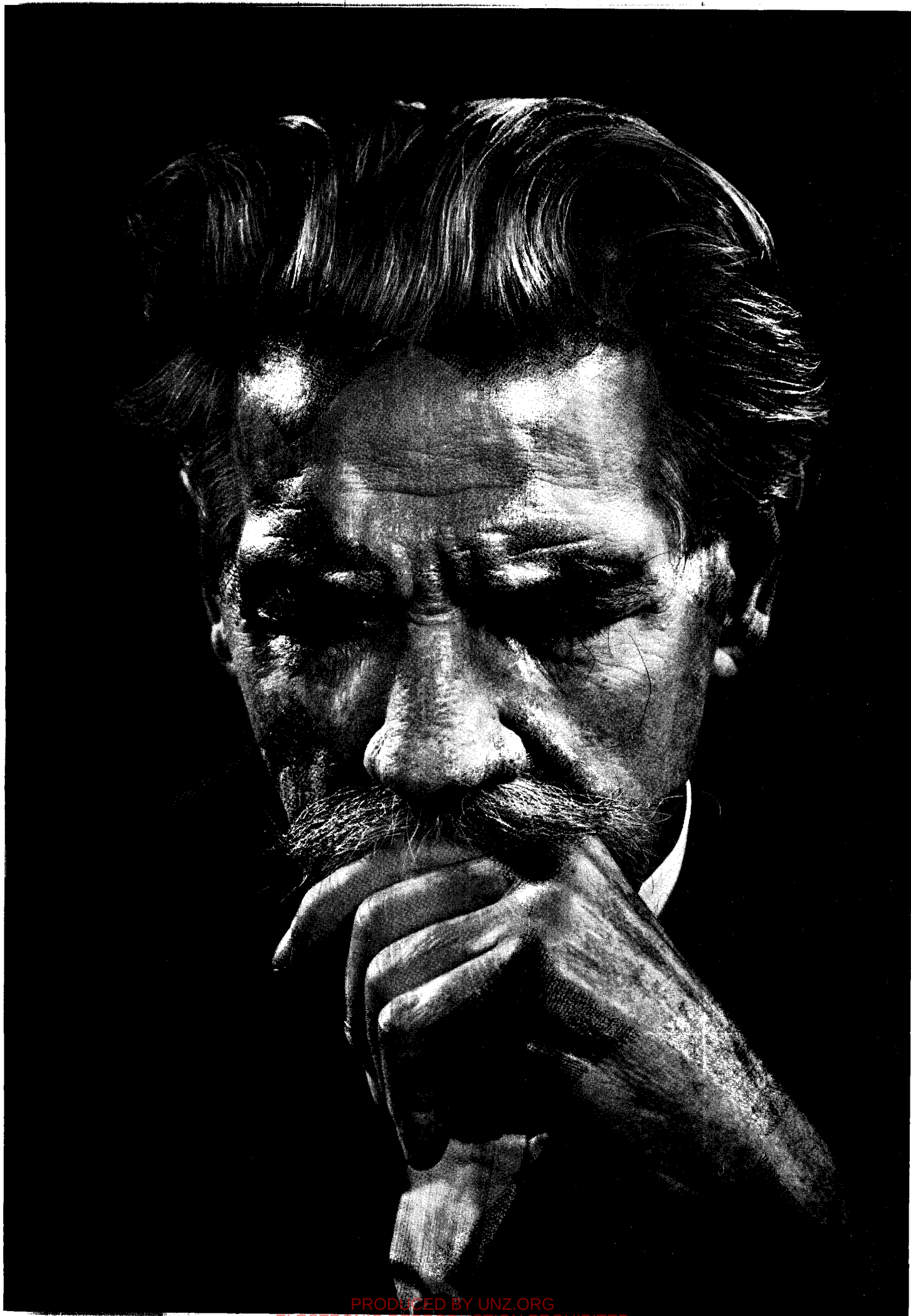
It was not my intention to make the portrait that Schweitzer might desire but to catch him, if possible, off his guard when, perhaps, my camera might seize something of those qualities which have made him great as a doctor, musician, philosopher, humanitarian, theologian, and writer. The picture printed here was taken in a moment of meditation when Schweitzer thought I was adjusting my camera. I had deliberately deceived him, but he will forgive me. This is a forgiving man.

Remembering those instincts of tolerance, and his almost Christlike ministrations to the African natives, I asked him how he thought Christ would be received if He were to appear in our time.

Schweitzer looked up at me and in his quiet voice replied: "People would not understand Him at all."

Which, then, did he consider the most important of the Ten Commandments?

Schweitzer thought about that question for a long moment, the granite face illuminated, the man behind the legend suddenly visible. "Christ," he said, "gave only one Commandment. And that was Love."



Jacob Epstein

WHEN I entered Epstein's London home in 1943, he came down the stairs, greeted me warmly, observed the two Canadian soldiers who served as my assistants that day, looked at my equipment, and then burst into tears. Without a word he rushed back up the stairs. I did not see him again on that trip.

As the years passed I still saw no reason for his tears, and it remains an unsolved mystery, but I was determined that some day I would photograph him. Alas, after all the necessary arrangements had been made, I found the great sculptor suffering from an eye infection which, of course, made a portrait impossible.

There was no sign of temperament that day. Epstein graciously showed me about a studio filled with his massive and awe-inspiring work. I was especially attracted by a metal sketch-model of a Madonna and Child and resolved to photograph it for use on our personal Christmas card if he would let me. He was loath to part with it, even for a few hours, but finally agreed to send it to my hotel. It arrived, meticulously wrapped in cotton batting with minute recommendations for its care.

My wife fell immediately under the spell of this statue, and so did I. Somehow, we agreed, it must be acquired for our home in Ottawa, but we supposed that it would be far beyond our means even if Epstein would sell it. Nevertheless, I resolved to try. At first Epstein would not hear of parting with his work. In the end he gave it to me for a trifle. So we went home happy — but without a portrait.

My third try, in 1955, was a complete success. To leave this restless man free for movement I decided to use electronic flash lights, though I never quite trust them. He walked about his studio, talking all the time and apparently unconscious of my camera. Only when I developed my films did I realize that Epstein's hand had adopted over and over again the attitude of the hand in the life-sized sculpture which I had used as a background. I suspected then that he must have used his own hand repeatedly as a model.

In the middle of a tiring afternoon he suggested a break for tea. I agreed that a rest might give us additional inspiration.

"Inspiration?" he retorted. "I never lack inspiration." A bold assumption, but the jungle of statuary around us confirmed it.

After tea he took me to a little room where, in a glass enclosure, he had placed some of his treasures. My eye fell at once upon a sculpture of two birds in white marble, and I knew that it belonged in our home, which (being inveterate bird watchers) we call "Little Wings."

Epstein would not sell his marble birds. As I evidently showed my disappointment, he added, "Some day I may bring myself to part with them." Meanwhile I asked him to design a base for this sculpture. I saw it as the center of an exquisite fountain.

Epstein sat down again at the tea table, seized a napkin, and began drawing a sketch of my fountain. "This," he said, "is how I see it." Of course he had seen it perfectly.

Now, whenever I walk around our grounds I visualize that fountain, capped by those lovely birds, glistening in a spray of water. And I promise myself that there it will stand some day, a memory of Epstein, a fragment from his vision of beauty.



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Pablo Casals

As I drove along the dusty road and neared Prades, I had the feeling that I was on pilgrimage bent. This would be, indeed, a pilgrimage of sorts, for I was going to meet that great self-exile and patron saint of music, Pablo Casals. He did not disappoint me. I had never photographed a warmer or more sensitive human being.

We decided to take the portraits in two sessions and against two different backgrounds. First, I asked Casals to play his beloved cello in the Church of St. Peter. Next day we moved to the old Abbey of St. Michel de Cuxa. Though partially restored, it was empty and dark. One electric light bulb was the only illumination available, but happily I secured enough current for my strobe lights.

There was no need to pose Casals. Once he had sat down with his cello, the immediate surroundings seemed to fade from his consciousness. Soon the dismal chamber was throbbing with music of an almost unearthly quality. I hardly dared to talk or move for fear of breaking the spell. And then, as I watched the lonely figure crouched against the rough stones, a small window high above him giving this scene the look of a prison, I suddenly decided on an unusual experiment. I would photograph the musician's back. I would record, if I could, my own vivid impression of the voluntary prisoner who, on the surge of his music, had escaped not only the prison but the world. The portrait reproduced here perhaps suggests the immense strength, intellectual, physical, and spiritual, flowing from this amazing old man. Better than my many portraits of his face, this picture seems to convey the loneliness, the grandeur, and the indomitable spirit of the musician.

After the sitting we returned to Casals' exceedingly small home (really the porter's lodge of an estate), where he invited me into his study for sherry and biscuits.

What, I asked, did he recommend to cultivate an appreciation of music?

"It's sensitiveness that matters," he said. "A

certain amount of education through the ear, yes; but to appreciate music one must leave it to one's instinct." All children, he thought, should study music, for it was "the language of the spirit." The piano was the best instrument because it could play all music. In fact all other instrumentalists should study the piano as well.

Had musical performances improved or deteriorated in the course of Casals' experience? Technique, he answered, had progressed, especially among American and Russian artists. The phonograph had helped also, since "it demands perfection of technique." But, he warned, artists tended sometimes to concentrate on technique at the expense of interpretation and feeling.

I asked him to name the greatest living composers. "Very difficult to say," he replied. "For me, perhaps Bloch, Enesco, and Salazar."

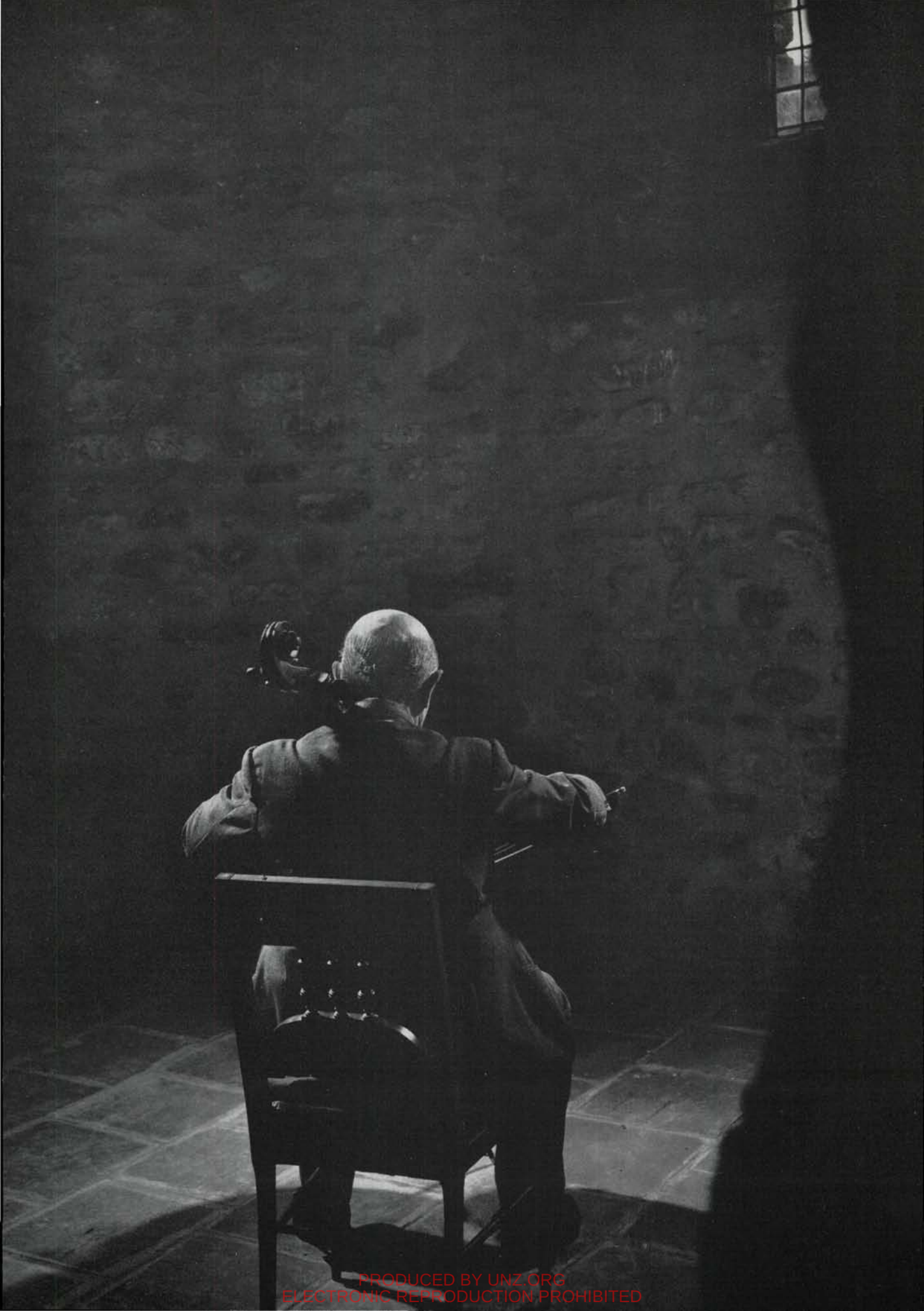
Was there a contemporary composer who, in years to come, would rank with the great classical figures of music?

"I don't know," he said, "what will go through the brains of future generations, but I don't believe there is such a genius alive today. For me classical music is to be adopted, felt, recognized, and loved. Modern music has turned toward non-music. Though they have a natural understanding of music, the moderns reject the classic approach as old-hat, pompous, and irrelevant to our time. I hope music will become music again as it was for centuries from Palestrina to Faure, Ravel, and Debussy."

Some of the most warlike nations, I noted, were also the most gifted in music. How did Casals explain that paradox?

He could not explain it but observed that all races love and need music, and all nations have their inspiring musical folklore. "It is a necessity," he said, "for all to express themselves by means of sound."

We toasted each other's health in a last glass of sherry, and I departed. The old man waved from the window until my car had disappeared from sight.



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Martha Graham

AS EVERYBODY knows, Martha Graham has originated, out of the dance, almost a new art form. Naturally, I wished to photograph her in the posture and mood of the dance. But this seemed impossible under the circumstances.

Upon arriving at Miss Graham's apartment I was impressed by the stark simplicity with which she had chosen to surround herself. On a modernistic table stood a grotesque piece of petrified wood which vaguely suggested the attitude of a modern dancer. A rubber plant in one corner, a few pieces of very modern furniture — no pictures, no radio, no decorations of any sort — this, then, was to be the setting of a dancer's portrait. Then I looked up to the ceiling, and it seemed to be only a few inches above my head. No one, not even Martha Graham, could dance in such a place.

Well, compromise sometimes must be the stuff that pictures are made of. So, rather hopelessly, I sat Miss Graham on a low stool and asked her to assume various attitudes as if she had the space of a great stage around her. Amazingly enough, she had such perfect control over her body that this restricted posture presented no problem. She was sitting on a stool in a low room, but she seemed to be dancing. In fact, she was dancing, and thus I recorded her.

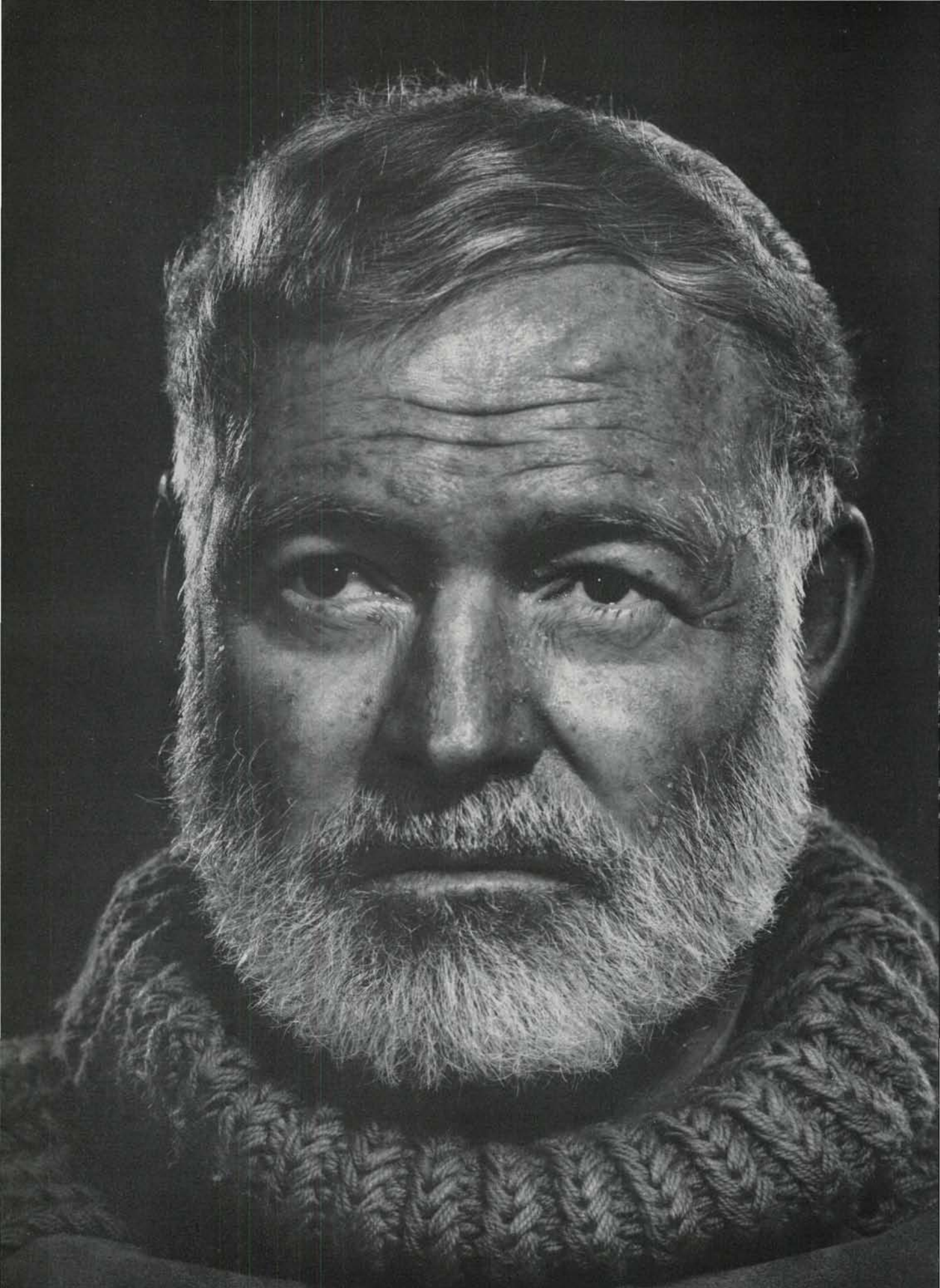
She talked to me quietly about the dance, displaying a single-minded devotion to her art. Though her work has won wide acceptance, she thought it went over better with younger people than with older audiences. "The young," she said, "have an appetite for experiments and experience, which is all that is really necessary. They have the habit of looking inside because of their concentration and study of psychology in schools today."

On that point I could offer no opinion, but there is no doubt that Martha Graham has started a new trend in dancing. Whether her work is labeled impressionistic or given some other name, it is certainly based on sound choreography. Older dance forms are often stilted. Hers is fluid and therefore, it seems to me, more representative of this fluid and changing age.

Anyway, she impressed me as the kind of creative artist who is not at all concerned with the commercial aspect of her work, but only with the aesthetic satisfaction which she herself derives from it. She submerges herself in it so utterly — even under a low ceiling and on a stool — that she seems mentally and physically apart. Yet her art is never isolated from her audience. Like all art, it is lonely in creation but instantly communicates with all who watch it, as I, who watched it in an unlikely setting, can testify.



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Ernest Hemingway

IN HIS books and stories Ernest Hemingway has brought to life a swarming company of characters, but himself he has jealously concealed. After reading those tales of ferocity, violence, and physical suffering, I expected to meet in the author a composite image of his creations or, at any rate, a very tough guy. Instead, I found Hemingway a man of peculiar gentleness, the shiest man I ever photographed.

Therein, I imagine, lies the secret of his work. He has felt in his soul, with lonely anguish, the tragedy of our species, has expressed it in his writing, but, for self-protection, has built around himself a wall of silence and myth. As he sat down for his portrait, he was so shy in the presence of his wife and mine that they at once realized his embarrassment and retired. Even when we were alone the shyness persisted. In his writing he can communicate human life entire, but compared to his pen his tongue is an inadequate instrument.

Nevertheless, I was determined to make him talk, to focus his mind, and hence his face, on some subject which would arouse both. So I asked him bluntly what he thought about that large tribe of second-rate writers who try to imitate his style and always fail. Evidently he had thought a good deal about these imitations and, forgetting his diffidence, gave me a ready answer.

The trouble with the imitators, he said, was that they were able only to pick out the obvious faults in his work, the kind of writing he should never have done, the mistakes he should have avoided. They invariably missed his real purpose and his real method; just as many readers remembered him chiefly for his defects.

There was no bitterness in this remark, only a rather sad amusement. And as he thought about my question I discovered that he had a wonderful smile — alive, kindly, full of understanding and compassion.

On developing my negatives I liked best the portrait printed here. It is, I think, a true portrait, the face of a giant cruelly battered by life but invincible. It makes me think, as I look at it again, of Ulysses setting out on his last voyage, still “strong in will/To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.” That is the true Hemingway behind the public mask.

In answer to my questions Hemingway talked quietly about his famous airplane accident. Yes, he was still suffering from injuries that would have killed most men. The worst of it was the

doctors’ strict diet, both solid and liquid. Perhaps, though, if the new tests turned out well, he would be allowed more than a few glasses of wine every day. “I don’t drink while I write,” he added. “You can’t write serious stuff and drink.”

I asked next what he was really getting at in his books. He said simply that he was trying to get at the truth, but he quickly switched the conversation from himself and began to talk about my work. A photographic portrait, he declared, was a biography and a direct interpretation of truth. He loathed that type of candid photography which seeks only to put the subject in the most disadvantageous posture and mood, especially with his mouth open.

“Why, they sit around me sometimes for a whole week,” he protested, “and wait. So I just don’t open my mouth — for a whole week.”

I tried to start him talking of his masterpieces, but he would not discuss them. Once he had written a book, he said, it went out of his mind completely and no longer interested him. There must never be any residue from one book carried into another. Every book was a new challenge; an experiment and an adventure. “I must forget what I’ve written in the past,” he explained, “before I can project myself into a new work.”

Some of the shyness had disappeared by now, and Hemingway had become quite communicative. He chaffed me about my obviously strong constitution and asserted that photographers always live to a ripe old age. “Furthermore,” he chuckled, “they have a remarkable memory — the memory of the illiterate. I used to have a tremendous memory myself when I was an illiterate. By the time I learned to write, the memory was installed and remained with me.”

It is impossible to understand Hemingway’s serenity without meeting his wife. I asked her if she still did some serious writing, but she admitted that while she still did a few little things she had no time or desire for her craft. She was too busy taking care of her husband.

As we were leaving, my wife noted some flowers growing between the stone steps of the garden. As a gardener herself she approved of flowers grown in this manner, though their cultivation disturbed the stones. “Yes,” said Hemingway, “but we can always replace the stones.”

Between the rough boulders of this man’s prose, I thought, the flowers of compassion will always grow, whether the public notices them or not.

Composer and conductor, LEONARD BERNSTEIN is a Bostonian in whose artistry the town takes pride. A protégé of Serge Koussevitzky, he served a brilliant apprenticeship at Tanglewood, and New Yorkers recognized his genius when — without rehearsal — he substituted for Bruno Walter and conducted the New York Philharmonic in a superlative performance. Since then he has scored with the ballet FANCY FREE; his serious works are played each season by the leading symphonies; his current musical, WEST SIDE STORY, is a smash hit on Broadway.

SPEAKING OF MUSIC

by LEONARD BERNSTEIN

EVER since I can remember I have talked about music, with friends, colleagues, teachers, students, and just plain simple citizens. But in the last few years I have found myself talking about it publicly, thus joining the long line of well-meaning but generally doomed folk who have tried to explain the unique phenomenon of human reaction to organized sound.

It is almost like trying to explain a freak of nature (whatever that may be); ultimately one must simply accept the loving fact that people enjoy listening to organized sound (certain organized sounds, anyway); that this enjoyment can take the form of all kinds of responses from animal excitement to spiritual exaltation; and that people who can organize sounds so as to evoke the most exalted responses are commonly called geniuses. These axioms can be neither denied nor explained. But, in the great tradition of man burrowing through the darkness with his mind, hitting his head on cave walls, and sometimes perceiving a pin point of light, we can at least try to explain; in fact, there's no stopping us.

There have been many more words written about the *Eroica* Symphony than there are notes in it; in fact, I should imagine that the proportion of words to notes, if anyone could get an accurate count, would be flabbergasting. And yet, has anyone ever successfully "explained" the *Eroica*? Can anyone explain in mere prose the wonder of one note following or coinciding with another so that we feel that it is exactly how those notes had to be? Of course not. No matter what rationalists we may profess to be, we are stopped cold at the border of this mystic area. It is not too much to say *mystic* or even *magic*: no art lover can be an agnostic when the chips are down. If you love music, you are a believer, however dialectically you try to wriggle out of it.

The most rational minds in history have always yielded to a slight mystic haze when the subject of music has been broached, recognizing the beautiful and utterly satisfying combination of mathematics and magic that music is. Plato and Socrates knew that the study of music is one of the finest disciplines for the adolescent mind, and insisted on it as a *sine qua non* of education; and just for those reasons of its combined scientific and "spiritual" qualities.

Yet when Plato speaks of music — scientific as he is about almost everything else — he wanders into vague generalizations about harmony, love, rhythm, and those deities who could presumably carry a tune. But he knew that there was nothing like piped music to carry soldiers inspired into battle — and everyone else knows it too. And that certain Greek modes were better than others for love or war or wine festivals or crowning an athlete. Just as the Hindus, with their most mathematically complicated scales, rhythms, and ragas, knew that certain ones had to be for morning hours, or sunset, or Siva festivals, or marching, or windy days. And no amount of mathematics could or can explain that.

We are still, in our own day, faced with this magical block. We try to be scientific about it, in our bumbling way — to employ principles of physics, acoustics, mathematics, and formal logic. We employ philosophical devices like empiricism and teleological method. But what does it accomplish for us? The magic questions are still unanswered. For example, we can try to explain the "shape" of a theme from a Beethoven quartet by saying that it follows the formal principle of synthesis: that there is a short statement (thesis), followed by a questioning answer (antithesis), followed by a development arising out of the conflict of the two (synthesis).

The Germans call this form *Stollen*. Others say “syllogistic.” Words, words, words. Why is the theme beautiful? There’s the rub. We can find a hundred themes shaped in this way, or based on variants of this principle; but only one or two will be beautiful.

When I was at Harvard, Professor Birkhoff was working hard on a system of aesthetic measure — actually trying to evolve a mathematical system whereby any object of art could be awarded a beauty rating on a given continuum of aesthetic worth. It was a noble effort; but when all is said and done, it comes to a dead end. The five human senses are capable of measuring objects up to a certain point (the eye can decide that x is twice as long as y ; the ear can guess that one trombone is playing twice as loud as the other), but can the senses be measured? Or can their aesthetic responses be measured? How far is the smell of pork from the smell of beans? What beans? Cooked how? Raw? In what climate? If the *Eroica* earns a grade of 3.2, what mark do you give *Tristan*? Or a one-page Bach prelude?

We bumble. We imitate scientific method in our attempts to explain magic phenomena by fact, forces, mass, energy. But we simply can’t explain human reaction to these phenomena. Science can explain thunderstorms, but can it explain the fear with which people react to them? And even if it can, somehow, how does science explain the sense of glory we feel in a thunderstorm, break down this sense of glory into its parts? Three parts electrical stimulation, one part aural excitement, one part visual excitement, four parts identification-feelings with the beyond, two parts adoration of almighty forces — an impossible cocktail.

But some people *have* explained the glory of a thunderstorm, and such people are called poets. Only artists can explain magic; only art can substitute for nature. By the same token, only art can substitute for art. And so the only way one can really say anything about music is to write music.

STILL we go on trying to shed some light on the mystery. There is a human urge to clarify, rationalize, justify, analyze, limit, describe. There is also a great urge to sell music, arising out of the transformation of music in the last two hundred years into an industry. Suddenly there is a mass market, a tremendous recording industry, professional careerists, civic competitiveness, musical chambers of commerce. And out of this has come something called “music appreciation” — once felicitously called by Virgil Thomson the “music-appreciation racket.”

It is, in the main, a racket, because it is in the main specious and commercial. It uses every device to sell music — cajoling, coyness, flattery, oversimplification, irrelevant entertainment, tall tales — all in order to keep the music business humming. And in so doing it has itself become a business. The next step is obviously a new parasitic development: music-appreciation appreciation.

The racket operates in two styles, depending on the audience involved, and one is duller than the other. Type A is the birds-bees-and-rivulets variety, which invokes anything at all under the sun as long as it is extramusical. It turns every note or phrase or chord into a cloud or crag or Cossack. It tells homey tales about the great composers, either spurious or irrelevant. It abounds in anecdotes, quotes from famous performers, indulges itself in bad jokes and unutterable puns, teases the hearer, and tells us nothing about music.

Type B is concerned with analysis — a laudably serious endeavor — but is as dull as Type A is coy. It is the “now comes the theme upside down in the second oboe” variety. A guaranteed soporific. What it does, ultimately, is to supply you with a road map of themes, a kind of Baedeker to the bare geography of a composition; but again, it tells us nothing about music except those superficial geographical facts.

Luckily all talk about music is not restricted to the level of music appreciation. There are writers in the learned journals who make sense, but only to other musicians, or to the cultivated amateur. The musical layman is harder put to find intelligent talk about music. But every once in a while someone appears who strikes an illuminating spark, who can give the layman some insight into music, if only into a cadence, or a melodic contour, or a single harmonic progression.

Such people are rare, and invaluable. Plato had some moments, as did Shakespeare. Certain critics can be perceptive and at the same time intelligible to the layman — men like Sullivan and Newman and Thomson. Certain novelists, like Mann and Huxley, have turned out memorable paragraphs, or even chapters, on musical matters. But most novelists, and writers in general, tend to put their feet in their mouths whenever they part lips to speak of music. And they do it often. For some reason literary minds seem magnetized by musical terminology — probably because they are awe-struck by the abstractness of it all. Nothing can be more different from the representational literary mind, with its literal conceptuality, than the nonobjective musical mind, with its concentration on shapes, lines, and sonorous intensities. And this fascinates the writer — makes him even a little envious, I have found — so that he longs for

some participation in that strange, foreign medium.

As a result, when he reaches for the elusive *mot juste* he often winds up with *glissando* or *crescendo* to express (usually wrongly) what he means — precisely because the musical word seems so elusive. Besides, it's so pretty; what chic and grace those Italian words carry with them! *Scherzo. Vivace. Andantino. Crescendo.* We are constantly running across the word *crescendo* in literature, almost always used synonymously with *climax*. "The storm rose to a great crescendo." "As they kissed, their hearts reached a crescendo of pounding passion." Nonsense. Obviously *crescendo* can mean only "growing," "increasing," — specifically, getting louder. So a crescendo can mean growing to a climax of storm or passion or anything you wish; but it can't be what you grow to.

This digression is only by way of pointing up the rarity of intelligent musical talk, even among first-class writers. The Huxleys and the Manns of this world are few and far between. Huxley's description of part of Beethoven's Op. 132 in *Point Counter Point* is unforgettable. Mann has some thrilling passages on music in *The Magic Mountain* and in *Dr. Faustus*. And because of people like these — who can sometimes evoke with words the quality of a piece of music or some sense of its essential weight or thrust — because of them we musicians are encouraged to go on trying to elucidate, in the hope that, even if only here and there, we can shed a little light on that terrible bugaboo, musical meaning.

Meaning in music has preoccupied aestheticians, musicians, and philosophers for centuries. The treatises pile up and usually succeed only in adding more words to an already obscure business. In all this mass of material we can discern four levels of meaning in music: 1) Narrative-literary meanings as in *Till Eulenspiegel* and *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*; 2) Atmospheric-pictorial meanings as in *La Mer* and *Pictures at an Exhibition*; 3) Affective-reactive meanings such as triumph, pain, wistfulness, regret, cheerfulness, melancholy, apprehension — most typical of nineteenth-century romanticism; 4) Purely musical meanings.

Of these, the last is the only really important one, the one worthy of analysis. The first three don't actually involve analysis, but rather arbitrary justification, or prettifying for the commercial reasons mentioned before. If we are to try to explain music, we must explain the *music*, not the whole array of extramusical notions which have grown like parasites around it.

Which makes musical analysis for the layman extremely difficult. Obviously we can't use musical terminology exclusively, or we will simply drive the victim away. We must have intermittent recourse to certain extramusical ideas, like religion, or social factors, or historical forces, which may have influenced music. We don't ever want to talk down; but how *up* can we talk without losing contact? There is a happy medium somewhere between the music-appreciation racket and purely technical discussion; it is hard to find, but it can be found.

It is with this certainty that it can be found that I have made so bold as to discuss music on television, on records, and in public lectures. Whenever I feel that I have done it successfully, it is because I may have found that happy medium. And finding it is impossible without the conviction that the public is not a great beast but an intelligent organism, more often than not longing for insight and knowledge. Wherever possible, therefore, I try to talk about music — the *notes* of music; and wherever extramusical concepts are needed for referential or clarifying purposes, I try to choose concepts that are musically relevant, such as nationalistic tendencies or spiritual development, which may even have been part of the composer's own thinking.

For example, in explaining jazz I have avoided the usual pseudohistorical discussions (up the river from New Orleans) and concentrated on those aspects of melody, harmony, rhythm, which make jazz different from all other music. In talking of Bach I have had to make references to his religious and spiritual convictions, but always in terms of the notes he produced. In analyzing Dvořák's *New World Symphony* for a lay audience listening to a recording, I have displayed all the thematic material, as music appreciation would demand, but in terms of Dvořák's attempt at nationalistic results.

In other words, music appreciation doesn't have to be a racket. The extramusical kind of reference can be useful if it is put in the service of explaining the *notes*; and the road-map variety can also be serviceable if it functions along with some central idea that can engage the intelligence of the listener. Therein lies the happy medium.

But, in the end, we can never really interpret music through words, or give even a shadowy equivalent. If it were possible for words to "tell" a Chopin mazurka — its sad-gay quality, the abundance of its brevity, the polish of its detail — why, then, would Chopin have had to write it in the first place?

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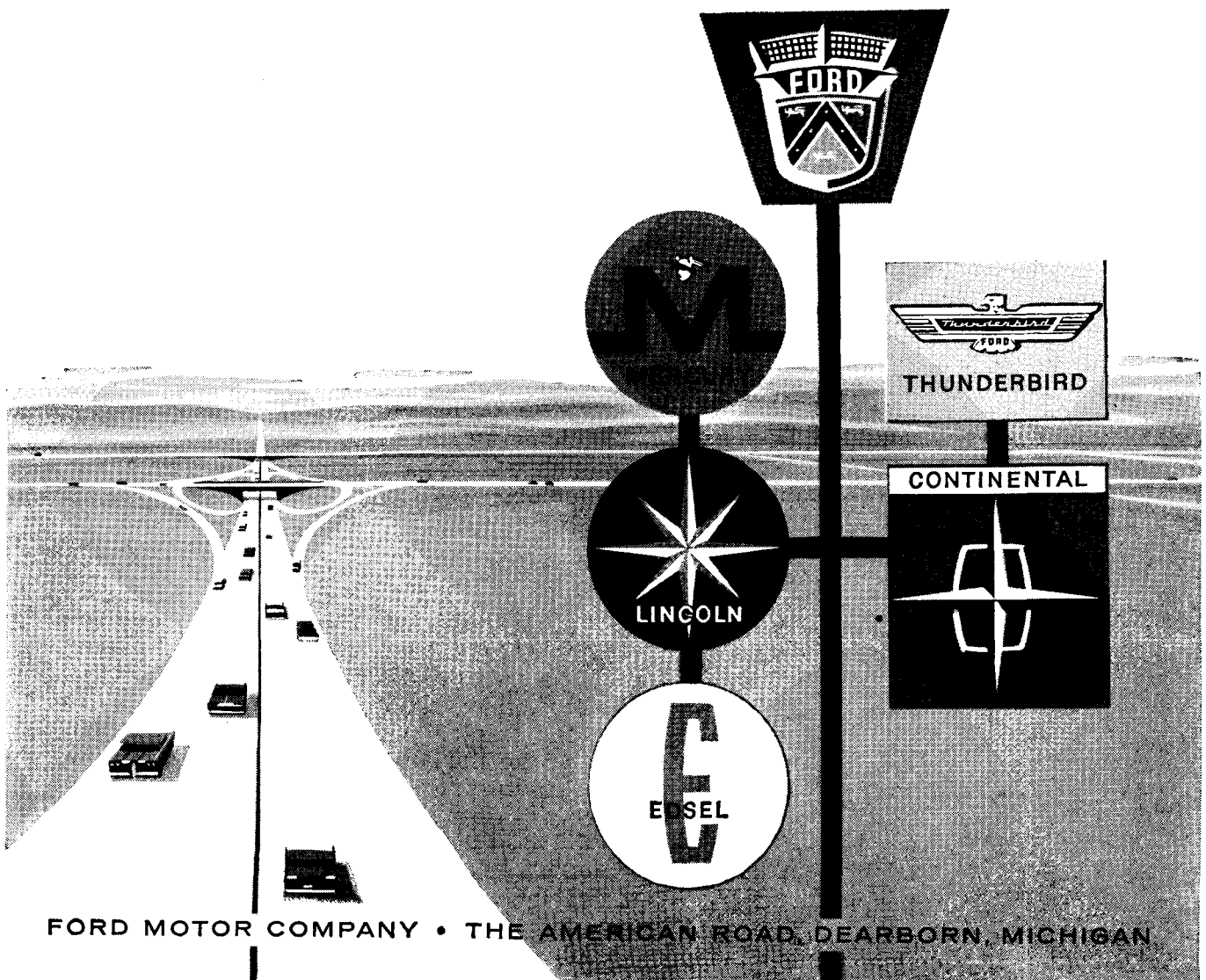
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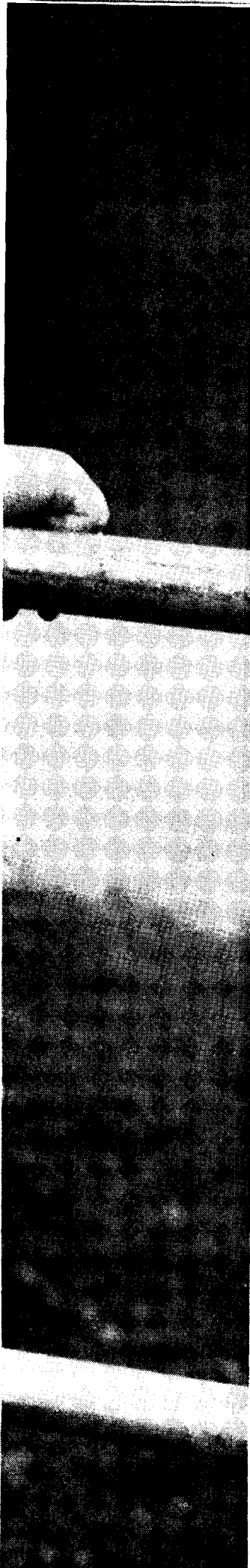
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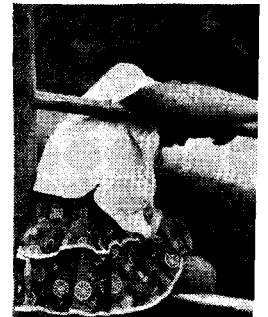
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"On The Fence"
photographed by George Zimbel

TEXTBOOKS THAT DON'T TEACH

BY

OSCAR HANDLIN

As a student, teacher, and historian, OSCAR HANDLIN has had more than his fill of textbooks. For the reasons which he sets forth in this scrutinizing paper, he dearly wishes that the contents of our American texts, particularly those in American history, could be revised for each succeeding generation instead of being handed down like sacred cows from age to age.

MANY a teacher confidently brings his class to a close with an assignment in the textbook. Many a parent in the evening looks on with satisfaction as his offspring studies the big impressive volume. Rarely is the teacher or parent aware that he is participating in a process that may effectively stifle the reading habit for life.

The textbook is an indispensable tool of the American school; yet the way in which it has developed prevents it from serving the purpose it should. With few exceptions, it is dogmatic and dull, an obstacle rather than an aid to learning. It will be one of the major tasks of the teaching profession, in the next decade, to give serious thought to the means by which it can be improved.

The 42 million students in the United States will be using this year some 200 million textbooks. Well over 20,000 such titles are in print, and almost 100 million copies are sold annually.

Some of these books clearly stand apart. At the one extreme are the specialized treatments of advanced subjects, often original works of synthesis by distinguished scholars close to their materials: Kirkland's economic history, Bailey's diplomatic history, and Key's state government

are examples in one field alone. At the other extreme are the primary spellers and readers, compiled specifically for the use of the elementary grades. These primers have the virtue of clarity of design; their authors must necessarily keep in view the needs of the children who will use them. At the lowermost level, as at the uppermost, there are outstanding volumes that make genuine contributions to education.

The texts that serve the high schools and the first two years of the colleges, however, are of necessity surveys; their compilers cannot be intimately familiar with the whole of the subjects they cover. On the other hand, such books are not as closely linked to the aptitudes and tastes of the students as those in the grades. As a result they yield to the weaknesses inherent in the forces that have shaped the character of American textbooks.

One can leave apart, in this discussion, the readily remediable dangers that arise from external pressures upon teachers and upon the writers of texts. It is true that political considerations in some states and municipalities unhappily limit the freedom of selection; that is particularly

the case where lay boards exercise the power to approve or disapprove. Furthermore, too many laws dictate the subjects that may or may not be treated so that the narrow prejudices of legislatures hamper the work of the educators. But these conditions, while often serious, are aspects of the general problem of adjusting the schools to a democracy. Continuing public vigilance will go a long way toward remedying such faults.

But even if school boards were always conscientious and competent and even if legislators were always restrained, there would remain ingrained defects, the product of a long historical development that ought to give serious concern to the publishers, the writers, and the users of textbooks.

CENTURIES ago, textbooks were books of texts, that is, of authoritative documents. Pupils of the medieval schools studied the scriptures or the treatises of the philosophers in order to absorb their contents. Even if the shades of meaning were subject to disputation, the text was not; that had to be accepted as given.

The same attitude extended to every area of learning. The Latin grammar of Donatus served generation after generation of Europeans for more than a thousand years. Since the rules were fixed, it was better to have an old, tried work than a new one. There was no place in the learning process for questioning that which was given.

Of course, the young and the simple were not expected to comprehend the weighty tomes of the schoolmen or even the scriptures. But the procedures for their education rested upon the same assumption, that the task of the student was to memorize what was presented to him. Instruction was through the catechism, a sequence of set questions to which there were set answers.

The invention of printing, so revolutionary in other respects, made hardly an impression upon these teaching methods. The manuscripts that had formerly been laboriously copied and circulated now were set into type. In time, the vernacular languages replaced Latin, changes in the curriculum brought new subjects into prominence, and the schools reached out to serve an ever larger segment of the population. But the textbook remained an authoritative presentation of correct answers that the student was expected to memorize.

Such books were packed in the cultural chests that colonists brought to the New World; and when Americans came to write for themselves, they adopted the familiar methods. The products of their own presses did not deviate from precedent in this respect, even after independence. The

Webster spelling books and the McGuffey readers were the lineal offspring of the hornbooks and catechisms of the past. The contents might change, in accordance with the dictates of the times or the impress of local conditions, but the mode of presentation remained the flat dogmatic statement of unquestionable truth.

In the last eighty years there have been radical changes in the format and appearance of textbooks, as well as in some aspects of their treatment of the subject matter. Excellent illustrations and maps, thoughtful design and layout, and good paper and binding are characteristic of today's publishing. But there has been no alteration in the basic assumption of the text that learning consists of remembering and that the function of the book is to supply the material to be remembered.

Unhappily, however, in the past eighty years it has become increasingly difficult to compile a meaningful text on this order. "Books," as Francis Bacon pointed out, "must follow science"; and the nature of our knowledge has altered with dizzying rapidity in our own era. The time has long since passed when the true history or true philosophy was defined by a canon as authoritative in its own way as that by which a universal church defined the scriptures. Science now deals with probabilities, with tentative and qualified interpretations, with opinions on which competent scholars may differ. Historians themselves are not united upon the causes of the Civil War nor economists upon the consequences of inflation nor biochemists upon the nature of proteins.

But only a statement so innocuous as to offend no one will be universally accepted in the textbooks. "Inasmuch," says the managing editor of a prominent publishing house, "as the basic concern [of textbook writing] is the presentation of accepted principles, original genius, unpredictable as to time or source, is not a prime factor." Hence the standing summons to the hack.

The temptation to rub off the sharp edges of difference is particularly great in subjects which face lively public scrutiny. The mathematician has little to fear from the school boards. But the historian knows that a reference to the "rebels" even in a quotation can cost him a Southern adoption. The treatment of Luther must offend neither Catholics nor Protestants; and no suspicion may be cast upon accepted institutions. In the social sciences it is essential to be eternally cautious; it is dangerous to be pro-labor or pro-capital, to approve or disapprove of war or inflation, to favor or oppose any section or ethnic group. In short, it is dangerous to be deeply committed with regard to anything that matters.

Safety lies in the refusal to arrive at conclusions. Judgments of any kind are suspect. The text

clings to that which cannot arouse any doubt whatever, to that which will form invariably correct answers to quiz questions. One prominent publisher considered it among the duties of his editors to "soften or remove" any expression of his authors' points of view.

Regrettably, few authors dissent. In this respect they see eye to eye with the publishers. James Harvey Robinson, who did so much to broaden the scope of historical studies in the United States, once objected strenuously when a teachers' reading circle offered to adopt one of the books in which he really spoke his mind. "If," he told his publisher, "the school authorities discover my personal liberal views, they will cancel the much more lucrative contracts they now have for my textbooks." This businesslike attitude, that still prevails, not only prevents scholars from speaking out in their texts but often silences them even in scholarly circles.

The task of composition for a writer thus shackled is almost hopelessly mechanical. Generally he seeks a way out through simplification, which has the additional advantage of making his book available to a wider audience. He may attain that end simply by omitting parts of the subject; although texts have grown larger and more expensive in the last twenty years, the amount of "content" has declined. But that method is open to the danger of loss of sales as teachers discover that favorite bits of detail are missing.

Or, alternatively, the author may tighten up the exposition, confine himself to brief declarative sentences loaded with fact, and eschew all transitions, allusions, causal explanations, and abstract language. In doing so, however, there is an inevitable sacrifice of clarity and meaning.

ONLY a few textbooks have ventured to break through the pattern of dogmatism and dullness which is characteristic of the species. Generally publishers, authors, and teachers follow one another in a frustrating circle that strengthens the pattern. The publisher is constrained by the market to turn out books for existing courses; the author writes what will be published; and the teacher shapes his course by the available texts. The result is endless imitation. It is not difficult to trace today's volumes back to their models of sixty years ago.

Textbook publishing is a substantial business, with annual sales approaching \$250 million. The publisher is a businessman whose attitudes are formed by the peculiar economics of his enterprise. His is one of more than a hundred firms that

vigorously compete with one another. The risks are high and the outcome difficult to predict.

The speculative element may be minimized by enlisting authors who command substantial captive markets. A professor in charge of a large course is most suitable, or one whose students teach throughout the country. A collaboration of three or four or more such men is ideal. Sales in their own classrooms within a few years will go a long way toward underwriting the expense of publication.

But profit is the legitimate goal of the businessman, and profits come from distribution to the widest possible market. Therefore the publisher frowns upon any eccentricity that may prevent the book from conforming to the existing organization of courses. The initial desire for something new fades fast as the publication date approaches.

More at fault, however, is the author. It takes, in truth, but a slight nudge to turn him into a conformist. Rare indeed is the man who undertakes this task because he thinks it worth doing for its own sake. Usually his motives are of another order.

Always the initiative in a project comes from the publisher. The author starts with no positive desire to write a book; he is persuaded a book could be written. The publisher's scout takes him to lunch in the town's best restaurant and drops the seed. It sprouts during the convention, when the future author drops in at the firm's suite. Amidst the free-flowing conviviality, in marked contrast with his own careful style of life, it suddenly becomes clear how easy it would be to double or triple one's meager salary, pay off the mortgage, educate the children, travel, acquire a country house and a Cadillac, even lay up a reserve to permit serious research and writing — later. This might even ease the pressure from administrators who wish their staff to "publish." A few years work will set a man up for life. Meanwhile an advance takes care of all sorts of immediate problems.

The author thus grits his teeth and prepares to serve his term at the typewriter. His own course, based on some earlier text, supplies a framework, or he consults the books of his more successful competitors. All that remains is to nail together the details. In the end, the labor proves unexpectedly painful and time-consuming, and it is extended onward by the need for frequent revision. But that is hardly foreseen when the contract is signed. Inevitably the weary lack of enthusiasm affects the quality of the writing, and the unconcern of the author seeps through his every paragraph. The exceptions, and there are such, stand out from the flock in their very peculiarity.

More culpable than the publishers and the authors are the teachers who are the instruments of a crime against their students.

Some teachers acquiesce because they know no better. Reared themselves on the textbook, they would be lost without it, and they see no reason why their charges should not suffer as they themselves once did.

Most teachers, however, do know better. Everything their course in educational psychology taught them about the learning process contradicts the assumptions under which the textbooks they use are written. The more conscientious ones recognize the discrepancy and devote their lectures and discussion to remedying the deficiencies of the text. Let the book supply the facts, they seem to argue, while the interpretation emerges in the classroom. While this procedure has merit, the textbook remains a tiresome repository of data to be remembered in the hope that significance may later be attached to it. The exceptional, inspiring teacher can rise above these limitations. But all too often, when the ability or will is lacking to go beyond what the text offers, the teacher forgets theory altogether and accepts practice as the book defines it.

The great majority of teachers, whether they know better or not, are content to go along. To depart from the organization of the text or to dispense with it entirely calls for original thought, consistent effort, and the willingness to buck the inertia of accepted method.

And then, the text has one inestimable virtue — the aid it offers in grading. Assign a chapter, and each paragraph has built into it a specific question with a right or wrong answer. Some texts, or the teachers' manuals that accompany them, even simplify the process by supplying the questions ready-framed. To the compilers of objective tests these books are mines from which hundreds of facts can be drawn to be marked plus or minus.

IN THE ideal teaching situation, with qualified teachers, well-prepared students, well-stocked libraries, and ample visual material, the textbook in its present form would simply disappear. It does nothing in most high school or college courses that could not be better done in some other way.

Under the present conditions of American education, however, the textbook is an indispensable tool. Given the enormous expansion of the school population in the past decade and the still greater expansion to come in the next decade, it will be foolhardy to suppose that the quality of teachers, students, or libraries will improve. A marked deterioration is more likely; and that will give the

textbook even greater importance than it now enjoys. The problem will be to make it an aid rather than an impediment to effective teaching.

It is not likely that the publishers will take the initiative. Nor should they be expected to. As commercial enterprises, neutrality is their appropriate role; and they will, no doubt, be as willing to publish good as bad books, if the good ones are written and the market for them is created.

That locates the responsibility where it belongs, among the authors and the teachers. They must get rid of habits grown stagnant over generations. Above all, they must cast off the ancient yoke of pretense that the knowledge they wish to communicate can somehow be so authoritatively defined that it can be presented by the textbook simply as material to be remembered. Only thus will they free themselves for the larger challenges of education.

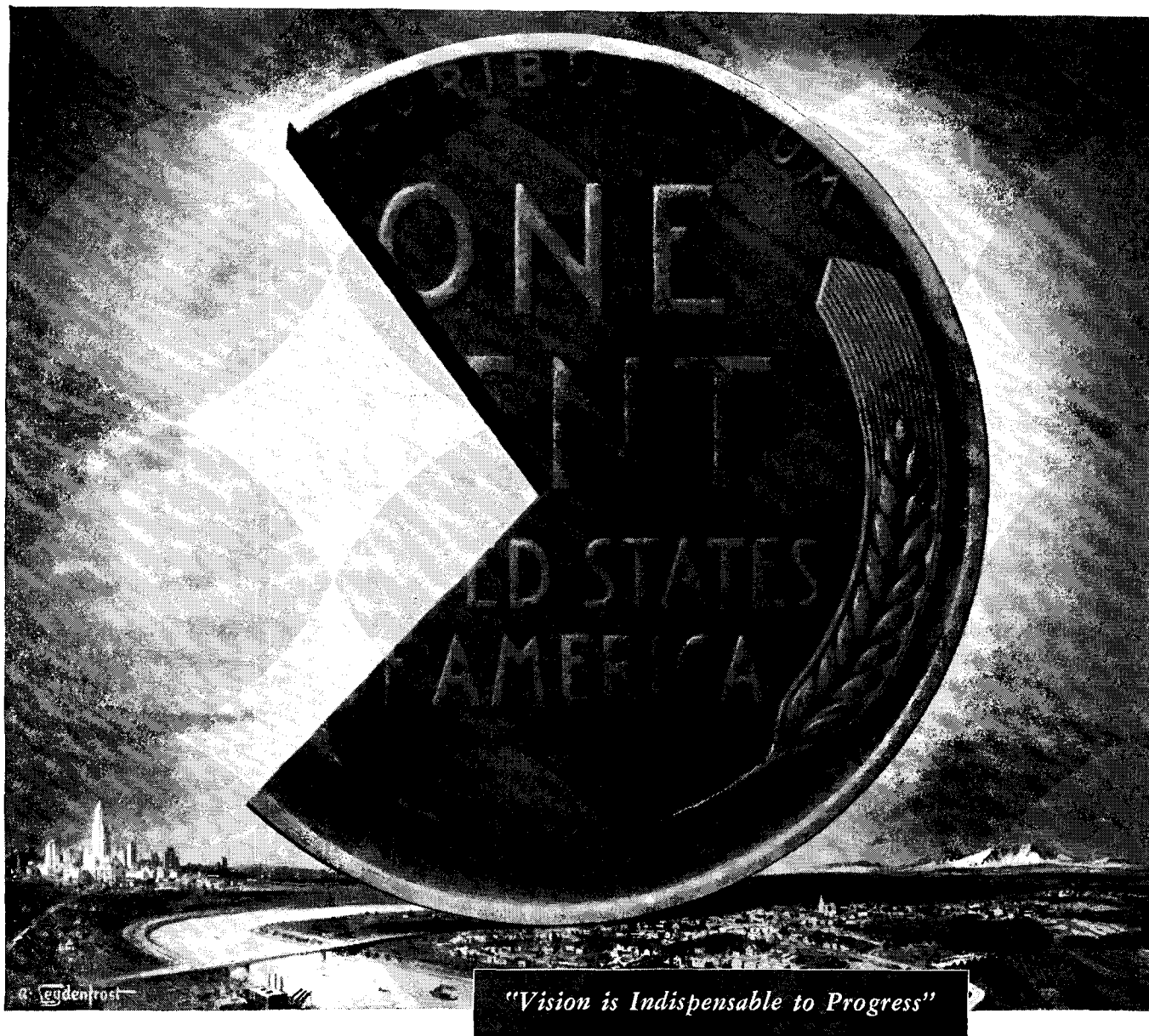
How those challenges will be met will vary according to the nature of the subject and the level of instruction. But that they can be met has already been demonstrated by a few pioneering books. Brinton, Christopher, and Wolff's *History of Civilization*, Samuelson's *Economics*, and Freilich, Berman, and Johnson's *Algebra* are random examples.

As far as the writers are concerned, one change in attitude is essential. The composition of a text ought to call for the same seriousness of purpose as the composition of any other book. No scholar would send to the press the manuscript of a monograph or a trade book unless he felt that he had something original to say, unless he had defined his subject and mastered its material. It is not too much to expect that the same standards be applied to the textbook.

The teacher must reconsider his own use of textbooks in the classroom situation. His teaching cannot remain alive so long as it is linked to the deadening study of the traditional text. It does not further the understanding of his students to bring in each morning an inert mass of memorized facts. The textbook can perform functions through the printed page that he himself cannot through lecture, discussion, or demonstration. But those functions need definition in his own mind and in the minds of his pupils.

Parents, too, have a stake in the matter. In the past, public interest in textbooks has generally been unfortunate in its consequences. Too often it was sparked by irresponsible vigilantes determined to stamp out differences of opinion.

But the effects of a well-informed public interest can be constructive. Let a few parents try to read the books their children study. That may begin to dissolve the inertia that has kept those books what they are.



How "magic pennies" helped change ice boxes to refrigerators, carriages to cars

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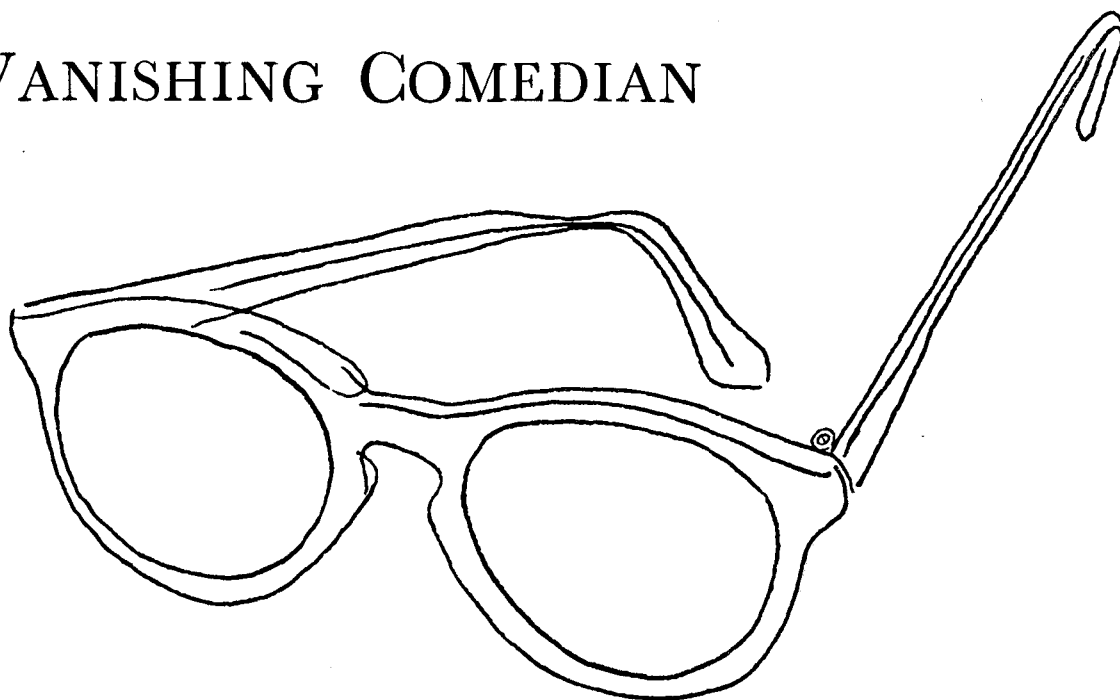
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THE VANISHING COMEDIAN



BY STEVE ALLEN

One of the most durable entertainers in TV comedy, STEVE ALLEN speaks with authority when he assesses supply and demand in a field all too precarious for those who enter it. Are today's comedians a healthy continuation of the breed, or are they the last of their species?

THE future of American comedy as contemplated from this winter of 1957 would seem to be at best unpredictable; in all the performing media (television, radio, motion pictures, the theater, and night clubs) there appears little cause for optimism. Part of the trouble seems socio-philosophical; the apparent imminence of disaster may be robbing us, to some extent, of our sense of humor. Outright disaster, an open declaration of war between nations, between ideologies, between heaven and earth — anything — would release us, and we would laugh riotously again, as man always does in wartime. But currently the low common denominator of popular taste is swinging away from the humorist and comedian and toward the lean avenger out of the West and the man with dollars falling out of his hands. The comedians who continue to function despite the trend are subject to increasingly heavy attacks from critics, audiences, rating services, and from the vaguely defined spirit of the times.

Examining the media one by one we note first that Broadway's golden age of comedy is past, despite the appearance of an occasional *Solid Gold Cadillac*. The representative comedy of the mid-fifties, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, is patently inferior to *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

Furthermore, even if many first-class comedies were being written for the stage, producers would

be unable to hire good enough funnymen to perform in them; the Bert Lahr and Bobby Clark are past their prime, and their tribe does not appear to be on the increase. The producer who constructs a musical-comedy revue finds that while singers and dancers are a dime a dozen and as capable as ever, comedians are practically nonexistent. The Eddie Maychoffs, Tom Ewells, and Cyril Ritchards, seemingly exceptions that substantiate the rule, are more comedy actors than true comedians.

Twenty-five years ago a producer could almost stand on the corner of, say, 44th and Broadway and wait for the comics to stroll by. Vaudeville brought forth literally hundreds of performers amusing to one degree or another; the best of these were skimmed off by Broadway. Customarily if they succeeded in the legitimate theater they were then hustled off to Hollywood or to the nearest radio studio. The process was so inexorable that when vaudeville disappeared, the legitimate theater was left without a source of supply. And now, belatedly, Hollywood, which was accustomed to draw its comedians from Broadway and radio, finds both these wells dried up, so that its present situation is truly dreary.

The hearty halcyon days of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Laurel and Hardy, Joe E. Brown, Fatty Arbuckle, Charley Chase, W. C. Fields,

Harry Langdon, Edgar Kennedy, Jack Oakie, the Marx Brothers, Mack Sennett's assorted clowns, are clearly not about to be duplicated. The only Class A comedians who are still regularly turning out comedies in Hollywood are Red Skelton, Jerry Lewis, and Bob Hope, and even their vehicles are not so glamorously funny as they were ten years ago, although all three continue to satisfy on television. Abbott and Costello might have been ranked among the picture giants had they started twenty years earlier, but the combination of their precise abilities and the downward curve of Hollywood fortunes resulted in their eventually turning out a series of Sears Roebuck comedies for the small-town, third-run, Saturday-morning mentality.

Even what the radio-TV trade calls "situation" comedy has almost vanished from the screen, speaking relatively. The William Powells, Cary Grants, Henry Fondas, Jimmy Stewarts, and Fred MacMurrays, actors who were thoroughly masculine and possessed of both *savoir-faire* and a strong comedy sense, are disappearing and being replaced by a breed of young men with monosyllabic given names, collegiate personalities, and friendly schoolboy grins. These newcomers are pleasant chaps, to be sure, and in some cases talented, but they do not amuse — they cannot play comedy. Jack Lemmon and Tony Randall are the only exceptions that come to mind. The alternative breed of young leading men are the surly rebels (Marlon Brando, James Dean, Paul Newman, Anthony Franciosa, Ben Gazzara), able beyond question but hardly qualified to step into William Powell's shoes.

The feminine side of the picture registers symmetrically. The Carole Lombards, Katharine Hepburns, Myrna Loys, Irene Dunnes, and Jean Arthurs are gone, and the Pennys, Pipers, and Debbies, though adorable, have not the stature, authority, and individuality that mature comedy demands.

THE night club, it is true, retains some vigor as a breeding and training ground for comedians, but even here there is little prospect for ultimate optimism. The top comedy attractions in the clubs (with the exception of Joe E. Lewis, the old master who was made for clubs and is never at ease in any other medium) are people like Jimmy Durante, Milton Berle, Danny Thomas, or Jerry Lewis, who are now more associated in the common mind with television and who play the opulent saloons only for fast easy money. After these come club veterans, such as Henny Youngman, Morey Amsterdam, Red Buttons, Buddy Lester, Jerry Lester, Larry Storch, Jack

Carter, and Gene Baylos. Then there are a few very amusing younger men who seem to some extent unsuited to television except on a guest-appearance basis, Alan King, Joey Bishop, Mort Sahl, and Joey Carter coming to mind on this level. Though successful and rewarding in a club, it is doubtful that they are destined to be the Bob Hopes and Jack Bennys of the next decade.

The trouble with the freshman class of club comics, it should be made clear, is not that it isn't funny enough; indeed some of the fledglings, Don Adams being an excellent example, are wildly amusing when working with their basic monologues. The difficulty lies in the fact that in most instances they choose to stick solely to their meager hoard of routines rather than run the risk of trying something new and failing with it.

And the fault (for clearly there *is* something wrong) is not theirs. They are helpless victims of a predicament in which the profession presently finds itself; namely, that there is practically no opportunity for the new funnyman to polish his art in the wide amphitheater of experience. The comedy giants of old labored many years to perfect themselves and their routines. Today's young comic, as soon as his basic talent manifests itself, is rushed to the front lines before he is ready, because, maddeningly enough, there is no place for him to *get* ready.

While the minor-league pickings are beginning to look thin, how goes it in the majors? Well, last year bookshops stocked a volume I wrote about television comedians Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Milton Berle, Red Buttons, Sid Caesar, Eddie Cantor, Wally Cox, Jackie Gleason, George Gobel, Bob Hope, Sam Levenson, Jerry Lewis, Groucho Marx, Phil Silvers, and Red Skelton. Of that group Fred Allen has died; Red Buttons is no longer working in the medium except for an occasional guest shot; Milton Berle is taking an extended TV vacation; Wally Cox left the medium, made a brief comeback with the Hiram Holiday series, and then called it quits a second time; Eddie Cantor has retired; Jackie Gleason seems to have given up TV; George Gobel is reduced to sharing a weekly program with a singer; Sid Caesar, comedy's ironman and most creative genius, has fallen victim to the rating nonsense (although ABC has recently decided to give him a reprieve); Bob Hope is doing only a few shows a year; and Jerry Lewis and Sam Levenson are rarely seen. Only Groucho, Benny, Silvers, and Skelton are sailing smoothly along on their regular schedule, and of these only Red is doing a traditional weekly comedy show.

Besides this group, Herb Shriner and Buddy Hackett have also had poor luck during the past year, and Jonathan Winters was hardly given a

fair showcasing with his small-budget quarter-hour format. Too, the TV fates of Martha Raye, Imogene Coca, Nanette Fabray, and Ernie Kovacs come inevitably to mind in this connection.

As background to this dreary litany it should be borne in mind that within ten years, time will remove a number of popular comedians from the active scene. Jack Benny is reportedly sixty-two years old. There seems little likelihood that he will choose to be working at seventy-two. Nor will Groucho Marx, Jimmy Durante, or Burns and Allen want to continue performing into the next decade. Inevitably, too, a number of the comedians in their forties (the Hope, Skelton, Berle, Gleason group) will decide to go into partial or complete retirement for one reason or another. Two other top-line funnymen, Danny Kaye and Victor Borge, have evidenced little interest in television, Danny so far having ignored the medium altogether and Victor, who tried the one-a-week route and didn't like it, preferring to appear in concerthouses.

A great problem facing today's clowns, of course, is not so much the physical wear and tear, the search for fresh material, or the rating competition business, formidable as these obstacles are; it is the matter of public satiety.

The world has known no other time when the mass mind was so completely humor-washed. Traditionally comedy has been something of a rare treat, an aesthetic delicacy, and even though radio made it a relative commonplace, it remained for television — with its brain-numbing, hypnotic attraction — to offer comedy during almost every hour of the day, every day of the week.

The result has been that the man on the street first of all spends less time than ever on the street and secondly that he has developed an over-awareness of comedy, a lack of respect for its omnipresent practitioners, and a cynically critical attitude toward its performance.

In plain words it has gotten so that every grocery clerk, who would never have dreamed of offering a critical appraisal of a Charlie Chaplin movie or a Jack Benny broadcast of 1938, now feels fully qualified — nay, in duty bound — to express himself in vituperative detail as to the merits of last night's Bob Hope show. In this regard he has, of course, been led by his published representatives, the television critics.

It is certainly no accident that Al Morgan's "The Great Man" and Budd Schulberg's "The Arkansas Traveler" (retitled "A Face in the Crowd") should be brought to the movie screen in the same season that "The Comedian" and "Tale of a Comet" were presented on television. All four stories are, speaking broadly, about the same man: a television funnyman who makes

his audiences laugh but his associates whimper. At least three other similar properties are currently being submitted to Broadway producers, and the New York *Herald Tribune* recently ran a series purporting to show, albeit with questionable finesse, that a number of popular clowns have not only the traditional feet of clay but also hearts of stone. It would seem that comedy has come to be no laughing matter.

THE question again presents itself: Is there a general and complete breakdown in the funny-business?

The word *comedy* suggests the idea of performance, of playing, while the word *humor* suggests creative thinking and the written word. But even in the field of pure literary humor it would appear that the future is cheerless. Today's humor anthologies contain chiefly the works of old or deceased men. Once there were the big three: Benchley, Thurber, and Perelman. Now Benchley is gone and while Thurber is still producing, his recent works have evidenced a great delicacy, charm, and warmth but hardly the robust side-splitting power of his "The Night the Bed Fell Down" or *The Male Animal* period. Perelman is practically alone when it comes to turning out essays that are universally admitted to be funny.

As Dorothy Parker says: "There are quantities of those who, no doubt, if filling out a questionnaire, put 'Occupation, Humorist' but their pieces are thin and tidy and timid. They find a little formula and milk it until it moos with pain. They stay with the good old comic symbols so that you won't be upset — the tyrannical offspring, the illiterate business associate, the whooping, devil-may-care old spinster. . . . S. J. Perelman stands alone in this day of humorists."

The writers of television humor, too, are beginning to look ahead with a weary eye.

"Grinding out TV shows week after week is a craft unto itself," says Nat Hiken, author for Phil Silvers, Milton Berle, Martha Raye, and others. "It requires tremendous writing experience and that's why most of the shows are written by the fellows who survived radio. . . . The future looks bleak because no provisions are being made to teach young writers the craft."

Is there a bright side to the picture? Can the television networks do anything to train new comedians?

One solution, although it can only work for a limited number of comics, is to take refuge in a story-line comedy-dramatic series. Danny Thomas, who failed in a stand-up joke and sketch format, has enjoyed great success with his "Make Room

for Daddy" package. This proved also to be the solution for Phil Silvers, Burns and Allen, and Lucille Ball. But one need not even be a comedian to do a funny and successful situation-comedy series. Witness the popularity of such programs as those starring Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, Robert Young, Bob Cummings, and Spring Byington.

A solution of more general application is to make radio and television themselves a comedy training ground. This may produce comedians *who can do something else*, who can serve an apprenticeship as announcers or singers or actors or masters of ceremonies, gradually adding more comedy to their routine. This method has developed such comedians as Johnny Carson, Garry Moore, Jack Paar, Robert Q. Lewis, Henry Morgan, Ernie Kovacs, and your recalcitrant servant, all of whom came to TV from radio. It has also produced an unusual new breed of half-comedian (Arthur Godfrey, Tennessee Ernie, Bert Parks, Bill Cullen, Hal March, Dave Garroway) related to the first group but differing in that humor is distinctly a sideline and a minor activity.

Those of us in these two groups are the chaps who can amuse if the occasion demands but who have our desks and our pianos and our singing voices and our commercials and our supporting casts and our game gimmicks to relieve us of the obligation to be amusing at all moments.

We also have our loyal fans, to be sure, and there are those who profess to laugh at us more heartily than at Hope or Berle, but in general we have a common fault, I think; it is that we lack something of the individuality of the old-timers. We are "gentlemen," we look more like network vice presidents than clowns, we are fairly well educated, and we have a Brooks Brothers air about us that somehow goes against the grain of a people accustomed to laughing at W. C. Fields, Groucho Marx, Ed Wynn, and Will Rogers.

We are apt to be more admired by the college student than the cab driver, appreciated more by the egghead than the Neanderthal. It isn't a cut and dried relationship, of course; the most sophisticated of us have our following of dear little old ladies from Philadelphia, but one can nevertheless determine the direction of the wind.

There are a few younger comedians who have some of the old-time knockabout individuality and vitality (Jackie Gleason, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett), but it is likely that they represent the last of their species rather than a healthy continuation of the breed.

My reason for feeling about today's physical clowns the way James Fenimore Cooper felt

about the Mohicans is that the social environment that produced the old guard seems to have passed. The old-line comics were generally uneducated (although many of them were men of superior intelligence), calloused by rough-and-tumble experience, made shrewd by poverty, and brought to worldly-wiseness by travel, a wide range of social contact, and adventurous activity. Today's comedian, in the main, is cushioned by the economic, social, medical, and philosophical changes and/or improvements that have taken place in our society during the past quarter of a century. The times make the man, and if the times have changed, the man will change with them.

Fred Allen once predicted that the eventual important comedy star of television would be a fellow who would just sit down in a chair and talk as if he were speaking to you in your home. Fred contrasted this method of approach to the Milton Berle or vaudeville manner, which he deplored. It would seem that his prediction has been validated in the general sense that, while no one star has shone noticeably brighter than his fellows, the sit-down comedian begins to seem, over the long pull, more comfortably suited to television than the stand-up variety. We may be saddened by the fact, but that does not make it any the less a fact.

It would appear that there is a glimmer of hope for the networks in the fact that many of today's successful practitioners of the comic art came from radio rather than vaudeville or night clubs. The solution seems to suggest itself that the industry take its new club humorists and put them to work for a good long training period *in radio*. Currently in radio there is not the crushing pressure to succeed that exists in television. A youngster could experiment, try out new routines, create new characters, learn to relax, and gradually perfect his abilities. Most important of all he could learn the art of addressing an audience in a straightforward manner, without especial intent to amuse. Four or five years spent in this sort of atmosphere would do much to ensure the success of the comic entering television.

This system of comedy reforestation could have the much to be desired effect of developing a new group of "old-fashioned," stand-up comedians (of the Hope, Skelton, Gleason genre) — the very type, in other words, who are in danger of suffering most by being brought forward prematurely. Newcomers of this group could be given the hot-house protection their very scarcity demands. If the networks do not employ this plan or something similar to it, we must be prepared to admit that Fred Allen was wise in identifying television as a comedian's treadmill to oblivion.



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How to see a Briton's Britain

(Go in the gay, uncrowded months)



MARCH. Even stockbrokers write odes to the British Spring. Many hotels reduce rates (but never *service*). Roads are uncrowded. And the weather is perfect for touring. Note daffodils.



APRIL. Shakespeare sings about "the uncertain glory of an April day." Honest fellow. Of course we have showers. Who cares? Your rewards are a washen breeze and a trillion flowers.



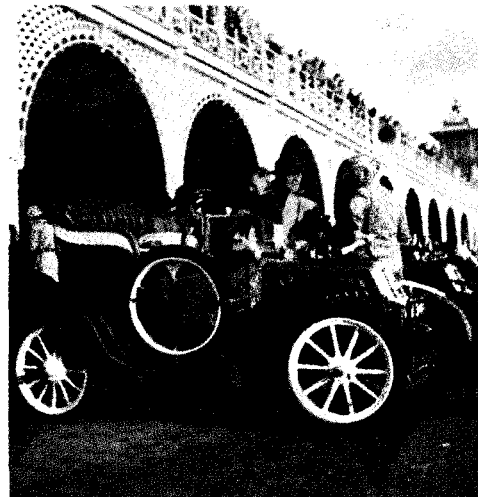
MAY. This is when cricket starts. "Don't ask me to explain cricket," says Danny Kaye, "I've seen it and I *know* it isn't true." Best place to watch it is on the village green. Pint of beer in hand.



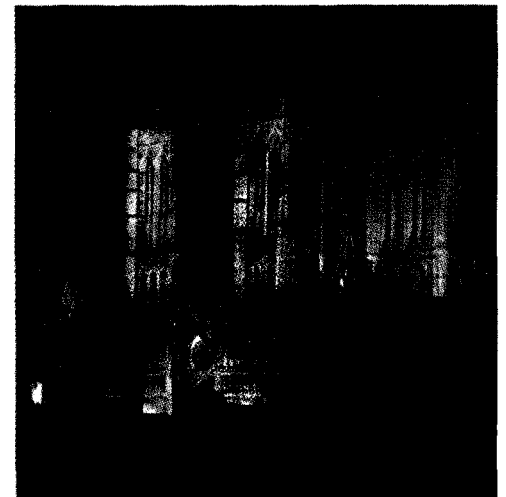
SEPTEMBER. The Highlands are purple with heather. The Scots are having their fling. They toss cabers. Throw hammers. And dance. Take a Scottish tip. You can save money in the Fall!



OCTOBER. This is Audley End—near London. The house was built before the Mayflower sailed. America's roots grow deep in Britain. Visit Sulgrave Manor—Washington's family home.



NOVEMBER. Ever see that hilarious movie—"Genevieve"? The plot was all about the London-to-Brighton Veteran Car Run. Go in *early* November and you can catch the Lord Mayor's Show, too.



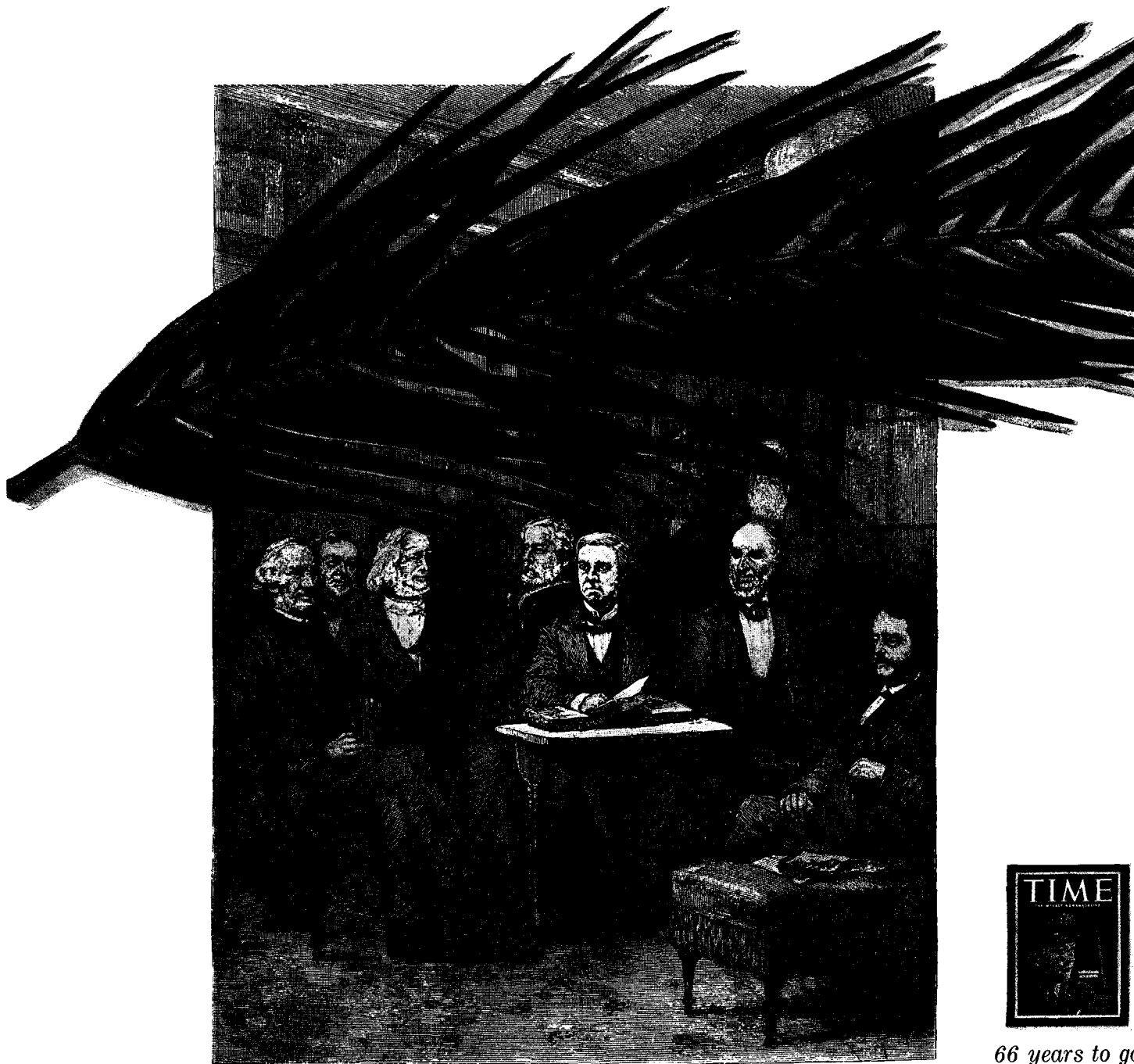
DECEMBER. Christmas is in the air. Listen to carols in the calm of a cathedral. Share the inn fires and the roast goose. No place is friendlier than Britain at Christmas. Look what it did to Scrooge.

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we congratulate The Atlantic on its first hundred,
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to its comments and reports on the times to come.

Heading into our first century...



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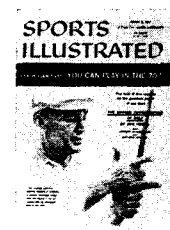
75 years to go



79 years to go



93 years to go



97 years to go

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Into a pre-warmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet or a coffee cup, put jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Fill to within ½ inch of top with *strong* black coffee. Instant coffee may be used if desired. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Top to brim with *chilled* whipped cream, so that cream floats on top. Do not stir after adding cream. The true delight of Irish Coffee is obtained by drinking it *through* the cream.

P. S. A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.

BOOKS

GUNPOWDER OF THE MIND

BY DAVID RIESMAN

Teacher, social scientist, and author, DAVID RIESMAN is a graduate of Harvard College and of the Harvard Law School who in mid-career turned away from the practice of law to join the faculty of the University of Chicago. His interest in a research project on mass communications led to the publication in 1950 of THE LONELY CROWD and in 1952 of a subsequent volume, FACES IN THE CROWD. The paper which follows is an adaptation of the Founders Day address which he delivered at Antioch College at the dedication of the Olive Ketterling Library.

INVENTIONS are as much the mother of necessity as the reverse, and the Western world as we know it now is inconceivable without print — just as World War II could hardly have been fought without the telephone and the IBM machine. This is one reason why it is hard for the print-raised generations to contemplate the decline of reading relative to the rise of other media, for each medium of communication not only brings in its wake an elite attuned to its potentialities but alters the forms of perception, the bonds of sympathy, and the channels of conflict that hold a society together.

I should like to present here certain suggestions, highly tentative and exploratory, concerning three questions: first, what are the differences between cultures which depend entirely on the spoken word and those which depend on print; second, what will be the significance of the written word now that newer mass media, less demanding psychologically and yet perhaps more potent politically, have developed; third, what is likely to happen in those countries where the tradition of books is not fully established and where the new media are already having a decisive impact.

In Ruth Underhill's transcript of the autobiography of a Papago Indian woman are some passages which convey a sense of the impact of the spoken word in a culture where no other modes of communication compete with it. One passage goes as follows:

The men from all the villages met at Basket Cap Mountain, and there my father made them speeches, sitting with his arms folded and talking low as all great men do. Then they sang war songs. . . . Many, many songs they sang but I, a woman, cannot tell you all. I know that they made the enemy blind and dizzy with their singing and that they told the gopher to gnaw their arrows. And I know that they called on our dead warriors who have turned into owls and live in the Apache country to come and tell them where the enemy were.

In the many passages of this sort that one can find in ethnographic accounts, we become aware of the immense emotional force that can be harnessed by the spoken word in such a group — so powerful here that at least in fancy it can shatter the morale of a distant enemy. Implicit here is the fact that a society dependent on oral traditions and oral communications is, by our standard, a slow-

paced one: there is time enough, for grownups as well as children, to roll back the carpet of memories; nobody has to miss the ceremonies in order to catch the 8:05 the next morning from Scarsdale — or to run the train itself. To be sure, the teenage girls today who learn by heart the lyrics of popular songs do seem to have time enough on their hands to memorize verses, but even they must learn a new repertory every year and will surely not, as parents, sing these songs of their dating years to their own children.

What I have said needs to be qualified in several respects familiar to those of you who have done group singing informally. I do have the impression, strengthened by assiduous reading of juke-box labels, that there is a kind of sediment of tunes and ballads — “Stormy Weather,” for example — which binds at least the jazz generations into an occasional songfest, more or less barber-shop-quartet style. Then there are the folk songs and madrigals sung by the college-educated, such as the highbrow variants of “Boola Boola” and “10,000 Men of Harvard.” But for none of these songs is it terribly important to know the right words — the lyrics are not altogether meaningless even, I suppose, in the so-called “nonsense” songs, but neither do they encapsulate the history of the tribe or the patterns of heroic behavior.

What I am getting at is that the spoken or sung word is particularly impressive when it monopolizes the symbolic environment; but once books have entered that environment the social organization can never be the same again. Books bring with them detachment and a critical attitude that is not possible in a society dependent on the spoken word. We can occasionally have second thoughts about a speech, but we cannot hear it, as we can read a book, backwards as well as forwards — that is, the writer can be checked up on in a way that the speaker cannot be.

People tend to remember best the things they have felt most deeply. The memorable words in a culture wholly dependent on the spoken word will often be those most charged with group feeling; and we would expect communication to keep alive in an individual the childhood sense of dependence, childhood’s terrors and elations, and something of its awe for the old.

THE shift to a literate culture, historically decisive as it is, does not of course occur all at once; only a tiny minority could read prior to the age of print, and the reading of manuscripts altered styles of communication rather less than one might today think. For one thing, manuscripts, having to be slowly deciphered, promoted memorization,

which in turn promoted arguments by quotation and commentary. Manuscripts were often read aloud and, with their beautiful illuminations, were regarded not simply as rationalistic vehicles of knowledge but also as shared artifacts. By exteriorizing, by making palpable, the processes of thinking and discussion, they promoted individuation only partially, while also promoting adherence to tradition.

The book, like an invisible monitor, helps liberate the reader from his group and its emotions and allows the contemplation of alternative responses and the trying on of new emotions. Max Weber has stressed the importance of the merchant’s account book in rationalizing the merchant and his commerce; and other historians have made familiar the role of the printed Bible in encouraging dissident sects to challenge the authority of the Roman Church — indeed, to challenge the given forms of social life itself. At the same time, while the printed book helped people to break away from their family circle and parish, it helped link them into noncontiguous associations of true believers.

Arthur E. Morgan, speaking in *Search for Purpose* of his childhood among small-town folk of limited horizons, remarks, “This library [in the town] was like foster parents to me.” Thomas and Znaniecki describe an analogous process in their book on *The Polish Peasant in Europe and America*; the Polish peasant who learned to read and write became identified with the urban world of progress and enlightenment, of ideology and utopia, even while physically still in the peasant world. This identification had many of the elements of a conversion, print itself and the world it opened up being a kind of gospel. Today, in this country of near-universal literacy, we have forgotten the enthusiasm for print which can burst on people newly literate: the “each one teach one” movements of Mexico, the Philippines, and elsewhere; the voracity for books in the Soviet Union and other recently industrialized lands.

Among the highly educated, and in the countries of long-established literacy, there is little comparable enthusiasm. We have become less excited about books as such, or even about “good books,” and instead are more discriminating in terms of fields, of tastes, of literary fashions. Our world, as we know all too well, is full of many other things which compete with books, so that some of that minority who were avid readers as children, shutting out parents and peers with faces (as the latter would charge) buried in a book, are now buried as adults in activities that exclude books or push them to the periphery of attention.

In any case, our experience in recent years with mass literacy and mass communications has gen-

erally been disillusioning — much as with universal suffrage. Thus, we no longer believe, as numerous thoughtful people did in the 1920s, that radio offers a second chance for stimulating adult education and civic literacy. Likewise, despite a few shining hours, few observers today regard educational TV as anything like an adequate counterweight to the endlessly smiling, relaxed informalities and (for many in the audience) lack of challenge of low-pressure uneducational TV. Paradoxically, however, the coming of TV has given new possibilities back to the radio in the bedroom, for the TV audience is now the mass audience, and the radio can appeal to the wish for privacy, and to specialized tastes and minority audiences. With rare exceptions, it is now the massness of the mass media, rather than their mediating and individuating power, which frightens and depresses many educated people — so much so that we frequently lose faith in enlightenment itself as a goal, let alone in the three easy lessons with which our predecessors sought to reach it. Sometimes, in fact, despair goes to such lengths that the writers of bombast on behalf of books, as if in answer to the spreaders of bombast on behalf of TV, are apt to urge that if only people would read books once more, long and serious books that require close attention, the evils of the modern world would be undone and we would be saved.

THE fact is, however, that books, whatever their liberating power in society as a whole, can be used, of course, in nonliberating ways. For instance, a child can be forced into slavery to print through the fanaticism of parents or pedagogues. Indeed, we tend to consider the education of John Stuart Mill by his high-pressure father, in which he learned to read at three and studied the classics before he was ten, as monstrous as it is amazing. We think the French and the Orthodox Jews are cruel to make small children mind their lessons with no time out for sports, let alone for cultivating the “whole child.”

But few are the American homes today, or the schools and colleges (even those run by Catholic orders), where these patterns still prevail; on the contrary, both home and school seek to come to terms with life at its most unbookish (just as many books for children — and TV shows, too — are not in search of fantasy but in search of documentary detail).

While the classics are having a small revival at a few colleges and schools, the more general situation is that Americans, with increasing world power, will insist that everyone learn to speak American while not compelling our children to

learn any other language — and in many schools not even our own in any full measure. Yet languages, like systems of musical notation, must be carried in the bones and bodies of the living if the accomplishments and experiences of the dead are not to be lost to us. It may be that some residual feeling of this sort — some fear that children may be growing up as barbarians and away from us of the older generations — may be one element behind the ominous success of Rudolf Flesch's demagogic best seller, *Why Johnny Can't Read*, a book that would lose the exaggerated edge of its power if its readers could read, or were not too frightened to keep their wits about them. Flesch and his followers never ask the crucial question I am asking here: namely, what distribution of not only reading skills but reading enthusiasms, for what systems of notation (including music, languages, and mathematics), is desirable if we are not only to pass on the heritage — the world's library of art and imagination — but also to contribute to it? They take it for granted that Johnny should read just because John Alden or John Adams did read; in the case of most of the reactionary critics of our public schools who are riding so high today, such terms as “heritage” are merely snob tags, status labels, which they can use to pull rank on schoolteachers, educationists, psychological counselors, and other relatively defenseless people. I suspect that many such critics would like to restore drill and to make reading more of a chore than it needs to be as a sublimated form of hazing the young, though some chore and bore elements will certainly be part of any educational program which aims to reach all who can possibly be reached by books or by any other media which connect people with a noncontiguous world, the world of yesterday and tomorrow as well as of the here and now.

Certainly, in an era of abundance we can afford to read books for pleasure, and it may on the whole be a good thing that a boy in school or a soldier in camp can unself-consciously pull out a pocketbook without feeling that there is anything esoteric or status-labeled in the act. Even so, casual pleasures in our society, hard as they often are to come by, will not suffice to absorb young people's energies and aspirations. On the contrary, young people need at some time in their lives to extend themselves, to work at the height of their as yet untapped powers (indeed, lacking better ways, some seek to do this in forms the society defines as delinquency). Since the world's work no longer offers this opportunity for exertion for most nonfarm Americans, we may think it fortunate — though in some respects arbitrary — that the world's storehouse of culture unflinchingly does. While we can perhaps imagine a post-

literate culture in which people are challenged primarily by other media than print and musical scores, and no doubt we have already a culture in which even in the most bookish strata many media coöperate, yet at the moment I think it is not just prejudice and snobbery which lead us to rely heavily on books as our traditional badge of enlightenment and on libraries as the great storehouse of our culture.

These problems I have been discussing — and I cannot emphasize too strongly the tentativeness of what I have said — would be less important and less apparently insoluble if the book, and other printed matter, stood at the end of the road of social development, as was true from the fifteenth century to the end of the nineteenth. The rule of black print on white paper may be said to mark the epoch of the rise and increasing influence of the middle class, the class of clerks and bookkeepers, merchants and engineers, instruction-givers and instruction-readers, the class of the time-attentive, the future-oriented, the mobile. Reading and education were the highroads this class made use of to rise in the world and to move about in it during the great periods of colonization.

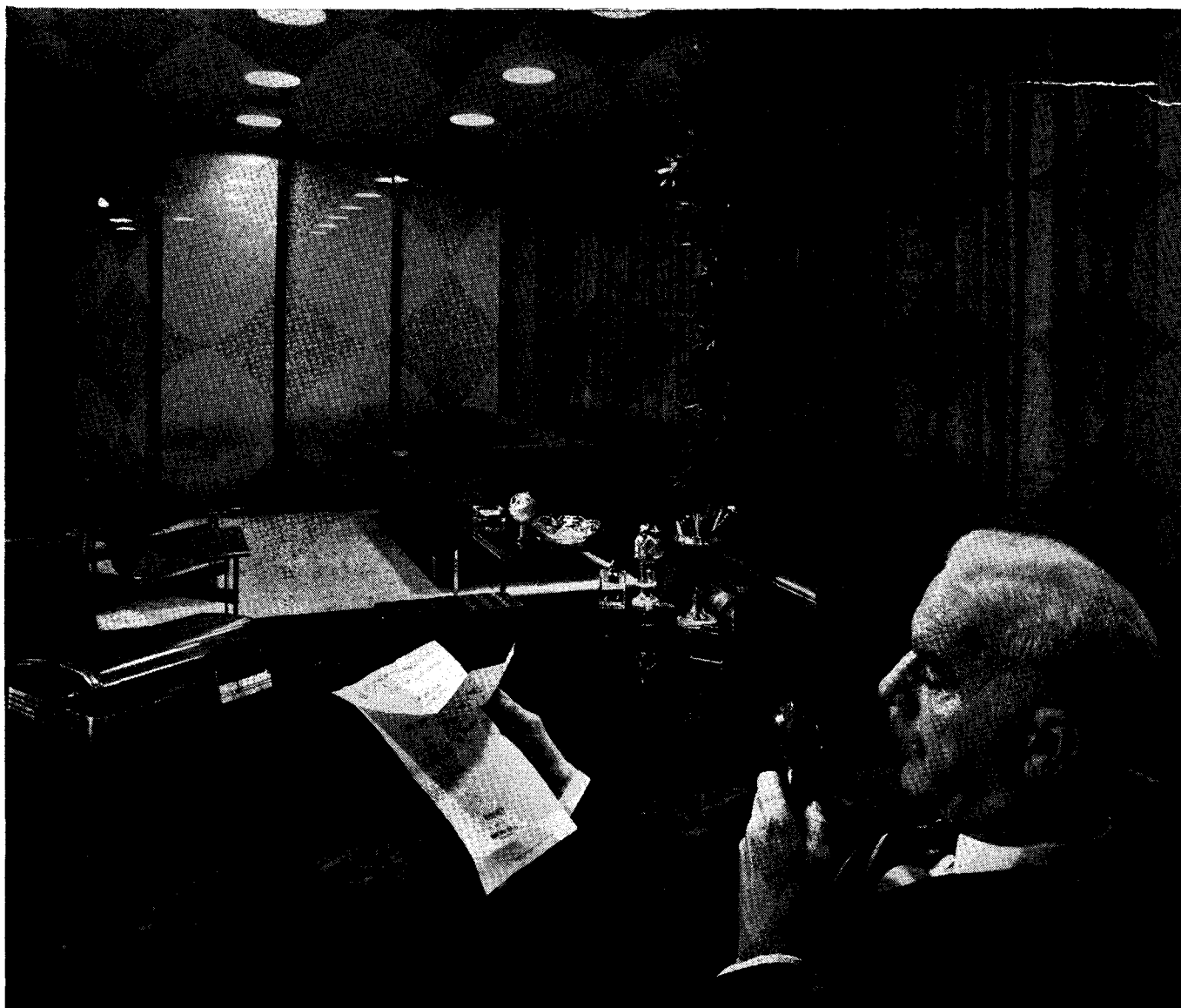
Even the novel, denounced as frivolous and sensuous by the Puritans, had an important function in the changing society. I think not so much of its use as a device for reform and civic adult education, like *Oliver Twist* or *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as of its less obvious use as a device by which people might prepare themselves for novel contacts and novel life-situations, a form of what psychologists term "anticipatory socialization" — that is, a preparation in imagination for playing roles that might emerge in one's later career. In fact, the very conception of life implicit in the notion of a career is facilitated by the dramatic structure of the novel, especially the *Bildungsroman*, with its protagonist, its interest in motive, its demand on the reader that he project himself into the experiences portrayed.

THE rise of the newer media of communication has coincided with a certain loss of power by the older, print-oriented middle class. Yellow journalism, coming on top of universal suffrage, did begin to shake that hegemony. Indeed, the very term "yellow journalism" is significant as marking a change from the monotone of black on white (just as the fact that only 10 per cent of the cars turned out this year are black and all the rest are technicolor says a good deal about our loss of Puritan inhibitions). The comic book, also, is part of this same revolution. And of course the movies and broadcasting, while not displacing the

book, shake its monopoly and with it the monopoly of the middle class.

But the consequences of these shifts in the focus of attention and in the emotional impact of the media differ very much depending on whether one speaks of a country where print has long been institutionalized or of a country which had previously been largely illiterate. In the former, the shifts of power tend to be subtle and unclimactic. Thus, it is not a major revolution in America that TV has made pre-adolescent children even more hep than they were before, more apt to be one up on their parents even about politics, more ready psychologically to empathize with other conditions of man than their own. But in the less industrially advanced countries the shift can be explosive. A study (done by Daniel Lerner at Columbia University) of foreign radio listeners in seven Middle East countries is illuminating. In many villages such people as the grocer who has a radio, or the young bus driver who has seen movies in the capital and can bring news of the great world, are displacing the village elders in positions of leadership. To rise in such a way, these upstarts do not need to acquire the stern discipline typical for the print-oriented person; rather, they need the same equipment American children have who go about in Davy Crockett suits — a willingness, often quite passive and unstrenuous, to let fancy roam at the dictates of the mass media. The political parties of the Middle East are now beginning to make use of this willingness, and as we all know, programs can be fanatically pursued which promise to supply Cadillacs and cinemas to peasants who are told they can have these things without working, just as Americans do, if only they will vote and believe. Thus, in the illiterate masses there tends to be created a new kind of literacy, an often terrifying emotional and political fluency, with all the emancipations of print and hardly any of its restrictions and disciplines.

The movies, of course, are a boundary-annihilating form, easily transmissible past linguistic and cultural barriers (as well as barriers of literacy). They may also be, as Arnold Hauser suggests in *The Social History of Art*, a democratizing form because of their mobility, the absence of traditional stage conventions and proprieties. Art historians have recently noted that when Renaissance painters shifted the Virgin Mary from front-face to profile it marked a decline of Catholic religiosity and a less devout approach to the Trinity. The camera can be even more impudent, and can put aesthetic laws to use in all kinds of ways, leading the audience, as Hauser says, to the events, rather than leading and presenting the events to them, with the voyeuristic intimacy which we can see in such a film as Hitchcock's



Photographed at Herbert Charles & Co., Inc.

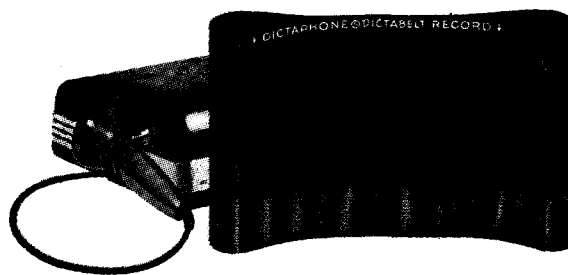
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Rear Window. A movie can tell its story as though we are telling it to ourselves, or as though we are actually dreaming it; it can force us to identify with its chosen moods and people. The camera, by moving around, subtly invites us to embrace one character and exclude another; to look up and feel awe of a hero or fear of a villain; to look down and feel contempt or pity. A sidelong glance of the camera alerts us for trouble; a right-to-left pan, reversing the righthandedness Hermann Weill discusses in his book on symmetry, invests people and places with a spooky feeling. I need not labor the catalogue of the director's powers, aided as they are by the near-hypnotic effect of the concentrated brightness of the screen while other sights and sounds are at a low ebb. The movie is the novel in motion; it is potentially the least rationalistic, the most subjectivized medium. And like the broadcast, the rally, or the fireside council of the tribal chief, it demands attention now, this minute, in this time and at that place; unlike a book, it cannot wait for your mood.

Where the movies and the book are both in circulation, the written word and the screen image compete in making our sensibility mobile and empathic, though for many of us even now the movies have pretty well replaced the novel as the powerful medium for anticipatory socialization. Conceivably, when every man has his own movie camera and home projector, and his own movie library as we now have our record collections, he will become more critical and less vulnerable — this being the usual effect of do-it-yourself. Likewise, study of the movies, as it is encouraged by some of the documentary film societies, can help put movie-goers in the director's place, permitting them to be more critical of him.

But all this betokens a society like ours in which radio and film are cumulative media for the better-educated strata — a society in which a certain uneasy balance of powers exists among the media, a society in which the librarians have been vigilant of freedom, while the movie magnates have generally failed to fight down their fears of the Legion of Decency and the other censoring groups who to some degree have tempted the films in the direction of sadism in exchange for the often circumvented pieties surrounding sex. In the Middle East, where the movies and radio arrived ahead of the book, there is no such balance — though I suppose Turkey comes paradoxically closest, where Kemal Ataturk detached the young from even the literate old by imposing the Roman script; here the print-oriented are not simply the students of the Koran but are up-to-date and Westernized.

Oral communication keeps people together, binds people to each other, while print in our

day loosens these bonds, creates space around people, even isolates them in some ways. People who would simply have been deviants in a preliterate tribe, misunderstanding and misunderstood, can through books establish a wider identity — can understand and even undermine the enemies of home and hearth and herd. While the geographic migrations of preliterate peoples have something in common with the incomprehending movement of flocks of deer, the readers of the Age of Discovery were prepared mentally for some of the experiences of their geographic mobility — they had at any rate left home in imagination even if they had not roamed as far or among as strange people as they were actually to meet. The bookish education of these inner-directed men helped harden them for voyages; they wanted to convert the heathen, civilize them, trade with them. If anyone changed in the encounter, it would be the heathen, while they, as they moved about the globe or up the social ladder, remained very much the same men. The epitome of this was the Englishman in the tropics who, all alone, dressed for dinner with home-guard ceremonial, toasted the Queen, and, six months later, read with a proper sense of outrage the leader in the *London Times*. His ties with the world of print helped steady him in his course far from home.

TODAY, the successors of these men are men molded as much by the mass media outside their formal education as by their schooling; men who are more public-relations-minded than ambitious; men softened for encounters rather than hardened for voyages. If they move about the globe it is often to win the love of the natives or to try to understand their mores, rather than to exploit them for gain or the glory of God. Meanwhile, as we have seen, the natives (as they used to be called) are themselves in many cases on the move, and the sharp differences between societies dependent on the oral tradition and those dependent on print are tending to be less important with the coming of radio and film. Often the decisive difference is among the peasants themselves within a country now moving out of the stage of oral tradition — the difference between those who listen to the radio and go to movies and those who shut these things out as the voice of the Devil or as simply irrelevant for them. In the Middle East studies it was found that those peasants who listened to Radio Moscow or the BBC or the VOA already had, or perhaps acquired, a different sensibility from those who did not.

It is too soon, however, to say whether the epoch of print will be utterly elided in the underde-

hello
moon people → 



Communication in the 21st century?

In the last hundred years, man has devised means of putting his ideas on wax, on wire, on tape—speeding them under water—winging them through the air. Perhaps sending astronomic messages to hardy moon settlers *will* be the next major step. In any case, this is most certainly the age of communication.

Just consider our own business, for example. The very foundation of life insurance rests on our ability to listen to the needs of millions of people—what they do—how they work—what risks they take—what illnesses trouble them—how long they live. And what we hear, in turn, enables us to offer hopeful answers

in many ways to a host of problems.

As the years go by, we have found it possible for life insurance to provide a constantly larger measure of well-being and security. Part of our job and responsibility at John Hancock is to communicate this message to as many people as we can reach.

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MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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veloped countries, just as, with the coming of electrical and atomic energy, they may skip the stage of coal and water power. Conceivably, the movies and broadcasting will eventually help to awaken a hunger for print, when their own novelty is worn off and when they come to be used as tie-ins with print — as in Lyman Bryson's *Invitation to Learning*. Just as the barbarians of Europe in the Middle Ages pulled themselves up by Greek bootstraps, so the nonindustrial countries can for a long time draw on the storehouse of Western science and technology, including the science of social organization; and there are still enough inner-directed men in our society who are willing to go out and help build the armies of Iran and the factories of Istanbul.

In this connection, it is striking that the Soviet Union, paying at least nominal heed to the scriptures of Marx and Lenin, has created what is in some ways a replica of the Victorian industrial world rather than the modern consumer world. As a result, treatises on Marxism and Hollywood movies may be seen as alternative lures to the pre-industrial nations, with national pride voting for steel plants and Karl Marx, and personal taste for cars, Coca-Cola, and the stereotype of America. To be sure, Communism may seem the quickest way to the consumers' utopia, with its apparent power to mow down all vested interests, including one's own. I should parenthetically add that the appeal to the consumer mentality in the East, the glamour of America's image, is almost never the result of our official propaganda concerning the alleged "American Way of Life," but is rather a by-product of the characteristic American virtuosity in the newer media and the products of American enterprise they bespeak.

It is apparent that the mass media, like other forms of technological innovation, bring about new polarizations in society and between societies. The readers and the nonreaders, the listeners and the nonlisteners, may belong to the same castes, the same economic and social groupings, and yet may slowly diverge as they form different values and tastes and turns of mind. In this way, feudal and other hierarchical forms are upset, with the spread of literacy beyond a small group of clerks; and it is perhaps no accident that self-taught and self-made men like Ben Franklin and Andrew Carnegie should have put such emphasis on libraries: in their day, books were the gunpowder of the mind, the way of nonmilitary glory and social and intellectual mobility.

Today, in contrast, there are many thoughtful Americans who despair of the role of the book as a vehicle either of social enlightenment or of personal mobility. They point to the low percentage

of Americans (compared with Danes or Japanese, Britishers or Germans) who ever read a book when through with school; they point to the rarity of bookstores (even when we include those that sell mainly greeting cards) and to the financial crisis of the libraries (not to speak of the frequent pressure on them to censor their shelves). The newer media seem in tune with the times in a number of ways; they often require less close attention than a book, and they are "social" in two senses: they are usually viewed in company, and they present celebrities or "just folks" in a kind of pseudo intimacy with the viewer — so much so that for TV performers "sincerity" has become the symbol both of what they admire and of what they are cynical about. Discussion, as in this article, of historical developments sometimes engenders a feeling of inevitability, and a cause, such as that of books, is declared lost because not everyone votes for it and because research brings us the latest returns from the world-wide competitive election campaigns of the several media.

Yet one's own pleasure in books does not rest, beyond a certain break-even point, on the numbers who share such pleasures, but rather on the whole quality of life in a culture. What books can do for that quality, in broadening horizons, in encouraging fantasy, in promoting individuation, can in some measure be done by other media — witness the Third Programme in England, the great post-war Italian films, and some television drama in this country. The newer media can be used to promote empathy and vicariousness in terms of emotional depth, and not simply in terms of political nationalism and consumer-goods sophistication. Even so, what the newer media can seldom do is to promote privacy. As I have just remarked, the people on the TV screen are "company" for the viewer, even if they don't seek to make him a pseudo participant along with the rubberneck studio audience. The people in a book are "company" for the reader in a different sense: to "see" them the reader must make an effort, and he must do so — whatever guidance he gets from critics, teachers, and friends — in relative isolation (in a recent cartoon, one person at a cocktail party asks another if he's read a certain book, and the latter answers "not personally"). In a world which threatens us with a surfeit of people, this role of the book becomes again as important as in the preliterate tribes where, also, there was no escape from others; and, as America becomes one vast continental pueblo, the book — whatever its residual trajectory as a revolutionary social force — comes into its own as a guarantor of that occasional apartness which makes togetherness viable.



Looking back...and looking ahead

THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY—like *The Atlantic Monthly*—is about to cut a birthday cake with a hundred candles on it.

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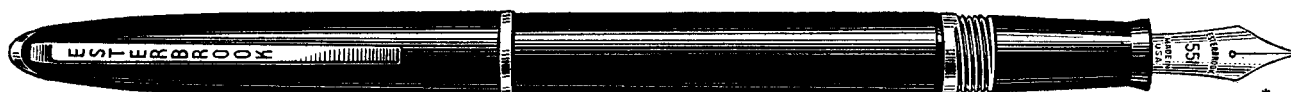
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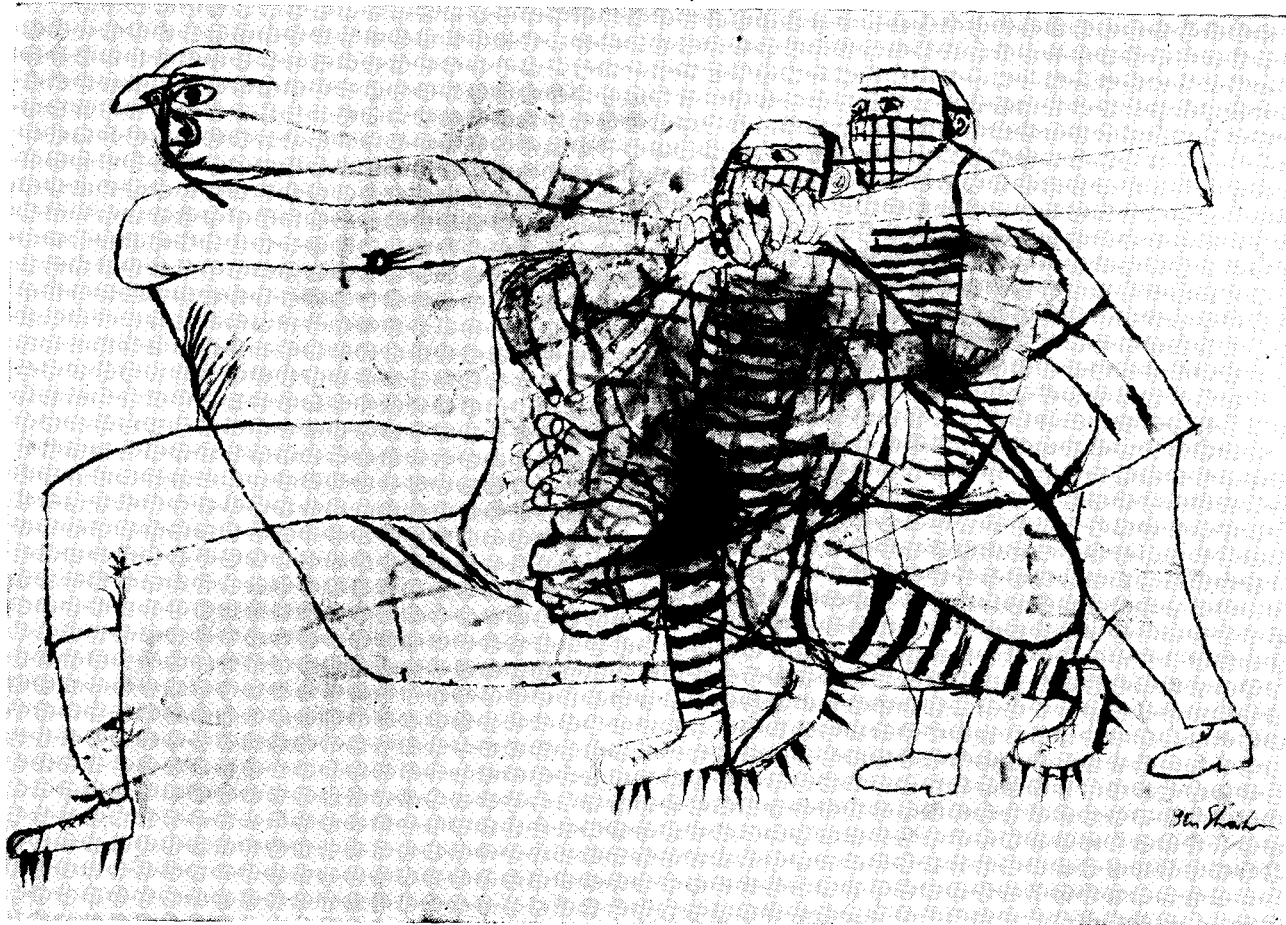
In the century that now opens for both, Esterbrook will continue to pioneer with new and better pens...providing the finest writing instruments it is possible to make. And we look forward to seeing—for a hundred years more—the finest writing in the pages of *The Atlantic*.

The Esterbrook Pen Company hopes there will be another mutual hundred years' birthday to celebrate in 2057.

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*TRADEMARK



Subversion in Dallas

This is the way action at home plate looked one day to Ben Shahn, the artist. Entitled "National Pastime," it was included by the publishers of *Sports Illustrated* in a traveling exhibition called "Sports in Art," which was composed of 102 pictures from American collections. The selection covered a wide range of sports activities—from Goya's bullfighter to Frasconi's rope-jumping children.

The collection went from Boston to the Corcoran Gallery in Washington. The third showing was in Louisville, after which it was scheduled to go to the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts on March 25, 1956.

But in January a group calling itself "The Dallas Patriotic Society" demanded that the Dallas Art Association refuse to hang four of the pictures in the exhibit.

The Society's complaints were not directed at the pictures or their content. The demand for removal was on the ground that the artists who painted them were reported to have "Communist or Communist-front records." The Trustees of the Art Association investigated these charges with care and diligence.

The Trustees rejected the demand of the Society. In part, they said "**...One of the basic principles of American Justice is that a person is presumed innocent until proved guilty, viz. Article VI, Bill of Rights, Constitution of the United States...** the fundamental issue at stake is that of freedom and liberty—not just for the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, but eventually for our school system, our free press, our library, our orchestra, and the many other institutions of our society. We believe that democracy cannot survive if subjected to bookburning, thought control, condemnation without trial, proclamation of guilt by association—the very techniques of the Communist and Fascist regimes."

Thus the Dallas Trustees spoke out for the people of Dallas.

President Eisenhower has said "that freedom of the arts is a basic freedom... For our Republic to stay free, those among us with the rare gift of artistry must be able freely to use their talent. Likewise our people must have unimpaired opportunity to see, to understand, to profit from our artists' work."

The right to see was not impaired in Dallas.

The stand of the Trustees of the Dallas Art Association is an example of the countless ways in which Americans are strengthening the tradition of fair play in their daily lives. In ways like these the principles of Jefferson, Madison and Lincoln live in twentieth-century America.

The American Traditions Project of the Fund for the Republic has compiled hundreds of true stories of contemporary Americans whose actions have advanced the cause of freedom and justice. Some of these stories have been published in an illustrated booklet, "The American Tradition in 1957." Free copies are available. Write to the American Traditions Project, Box 48462-ATC, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

NORMAN ROCKWELL'S AMERICA

BY WRIGHT MORRIS

A serious and ambitious novelist who has published ten books since the war, WRIGHT MORRIS received the National Book Award this year for his volume, THE FIELD OF VISION. A Nebraskan by birth, he has lived at various times in California, at Wellfleet on Cape Cod, and on a mesa north of Gallup, and now resides in Wayne, Pennsylvania. An expert photographer and craftsman, he has made it his mission to see America first and as it is.

NORMAN ROCKWELL has been called the most thoroughly American of all our painters today. It is fitting and proper, therefore, that he should be considered "the most popular, the most loved, of all contemporary artists." From such a fact there is more to be gleaned than the usual sophisticated despair, or ironic amusement. Here is our beginning. Our problem lies in the fact that we have not, as yet, gone beyond it. In speaking of the future of the novel, Henry James said: "Beginnings, as we all know, are usually small things, but continuations are not always strikingly great ones."

In the beginning was Norman Rockwell. The continuations have not been strikingly great.

We can say, first, last, and always, that Norman Rockwell has been true to his beginnings — to his trust in his own and American sentiment. He is a genre painter; that is to say, he uses graphic means to tell a story. His technique may be described as most perfect where it dissolves, imperceptibly, into anecdote. This anecdotal picture that tells a simple story is the father of the story that gives us the simple picture. The same picture, as a rule. An unadorned, unpretentious, photographically convincing portrayal of real life.

In a period of forty years Rockwell has supplied the *Saturday Evening Post* with more than three

hundred of its covers. He has taught a generation of Americans to see. They look about them and see, almost everywhere they look, what Norman Rockwell sees. The tomboy with the black eye, in the doctor's waiting room; the father discussing the Facts of Life with his teen-age son; the youth in the dining car on his first solo flight from home; and the family in the car, headed for an outing, followed by the same family on the tired ride home.

The convincing realism of the details, photographic in their accuracy, is all subtly processed through a filter of sentiment. It is this sentiment that heightens the reality, making it for some an object of affection, for others — a small minority — an object of ridicule. It all depends on that intangible thing: the point of view.

Young men and women, now numbering thousands, at the beginning of careers in art have tried and usually failed to explain their point of view to a puzzled mother, a skeptical father. What can be wrong — Father would like to know — with Norman Rockwell, who is so obviously good? His very goodness, of course; but this usually ends the argument. Discussion leads nowhere. The two points of view go their different ways.

After considerable exposure to modern art in museums, fashion magazines, the world of adver-

tising, and everyday living, that mythical figure, the man in the street, will still go along with Norman Rockwell. And so — whenever they can get him — will the *Saturday Evening Post*. In that respect the times have not changed. A vote for Norman Rockwell is a vote for the real America. It is the nature of his gift that his very technique appears to dissolve into the subject, leaving the deposit of sentiment we like, otherwise no trace. After we have recognized the figures as our neighbors, and the street they live on as our own, we are left precisely where we came in. At the beginning, that is. It is the nature of the genre piece to limit itself to clichés.

But if this charge is leveled at Norman Rockwell, it is leveled in suspension and will never reach him. Norman Rockwell is not there. In the picture we attack, there is only ourselves. This is why such an attack gets us fighting mad. This also helps to explain the almost total absence of transitional material between Grant Wood's *American Gothic* — which is true to the Rockwell tradition — and the sort of painting that most young people are doing today. It was easier to leap directly into the arms of God or the Devil than fight across the no man's land of raw material clichés. On such a battlefield a clean break is the only one possible.

The extent to which this gap remains — and will continue to remain, we can feel with assurance — is evident in Rockwell's painting of Jennifer Jones in *The Song of Bernadette*. As an article in *Graphis*, to which I am indebted for many of the paintings described in this essay, points out, 20th Century Fox turned to Norman Rockwell, the illustrator, rather than to the resources of the movie camera, to portray and advertise the star in the leading role. That the movie industry should choose Norman Rockwell is both a testimony to his craft and a revealing commentary on the prevailing American taste. Our realistic front still has its soft, yellow-filter sky.

A more recent example in the form of a tribute was Rockwell's portraits of the presidential candidates. It was left to Rockwell to reveal what the camera angles concealed and to give the people the facts — insofar as they were self-evident. Mr. Rockwell's Stevenson is the more instructive: we see the wit and intellectual cut down to our size, not cut down with malice but rather with affection, as the neighbors of a famous man know him to be — a simple regular guy. Mr. Stevenson emerges as a man we usually find behind a drug counter, shrewd in his way, of independent mind, and willing both to take and give advice. One of us, that is. Not at all the sort of egghead we had heard about.

Scrutinized, held under the light that we find

the most illuminating — the soft-sharp lens of Rockwell's craft — our raw material is seldom raw at all. It is hardly material. The clinical word for it is cliché. In the beginning, this credo reads, was the cliché. The raw material effect is like the tinsel snow hung on the rootless trees at Christmas, stimulating the sensation without the embarrassment of the facts.

THE paradox of our situation might be put like this: having either exhausted or depleted the raw material that appeals to us, we needed a technician to create the illusion that it is still there. Rockwell is that technician. He understands the hunger, and he supplies the nourishment. The hunger is for the Good Old Days — the black-eyed tomboy, the hopeless, lovable pup, the freckle-faced young swain on his first date, the kid with white flannels at his first prom — sensations which we no longer have but still seem to want; dreams of innocence before it went corrupt.

This entire genre, crowded with the artifacts that give it pathos and conviction, is generally inhabited by children, friendly animals, loving mothers, and wise old ladies and gentlemen. The beginnings of life come in for sentimental comment, often touching and penetrating: the Huck Finn myth of our lost youth, the Territory of Dreams that always lay ahead. But what that Territory turned out to be, neither Mark Twain nor Rockwell will tell us. It is a world of onsets, maiden speeches, first blushes, first impressions, and new departures. A universe of firsts. First dog, first kiss, first heartbreak, and first love. At the end of this Journey, somehow sweetened by a life that has evaded both realization and comment, we find the very old engaged in prayer, dozing with kittens, tolerating youngsters, or humorously caught in one of the innocent traps of life: a barber's chair, a rumble seat, a train coach shared by a pair of young lovers, or a bench where the squirrels rifle our pockets while we sleep.

Between our first love, which is implicitly our last, and our last nap, which is implicitly forever, there is very little. What there is can be summed up in a word. In what is perhaps his most revealing work — one in which he portrays his full range of types — Rockwell illustrates, by the use of a series of double portraits, a tasty piece of gossip making its rounds. Here is *la ronde*; the permissible *ronde Américaine*. It is clear that a good piece of gossip, a good joke, is something that good Americans can exchange. The democratic process can be seen at work as the story makes its rounds from man to man, woman to woman, level to level, until it finally comes full circle — back to the man

who is the butt of it. They are all, needless to say, good American types. The democratic process is also at work since we see no black men, no yellow men, no obvious Jews, Italians, or roughnecks. Just plain folks. As you probably are yourself. What the gossip is we can almost guess; it is something of interest to all these people, and it goes without saying that it is not *dirty*, though it might have an edge. But basically goodhearted. Basically good clean fun.

This interlude between first love and last breath is an illustrated version of Old Macdonald, forever down on his farm, where funny things are forever happening. Sex raises its adolescent murmur, not its ugly head. In this panel of profiles, this great family portrait, Rockwell gives us the long span of a lifetime between the first and the last joke we have heard. In this report, consciously or otherwise, a note of comment can be detected that is usually conspicuously absent from his work. His people are always, we might say, *comfortably* real. But in this portrait they verge on the uncomfortable. The raw material is almost so raw it speaks for itself. The effect — the cumulative effect, since we deal here with a group portrait — is something more than the sum of its parts. If the eye remains on the page, and slowly follows the gossip through all of its phases, a disquieting, nonhumorous impression builds up. How does it happen? It is clear that they are all just goodhearted folks. But it is also clear, increasingly, that they have nothing else on their minds. That until this chestnut came along they had nothing else to exchange. It is the gossip that binds them together in brotherhood. Missing from the tableau is the dirty-minded lowbrow who would have spoiled all the fun and the egghead who might have used it for his own ends. The story comes full circle pretty much as it was told.

IN A new series of 1957 calendar illustrations, entitled *The Four Seasons*, Mr. Rockwell supplies us with a credo that lucidly sums up his function as an artist. This is his statement:

In a world that puts such importance on the pursuit of youth, it is good to consider, occasionally, the charms — and the comforts — of maturity. For whatever else may be said, maturity fosters familiarity which in turn gives feelings of security and understanding that are valuable in these days of continuing change. I have tried to show these feelings in the paintings for the new Four Seasons calendar.

My pictures show two people who, after living together for many years, have reached the stage of sympathy and compatibility for which all of us strive. They know their weaknesses and their strengths. They

are comfortable and secure in their relationships with each other. And while Mother presumably takes Father's strong points for granted, she's still trying tolerantly to keep him on the straight and narrow when signs of frailty appear.

Paintings like these are fun to do. While they are humorous, they are also human, and the subtle touch of forbearance evident in each of them is something all of us can learn. I can only hope you'll enjoy looking at these pictures as much as I have enjoyed working on them.

Perhaps the reader can visualize the "subtle touch of forbearance" in these illustrations. It verges closely — in the words of a recent parody in *Punch* — on the Brighter Side of the Bubonic Plague. Maturity, whatever else may be said, seen through the forbearance of Mr. Rockwell, seems to be an adolescent pipe dream of the genial aspects of senility. The pursuit of youth is made more visible, rather than less, in these gentle fuddy-duddies, Mom and Pop, and their pathetic inability to grow up. A certain aging has taken place, but such growth as we observe is downward and backward. That Mother takes Father's strong points for granted is obvious, desperately so — as Father's *strong* points are touchingly invisible. A genial pathos, sentimentally evoked, would seem to be the mortar that binds them together and provides the comfort in what we describe as their relationship. That hard word *marriage* has given way to the slogans inscribed on the insurance posters, where the happy smiling couple are preserved, safe from old age, in the amber of leisure. Nothing will touch them but the postman with his monthly retirement check.

All of the durable clichés we have already described are served up afresh in these four tableaux. "Winter" shows us the calendar being nailed to the wall, one that features a pin-up girl discreetly censored — not the sort of tempting dish that men or boys, if the distinction exists, pin up for real delectation. "Spring" finds Father down with a cold, lovingly wrapped up in Mother's patchwork quilt, his feet in a pan of water, as she spoon-feeds him what is so obviously good for him.

"Summer" finds him in the yard, in a state of collapse after a tussle with the lawn mower, while Mother, with a compassionate gaze, stands waiting to pour him a glass of lemonade. In all these pictures a cat, symbol of the loving home, is conspicuously evident, and proves in his kittenish ways to be as young in heart as his masters.

The date beneath these illustrations is 1957, but they are daydreams from a timeless past; only Mother's somewhat battered leather moccasins indicate that the time is the present. Immortal moths escape from the holes in Father's pair of

red flannels, indicating that with "Autumn" something called winter is near. The mature round of life — American style — in this manner comes full cycle, leaving the reader prepared and expectant for the new calendar that will usher in the new year. We are free to rest assured that Mother will keep Father to the straight and narrow path.

Paintings like these, Mr. Rockwell tells us, are fun to do. Indeed, they must be. Fun — good clean fun — is all that has gone into them. They bear the same relation to life as the painting sets now sold in drugstores, where the scene and the sentiment *exist*, and no talent is needed to brighten things up. One merely daubs in the colors according to the numbers on the lid. And they are also fun to do. Or so it says on the box.

We might say that Mr. Rockwell's special triumph is in the conviction his countrymen share that the mythical world he evokes actually exists. This cloudland of nostalgia seems to loom higher and higher on the horizon, as the horizon itself, the world of actual experience, disappears from view. The mind soars off — in the manner that highways, with new model cars, soar into the future — leaving the drab world of commonplace facts and sensations behind. In soaring into the past, rather than the future, Mr. Rockwell is true to himself and his public, since that is where the true Territory Ahead actually lies. In knowing this he illustrates, with admirable fidelity, the American Land of Heart's Desire.

When we think of Don Quixote, most of us will visualize, I think, the lean seedy figure in the pen drawings of Doré, an erect spindly wraith seated on his bony nag, followed by the slouched, melancholy Sancho. We see him spear in hand, we see him tilting windmills, we see him thrown from his ridiculous horse, but I think we never see him as he wished to see himself — *invisible*. He is all too visible, and in every inch mad as a coot. The element of humor in it appeals to us, but the element of wonder, I'm afraid, escapes. The golden Helmet of Mambrino is a piece of nonsense. We are all Sanchos at heart.

If we now conjure up the picture I have in mind, it will be a new one. The model is lacking. But with a little nudging our imagination will supply us with it. Let us imagine Don Quixote, crowned with a battered barber's basin, attended by his ever-faithful Sancho, as he would appear in a cover on the *Saturday Evening Post*. As he would appear through the eyes and technique of Norman Rockwell. A very lifelike figure — resembling somebody we know, a neighbor or a member of the family — on a horse that we had seen that morning drawing the milk cart, wearing the basin in which we had, as a boy, washed our feet. I am

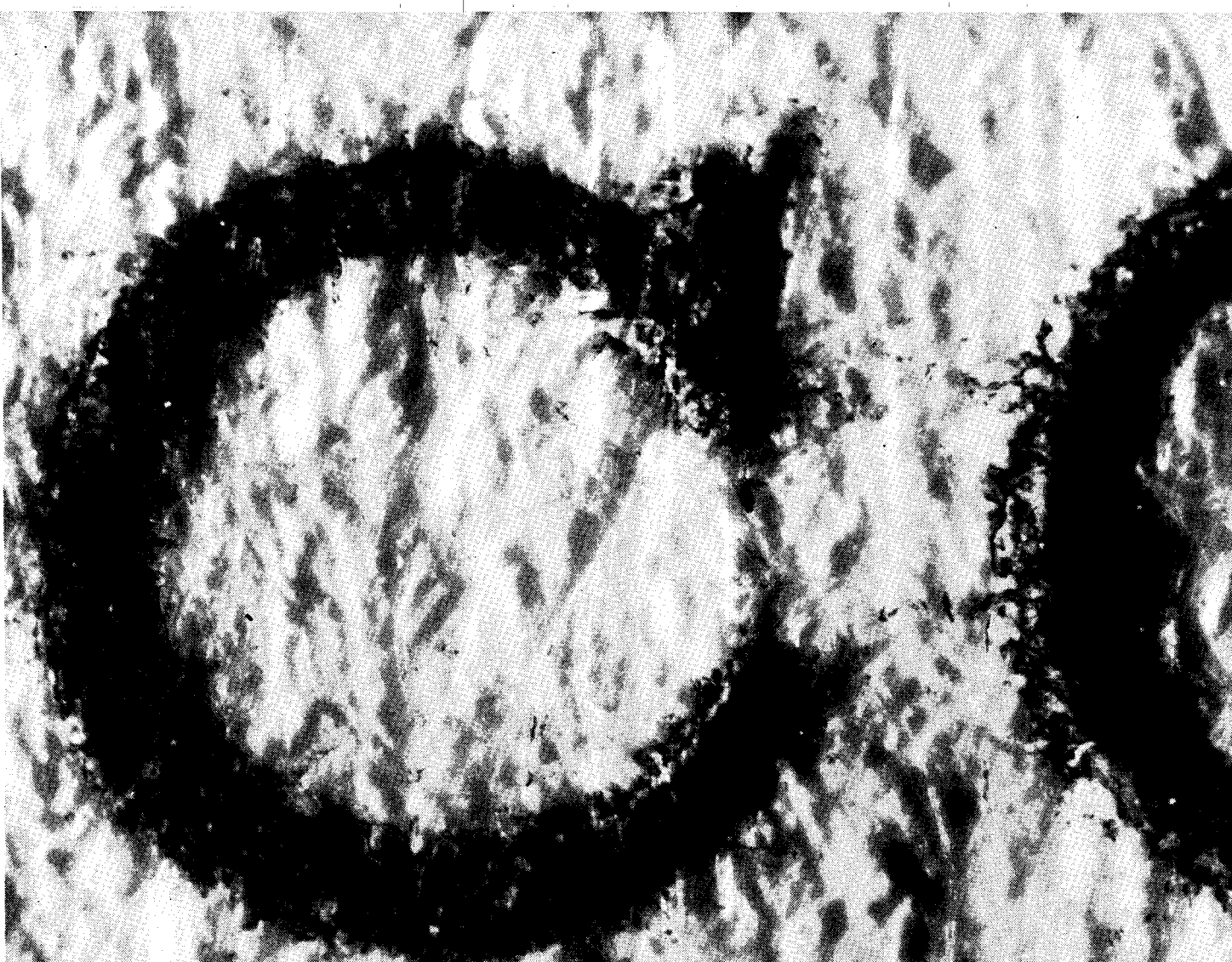
not invoking this picture to ridicule it. Quite the contrary, since if we hope to understand the "imagination in America" we must start, if not end, with this master of verisimilitude. With this artist who, above all others, heightens the appearance of reality.

In Mr. Rockwell's conception of Don Quixote, to what extent would he reveal more than the obvious humor of it? The pathetic old man, with the brass basin on his head, in the charge of the shrewd but loyal Sancho. There would be a touch of pity, a touch of pathos, and a quantity of good-humored affection; but of wonder, that transforming element, not a drop. He is a childish old man with bats loose in his belfry — not unlike one we have in the family — and we identify ourselves with Sancho, rather than with him. Poor old Sancho, who, like ourselves, has to humor him. As for that helmet on his head, it is plainly a barber's basin. We all know that. We are Sanchos to the core, and he speaks with our voice when he cries that he can no longer bear in patience the wind and the lies, the buggery and humbuggery that the old man gives out. Pity for an old fool, humor for a young one, and between the two of them, a joke. A good, clean joke.

Pathos — the only serious sentiment we will permit ourselves without embarrassment — might reveal itself unconsciously in this portrait, as a touch of malice revealed itself in *The Gossip*. Rockwell plainly knows, as he assumes we do, that the dream is in the past. The Great Good Place is back there at the beginning, where it has always been. The faces in *The Gossip*, all meant to be contemporaries, have the cracker-barrel look of period pieces, *characters* in the sense that time will no longer alter them. Many of these people are Rockwell's Yankee neighbors — or reasonable facsimiles of them — but they are selected for what they represent, and they represent the past. The present exists, if at all, in Rockwell, as a frame that heightens the nostalgia: the doctor's crisp waiting room where the tomboy with her black eye smilingly waits.

How many American fathers, if not mothers, would like to have had a girl like *that*? Not like the little jitterbugging, all too sex-conscious little number they have. Not like the present, but more like the imagined past.

IN *Thanksgiving, 1951* — one of the most successful of his *Post* covers — Rockwell portrays an old lady and a small boy, the permissible extremes of our awareness, seated at a table in a "rough" railroad restaurant, saying grace. The youths and elderly men who surround them are all touchingly



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aware, and properly touched. The central figures, the old lady and the boy, have been lifted from some genre piece of the past, lock, stock, and barrel, and show no taint of existing in the world where we find them. The boy wears what such little boys were wearing during the First World War. The old lady has her alligator bag, her umbrella, and her sewing reticule on the floor at her side. No cliché has been evaded. Every cliché is treated with the utmost respect. Through the window a modern locomotive steams in the yard.

How times have changed! we exclaim, and see ourselves as that pious unspoiled boy, and this fragment of the past as the real past that is gone.

These characters appear neither out of the past, nor the hidden byways of the present, but rather out of the thin air of our imaginative need for them. That tomboy, with her blackened eye, and that puzzled teen-ager getting the Facts of Life are meticulously illustrated daydreams to put the sad daily facts out of mind. These fantasies, generated on the trains whisking urban fathers to their homes in the suburbs, are meant to be fictions, lacking any connection with real life. It was in the past — just yesterday — that there were giants in the earth, dreams in our hearts, love in our homes, religion in our churches, honor in our markets, and a future of such promise that the very thought of it brings an ache to the throat, and the eyes grow dim. In youth and age — a hopeful look forward or a yearning glance backward — Rockwell sustains the sentimental extremities of our lives. In between, making its eternal round, filling up the big central gap in our existence, is the joke. Stop me if you have heard this one, says the joker; but nobody does. After all, what else is there? *La ronde is le rire*.

If we now return to our imagined Don Quixote, crowned with his American-style helmet-barber's-basin, the relationship between technique and raw (American) material is made clear. The raw material is what counts. Technique is the way we gloss or heighten it with sentiment. It is the basin, as basin, that interests us, and no transformation is desired. Such magical properties as it might possess transport us into the past, rather than into the future. It is the key, the open sesame, to our nostalgia. The battered basin, the bony nag, the old man with the bats loose in his belfry are so many strings around our memory fingers, the unbroken ties we retain with the past. They transport us, rather than transform us, and it is the past, not the future, that beckons.

The element of folk wisdom in this pattern generates much that is good in our writing, but we are apt to overlook the crippling power of the cliché. The Helmet of Mambrino, shorn of its magic, hangs affectionately on that nail in the

kitchen — because it is a basin, an *old* basin, not because it has unusual properties. It does not change us so much as remind us; what we want is not change but reminiscence, and, needless to say, what we want is what we get.

Among our many native gifts, which are large, is one that is seldom singled out for comment. It is the faculty we have, one might say the intuition, by which we transform our adult works of art, few as they are, into children's books. We transform them into books that are *safe*. *Moby Dick* and *Huckleberry Finn* are not merely safe for boys to read, but are even read by them. Adventure stories. On the shelf with *Treasure Island* and *Tom Swift*. It would seem to be here, and here alone, that the transforming powers of the Helmet of Mambrino are part of our tradition; we transform the adult into a child. It is the converse of transforming the present into the past. In either case we get back to the beginnings, back to innocence before it was corrupted, back to that time when the world and ourselves were young.

A boy's-eye view of the world, enchanted in Tom Sawyer, disenchanted in Huck Finn, is wonderfully blended in the art of Norman Rockwell and seasoned to taste. Here we can often have it both ways. The grown-up world impinges on the past only to heighten its flavor, the purity of the enchantment, the sweet pathos of the light that failed. Old folks — people who once again are notoriously childlike — reappear to reaffirm, in their seasoned wisdom, the youthful dreams. At the extremities of our life the childlike meet. It is the childish dream — somewhat battered by the interlude of life — that once again, in its wisdom, dominates our lives. An old man's gnarled hand, one finger clutched by a boy's small hand, sums it all up. The beginning and the ending of the dream are thus made one.

Mark Twain, the one who didn't like books, would have seen eye to eye with Norman Rockwell, since it is Twain's eyes through which Rockwell usually sees. It is the world of Tom Sawyer, Huck Finn, and Aunt Sally, brought up to date. It is still the old battle of Aunt Sally and her civilizing ways. A world of beginnings, of exemplary firsts, all of it under the watchful eyes of grownups who are still — bless their hearts — children at heart themselves. They have grown up, but we have no idea how they got that way. They are included in the picture to frame and heighten what came *first*. Childhood did, of course, and young dreams, and all those promises that men fail to live by; but back then they were real, back then we believed in them. Whereas, if you look around you now — but of course we don't. It's much more reassuring to look, as we do, into the mythical past.



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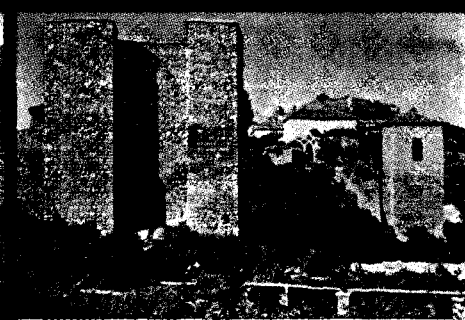
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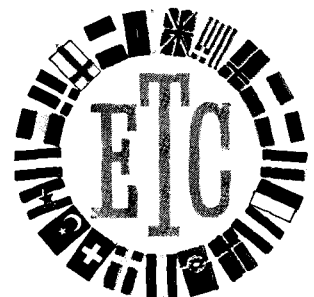
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1. Montmartre Street Scene, Paris, France. 2. The Principality of Monaco. 3. The Parthenon, Athens, Greece. 4. The Castle of Chillon, Switzerland. 5. The Alcazaba, Malaga, Spain. 6. Godafoss Waterfall, Iceland. 7. Gothic Guild Houses, Antwerp, Belgium.

TELEPHONES, PEOPLE, AND MACHINES

BY J. R. PIERCE

A highly articulate electrical engineer, JOHN ROBINSON PIERCE took his B.S. from California Institute of Technology in 1933 and his Ph.D. three years later. He then joined the Bell Telephone Laboratories where he has risen to be director in research of electrical communications.

THE telephone network is the nervous system of our civilization, carrying messages of demand and direction, of pain and pleasure, to collective enterprises and to individuals alike. The telephone instrument itself is a mere end organ which enables any of us to make use of billions of dollars worth of complex switching and transmission equipment.

A new car is a new and complete means of transportation, but a new telephone instrument can be only a small alteration in a massive electronic organism that seems to change with glacial slowness. For this reason it is far easier to see what sort of advances in telephony are technologically possible than to say when they may actually take place, and I doubt if anyone can make firm and detailed predictions concerning the future.

Nevertheless, we are in a period of change. Phones now come in colors of choice other than black, and in several new shapes. New services are available. We should expect many new things in the future. What may they be?

Let us consider first the field of new services. A friend of mine told me recently that he would like to turn off his phone while he is working on a novel. I explained to him that just disconnecting

the bell would lead to endlessly repeated but uncompleted calls for which the telephone company would pay. There would be complaints that his phone was out of order. To all of this he agreed, but he asked if he couldn't just throw a switch and have something in the telephone office say, "This telephone is not out of order; the subscriber has voluntarily disconnected the ringing signal."

The suggestion seemed a sensible one, but I had to tell him that it was impractical at present, at least in his area. The reason lies at the heart of the possibilities and difficulties of many new services that might be popular and valuable.

The automatic switching equipment in telephone central offices has the complexity and subtlety of a large-scale computer. However, much of the older equipment represents an early stage in the development of electronic organisms, and its powers of adaptation are small. Fundamentally, an automatic switching system performs two functions. It interprets the dial signal as a demand for a certain telephone connection, and it sets up the desired talking path. The first function, that of interpreting the dial signal, might be thought of as a mental function, and the other, that of establishing a talking path, as a muscular act.

In the first sort of automatic switching system, a sort still very economical for small installations, the brains are of a very limited and unadaptable type. Further, in this step-by-step kind of switching system, the brains are scattered all through the body, like the complicated ganglia of dinosaurs,

which were sometimes larger than the lump of nervous tissue in the skull. One can teach a step-by-step switching system to do even one new thing only by the most drastic and expensive surgery.

Common-control systems, which first appeared in 1921, represent a tremendous evolutionary advance. In them, a "brain" carefully records the dial signal and then deliberates on what to do. When it has decided, it sets up the talking path by using physically separate equipment. Modern common-control equipment can be taught to do many new sorts of things.

At present, the most advanced switching systems in use are composed primarily of electromechanical devices such as relays, though a few vacuum tubes and transistors have been grafted onto them. However, work is progressing on switching systems made up of tiny transistors, which operate thousands of times as fast as relays. Such an electronic switching system will have a quick, subtle, and adaptable brain which can be taught many new tricks.

The advent of electronic switching has opened our eyes to all sorts of new services which are technically possible, whether or not they ever come into actual use. Among these is certainly the phone-disconnect notice my friend wanted. Other possibilities include the ability to dial a selected group of telephone numbers by setting a pointer or by one or two pulls of the dial (by pushing one or two buttons, if push buttons replace dials); a centralized answering and recording service, in which there is no special equipment on the subscriber's premises; ways of breaking into a busy connection in case of an emergency; and a host of other possibilities. Which among these will come into being and when they may be available, no one can tell, but electronic switching will make them easy. And some, at least, will be possible in areas now served by common-control electromechanical equipment, perhaps through the addition of electronic equipment.

We may expect not only better service; we may expect to be able to reach people more certainly. By using transistors, it has been possible to put a radio receiver as good as that used in mobile telephony into a case little larger than a king-size package of cigarettes, and which includes batteries for four days of continuous operation. If a person carries such a receiver about with him in an urban area, it is possible to signal him selectively by making his receiver, and only his, buzz when he is wanted on the telephone. He can then go to the nearest phone and call to see what the message is. Indeed, commercial radio-paging services are in operation in some cities, and the telephone companies are trying them out.

Does this presage or assure a two-way phone in

your car or in your plane, if you have one, or perhaps even in your pocket? Technically, it makes such things very near. By using transistors, we can build a tiny receiver which can be on and ready to signal the owner twenty-four hours a day without a noticeable drain on a car's batteries. Including a suitable transmitter, the whole car telephone could fit into the glove compartment or be incorporated with the radio. Further, pocket telephones are not technically absurd.

WILL next year's car come equipped with a telephone as well as a radio? Not unless something changes. And that something has nothing to do with the technological limitations of radio, nor is it a matter within the control of the telephone companies.

Mobile telephony requires the use of radio waves which can penetrate the canyons of streets, and such that nondirectional antennas can be used for transmission and reception. Of the frequencies which are suitable, those which extend from perhaps 50 to 890 megacycles, the government has allocated roughly 50 per cent to ultra-high-frequency television, 7 per cent to ordinary television, 25 per cent for government use, 4 per cent for amateur radio, 4 per cent for FM, and only *one third of one per cent* for all mobile telephony. While the problem of the universal mobile telephone has its technical side, it also involves both the demand for such a service and the availability of enough suitable radio frequencies. The continued allocation of these frequencies to other uses could keep the telephone out of your car, plane, or pocket, however great our technical know-how may become.

There will still be telephones in your home and office, however, and these are bound to become better in a number of ways. Indeed, one aspiration which has been often expressed is to make the telephone so good that telephoning will be as satisfactory as meeting face to face.

Partly, what is called for is a better voice signal. A good telephone call is perfectly intelligible, but economy precludes its being hi-fi. However, for special uses, such as conference use, a higher quality of speech can be provided either by means of special circuits or by means of complicated terminal apparatus, which makes a more subtle use of the transmission capabilities of standard telephone circuits.

Of course, if we are to confer satisfactorily by telephone rather than dragging our weary bones repeatedly to Washington and elsewhere, we will have to transmit pictures as well as speech. Television transmission facilities are available, but they

are at present too costly for anything but very important conferences or very large meetings. For some reason, they haven't been used much for either.

I feel certain that someday pictures will be sent not only in connection with conferences but in connection with some telephone calls as well. A couple of years ago the Bell Laboratories experimented with a device called Picturephone, which sent a series of still pictures, one a second, over an ordinary telephone connection as an adjunct to telephony. However, the pictures proved too fuzzy to be of any real use. Perhaps a picture intermediate in quality between Picturephone and present-day television is called for.

To provide picture transmission to telephone users, new and more economical ways of sending electrical signals from point to point must be developed. Happily, great advances have been made in the electronic art of signal transmission. One of these is the transistor, which in amplifying a communication signal uses much less power than a vacuum tube. In fact, the power consumed by a transistor amplifier can be sent over the same wires used to carry the signal itself.

Along with the transistor has come a new way of sending signals over wires, called pulse code modulation. Ordinarily, we send a voice or picture signal as a smoothly but rapidly varying electric current which must be transmitted and amplified repeatedly with all its subtle intricacy undistorted. However, a way has been found of representing such signals as sequences or patterns of off-on pulses. Such pulses can be amplified simply and cheaply and reshaped repeatedly during transmission without any degradation in the ultimately reproduced voice or picture. Further, such signals can be sent great distances through pipes called waveguides. They can travel as electromagnetic radiation having a frequency perhaps 50 billion cycles of alterations per second through thousands of miles of a metal tube around two inches in diameter.

I believe that ultimately such transmission by means of off-on pulses will make television as an adjunct to the telephone economically possible, for some uses at any rate.

SUCH electrical pulses as I have mentioned above are the natural language of computers and business machines. These electronic brains have never used pen and paper, nor human speech. They write on and read from magnetic tape in a language consisting of sequences of pulses. One can speak to them or hear from them, control them or be controlled by them at a distance, by transmitting

such pulses by wire or radio. Sometimes such machines translate their internal language of pulses into printed English characters, but this is merely for the benefit of their human associates.

We usually think of such machines as huge giants chattering away at a superhuman rate. Indeed, they do talk back and forth over communications channels, but the world of tomorrow will be full of a host of electronic machines of all degrees of size and complexity. In fact, today's teletypewriter is an early member of the race. Cash registers and like business devices often punch a record of their operations and conclusions into paper tape, which can be transmitted electrically from point to point. Future machines will almost certainly record on and be operated from magnetic tape. We can imagine a time when small machines in stores, insurance offices, and small business enterprises will store up a tape record of each day's operations. Then a big machine at a bank, an accounting service, or a central office will call the little machines up during the night and record what happened during the day.

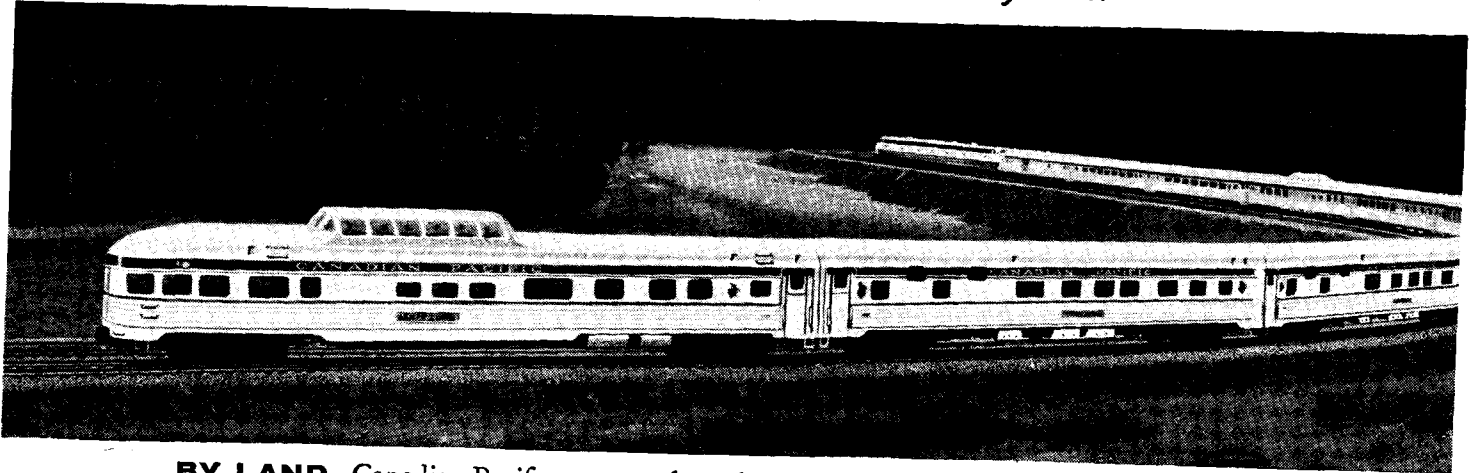
I like to think of a time when each secretary's typewriter will produce a magnetic record as well as the usual typescript, a record which can be filed, reproduced, sorted over, or transmitted to some distant concern by quick electronic means. Indeed, an experimental device has already been built which will transmit text which has been recorded on a magnetic tape over a telephone circuit at a rate of about 800 words a minute. It is about the size of an office typewriter. I see communication between machine and machine and between man and machine as an important part of the business of the telephone companies in the not-distant future.

Beyond all this there are more distant and less concrete possibilities. The design, construction, and installation of the transatlantic telephone cable, in which 104 delicate and precise vacuum-tube amplifiers function on the bottom of the ocean, beyond the reach of human adjustment or repair, was an engineering feat of a scope and difficulty comparable with that of establishing an artificial satellite. But in the future we may have manned as well as unmanned satellites, established in their orbits for scientific or military reasons. If manned satellites come to be, they will provide valuable radio relay sites for spanning the oceans with television as well as voice. Perhaps later on we will have to face the problem of communicating with men on the moon, or on Mars.

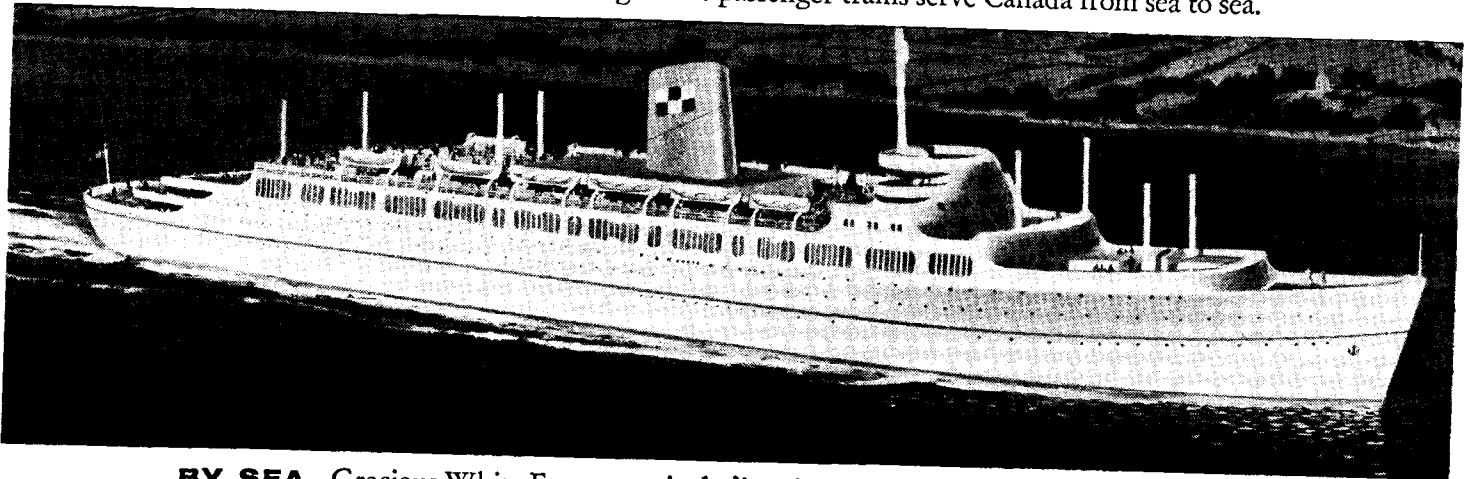
Calculations show that the electronic techniques used in the telephone system will do even this job. But when will men go to Mars? And will they perhaps go there to get away from the ubiquitous and insistent telephone?

BY LAND...BY SEA...BY AIR...CANADIAN PACIFIC

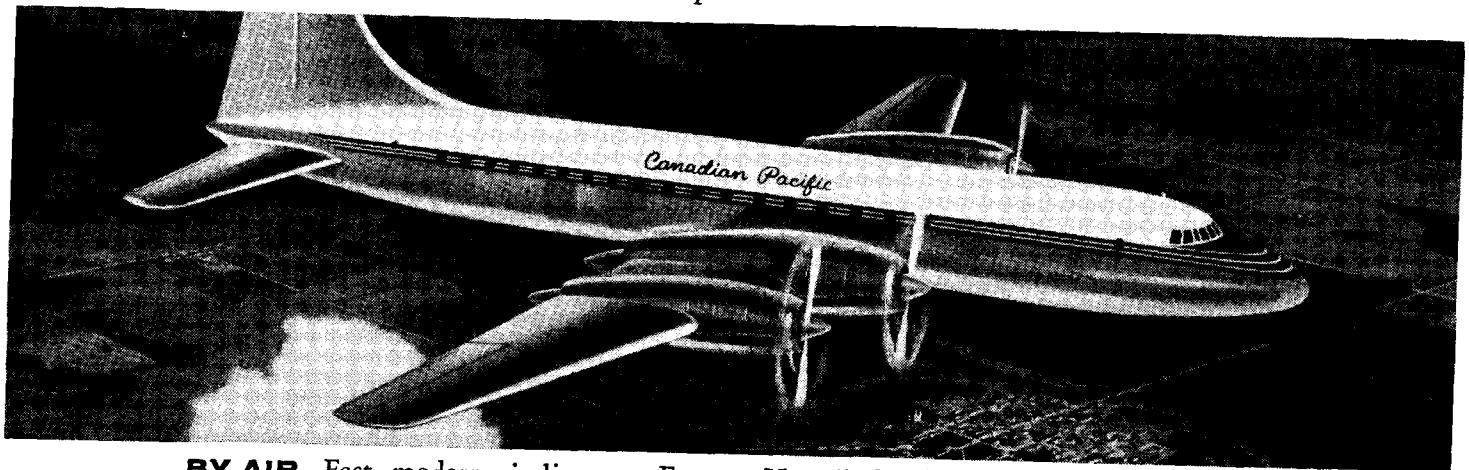
World's most complete travel system



BY LAND—Canadian Pacific operates the only "Scenic Dome" passenger cars in Canada on the world's longest "Dome" route. Freight and passenger trains serve Canada from sea to sea.



BY SEA—Gracious White Empresses, including the new "Empress of England," form a fleet of luxurious liners linking Canada and Europe.



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rounds out its world
of travel services with
the last word in:

**HOTELS
COMMUNICATIONS
EXPRESS**

By land, by sea, by air, Canadian Pacific
provides for Canada's expanding travel
needs with modern equipment
and new services.

Canadian Pacific.

RICHARD HUGHES

English novelist and dramatist, RICHARD HUGHES is best known for the fiendish children in his widely read book, THE INNOCENT VOYAGE. But at the outset of his career, when he was fresh from Oxford, he had designs on the theater, and he was urged by Nigel Playfair to write for BBC what he believes to be the first radio play in the world. Incidentally, it is still being produced.

THE BIRTH of RADIO DRAMA

THE Birth of Radio Drama, as a title, suggests a solemn, formal occasion. But things were very casual in the early days of “listening in to the wireless,” and this historic birthday — January 15, 1924 — was no exception.

In those days the program department of the BBC was virtually a one-man affair, and the director of programs himself filled in time as “Uncle Caractacus” in the children’s hour. I can’t recall the date I first “spoke on the wireless” myself but I think it was during the winter of 1922–1923; at any rate I had never even seen a radio receiving set at the time and only half believed in them. I was shown into a large empty room like something in Sartre and told to talk to nobody at all, and I found it hard to believe the whole thing was not a huge practical joke on me.

Regular entertainment broadcasting was first rendered possible by wartime developments in radio-telephony between 1914 and 1918. But until 1922 it was still at the experimental stage — homemade crystal sets, and listeners too excited by hearing anything at all to care what they heard. It was not till early in 1922 that the first regular scheduled programs began to be broadcast in Britain, for half an hour a week. The first broadcast concert came in July that year; in August the first London station, 2LO, was established on the roof of Marconi House; and in November the “British Broadcasting Company” came into official being as a program-transmitting monopoly.

During the next twelve months broadcasting developed rapidly — in Britain, on the Continent, and in the U.S.A. — especially on the musical side. The BBC’s very successful transmission in January, 1923, of Mozart’s *Magic Flute* from the Covent Garden Opera House was a landmark.

Other operas followed: it was natural that music should take the lead, for its performance required little or no adaptation to the new medium, and in the case of opera many music lovers found it an actual advantage not to have to see their voluminous divas as well as hear them. But the spoken word, in those days, was still confined to the news bulletin and the cozy “talk.” It was some time before it occurred to anyone that here was an opportunity for a new literary form altogether — something deriving from the stage play but differing from it as widely as the silent film did. When that time came, it came more or less by accident.

I don’t mean that early program authorities were blind to the possibility of dramatic performances other than opera being broadcast; only that they did not at first think beyond adaptation — a mere sort of keyhole listening, eavesdropping, at the theater. Indeed in the winter of 1922–1923 the BBC invited Nigel Playfair to undertake a dramatic entertainment of just this kind. Nigel Playfair was at that time perhaps the most famous theatrical director in London; he had built up the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, out of nothing, and his revolutionary production of *The Beggar’s Opera* had just ended a four-year run there. An innovator, but steeped in the classical tradition, with a flair for popularity: surely just the man to make a successful three-point landing on such an occasion.

It was to take place on January 15, 1924. Playfair began to make up his bill. He decided on some of Vachel Lindsay’s chanted poetry; one of A. P. Herbert’s humorous dialogues, read in parts; the proposal scene from *Pride and Prejudice*, also read in parts. The program was to last two hours and a fourth item was needed.

That fourth item was still to be found on Friday, January 11, four days before the broadcast was to take place. It so happened that I was dining with Playfair that night. Hospitably he had offered his theater for a brief London appearance to a small company of Welsh players I was interested in (I was twenty-three at the time, and this was my first and last experience as an actor-manager). So we met to discuss the forthcoming visit, but somehow soon got to talking about this new business of broadcasting, and he told me his program for Tuesday was still undecided. "Broadcasting is a new kind of entertainment altogether," he said. "Really what it wants is new stuff — stuff specially written for it."

I had come to that conclusion myself already and inwardly wished I had had this chance.

As if Playfair read my thoughts, he cocked his eye at me and said, "Pity I didn't think of it in time to get you to write something! But I've promised to give them the final program tomorrow. Casts to engage and so on."

But was it too late, after all? In those days my mind was a ferment of themes for plays, and I was fired with the possibilities of the radio form. The loss of a night's sleep wouldn't worry me. Without hesitation I undertook to write a new play to be delivered next day at Playfair's breakfast table.

That settled, we talked around the project for a while. Sounds — how they are even more distinctive than sights: a teaspoon on a saucer, kicking a football, tearing paper, opening a bottle — the ear recognizes them instantly without any help from the eye. Moreover, what a much less jaded organ emotionally the ear is than the eye!

There would be special difficulties. *Seemingly* we were attempting no more, in essaying to stir the emotions and tell a complete story through a single organ, the ear, than what the cinema already did through the eye. But in practice no film — even the silent film of those days — relied on visual pictures alone; for subtitles are really disguised sound. Moreover, movie houses in those days generally kept a sad musician thumping themes emotionally appropriate on a piano throughout the performance. Some of the grander ones even employed an "effects man" who wound a wind machine in the storm scenes and accompanied the galloping cowboy with clashing coconut shells. We could have no auxiliary recourse to a second sense, no equivalent of subtitles — for we agreed that to use a narrator would be a confession of failure. Our "listening play" must rely on dramatic speech and sound entirely.

It had never been done before; that was the especial rub, for it meant we had a totally inexperienced audience to deal with. We were plunging them into a blind man's world. No doubt in

time they would get used to it and come to accept its conventions, but how would they react this first time they were suddenly struck blind? We agreed that, this once at any rate, something must be done to make it easier for them. A story for example which really happens in the dark, so that the characters themselves keep complaining they can't see. Then perhaps the announcer could ask the audience to put out their lights and listen in darkness, too, so as to feel themselves in the very middle of the action they were hearing.

"Here's a first speech for you," said Playfair as he escorted me to the door: "*The lights have gone out!*"

Back in my attic flat in New Oxford Street I turned over possible situations in my mind. *The lights have gone out!* Not a bedroom scene. To be candid, I did not know much about bedrooms, even at twenty-three. An accident in a coal mine? I knew nothing about coal mines either, and there was no time to find out. But technically the theme seemed to offer the sort of things I wanted: sudden total darkness, the dramatic sounds of explosions and rushing water, the picks of a rescue team. But wouldn't miners' voices, if the characters were all miners, be too difficult to tell apart? A party of visitors, then, lost in the mine? An old man, a young man, a girl?

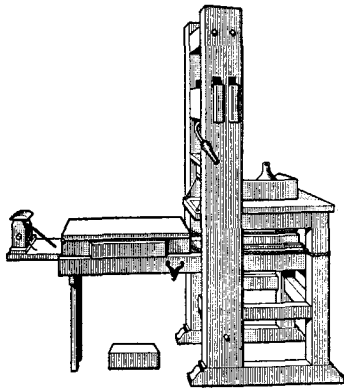
I wrote all night and delivered the play (which I called *A Comedy of Danger*) as I had promised.

A FEW hours later it was in rehearsal, and our real troubles began. Rashly, I had made great play in my script with sound effects, without seriously considering how these were to be produced. It was all very well to talk glibly at the dinner table about sounds, but producing them convincingly in the studio was a different kettle of fish. Someone ran round the corner and enlisted the "effects man" from a cinema in the Strand, wind machine and all, but still we could make nothing sound as it was meant to sound even in the studio. We had not taken into account the primitive transmission of those days that, as we soon discovered, reduced all sounds — tinkle of teaspoon, clash of swords, footsteps, the roar of Niagara — to a single indistinguishable *wump*.

Not even the voices sounded right. The studio of those days was a vast padded cell designed to make all voices sound as if they were floating in outer space; how were we to make these sound like people cramped together in an underground flooded tunnel? There was as yet no artificial echo to be had by twiddling a knob. So Playfair decreed that his whole cast must orate with their handsome heads in buckets.

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The script called for occasional "distant snatches of hymn singing" from entombed Welsh miners. In those days unemployed Welsh miners were singing in the London streets for coppers; it was easy enough to engage a choir. They sang beautifully and with passion, but once started nothing could stop them. How could their performance be reduced to "snatches," with only one studio and one microphone? Playfair stationed them to sing in the corridor, outside a soundproof door he could open and shut at will.

The climax came when we told the engineers we wanted an explosion. They answered that if we so much as popped a paper bag near the microphone it would blow every fuse in Savoy Hill. In my innocence I had counted on a terrific roar and rumble of falling rock that would batter on the ears, but Shakespeare's roaring of a sucking dove would be a deafening sound compared with all the "explosion" they were prepared to allow us.

The press was treating this as an important occasion. Reporters and critics were to assemble and listen in the building, in a room specially equipped for them. On their verdict, we felt, the whole future of this infant art might depend. Even if the public must hear only a diminutive *wump*, the press (Playfair decreed) must hear something better. So he secretly arranged for a magnificent, catastrophic explosion in the room next door to them. They thought it came to them with the rest of the play through the loudspeaker; in fact they heard it through the wall.

Thus, then, did radio drama emit its first faint infant wail.

A few months later, finding myself in New York, I tried to interest American radio authorities in the newborn child. Their response is curious when you consider how very popular radio plays were later to become in the States. They stood me good luncheons; they listened politely; but then they rejected the whole idea. That sort of thing might be possible in England, they explained, where broadcasting was a monopoly and a few crackpot highbrows in the racket could impose what they liked on a suffering public. But the American setup was different: it was competitive, so it had to be popular, and it stood to reason that plays you couldn't see could never be popular. Yet it was not very long before these specially written "blind" plays (my own *Comedy of Danger* among them) began to be heard in America, and on the European continent as well. *A Comedy of Danger* moreover soon began to find a use for which it had never been intended: it was obviously impossible to give it in a theater, but it became surprisingly popular with amateur companies on both sides of the Atlantic. For it was a godsend for them at last to find a play which

needed no scenery, no costumes; all you had to do for a setting was put out the lights. It did not even need a stage: in total darkness it could be acted in any living room.

I HAVE gone on to this day writing radio scripts of all kinds, though only occasionally and never (I must confess) quite wholeheartedly. Deterrents have been at work, but not things inherent in the medium, only accidental, remediable things. They can all be summed up in one word: time.

Radio drama needs more time than it has ever been allotted if it is to grow to its potential stature. More time, first, for writing: harbingers, perhaps, but not masterpieces can be written in a single night. I know of only one radio play which does approach classic level; the gestation of *Under Milk Wood* took thirteen years, from that night in 1939 when it was first conceived. Time in this case means money: money to live on.

More time is needed, too, for production. No theatrical producer would dare to put a production on the boards in the state most productions go on the air; his cast would still be reading their parts round a table. It takes weeks of work, not days, to extract the full savor of serious dramatic writing. How can a writer be expected to write in depth when he knows that producer and cast will have no time to do more than skim his surface?

What are the remedies, then, considering that the resources both of time and money are limited? There need be no further call on those resources if only radio plays were performed *more often*, as stage plays are performed and books printed, so that what is great has time to be sifted from the ephemeral. There should be a regular policy of repetition and revival, so that the better plays have a chance to rise to the top. Fewer new plays and more repetition of old ones would mean more adequate rewards for the efforts of those writers whose plays deserve repetition, more time for the producer to do his work properly, and more incentive too.

Sound radio has shown sufficient vigor to survive its first crisis, the coming of television. But if there is now to be any development in sound radio comparable with the development of the Elizabethan theater, then I think the program authorities themselves will have to play their part. There is much for them to ponder; there are new policies to be formed: *they* will have to begin to take radio drama seriously. Only then can we hope that someday the true birthday of radio drama will be dated not January 15, 1924 — the night of the first broadcast of *A Comedy of Danger* — but a night thirty years later: January 25, 1954, the first broadcast of *Under Milk Wood*.

New ideas through imagination . . .

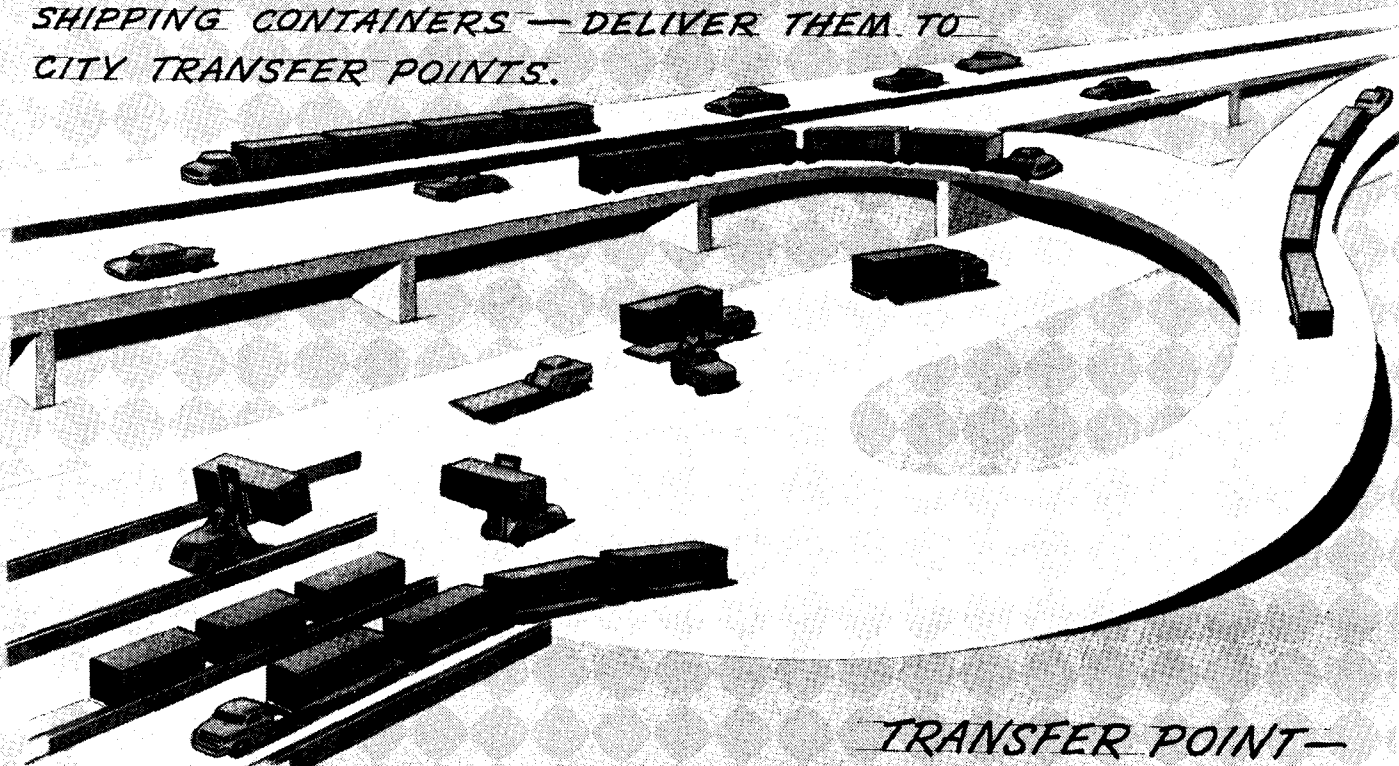
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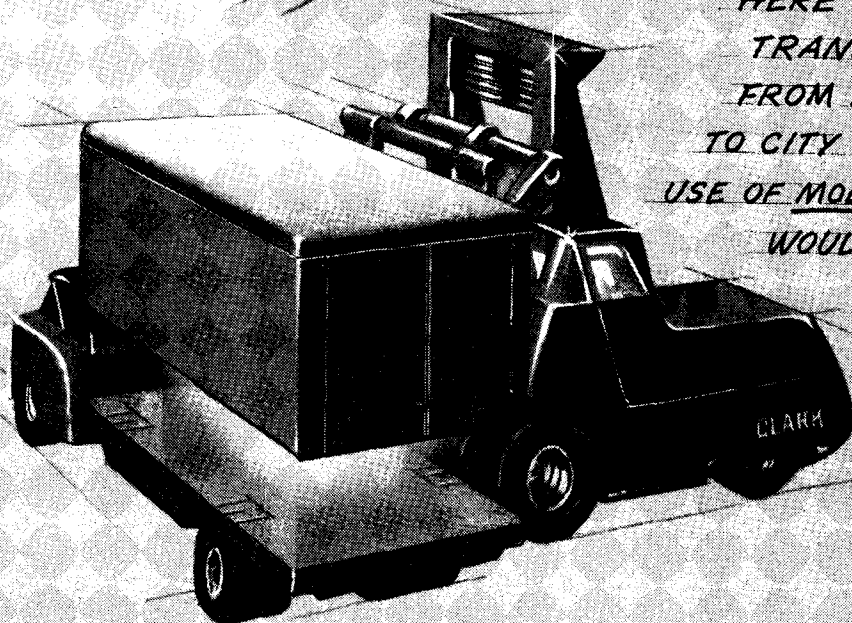
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WHAT A JOURNALIST NEEDS

A veteran newspaperman and curator of the Nieman Fellowships at Harvard University for the past eighteen years, LOUIS M. LYONS has worked at home and abroad with the foremost journalists of our time. He is widely known also for his news analysis, which is carried on many educational television stations. Whether the journalism school offers any advantages over learning on the job is a question on which few Americans could speak with more authority.

WHEN an editor hires a reporter, he hopes to get not an encyclopedia but a man with the capacity for finding the answers and communicating them effectively. How do we identify and how do we educate good journalists?

Writing is the tool of the journalist's trade, whether his product will be published or broadcast. Good writing is one of the hardest products to come by, as every editor will attest. Journalism requires a lean, muscular prose that marches on strong verbs to clear, precise statement of facts. A skeptic may doubt that writers can be made by teaching, especially in an age that has seen most good grammar recede into mystery, but it is still true that writing can be improved by practice and conditioned by good reading.

The editor's first problem is to discover and select people who can write decently. Having always a plethora of applicants, most of them under delusions of glamour about the job, the editor usually hires only when he is short a man at the moment. Too often it is a sheer gamble and one which results in as high a proportion of misfits as in any calling.

The editor is quick to blame this on the schools

of journalism. They are to blame insofar as they have responded to his pressures to devote their most intensive labors to training people for the tricks of the trade — to concoct leads and write heads and to think in terms of "human interest" instead of striving to write copy that will be intelligible and informing. Every trade has its tricks, which are readily learned on the job and probably never effectively acquired any other way. The trouble with so much "journalism education" as presented is, first, that it steals time from the broad-based education the journalist should have; and second, that it drills the student in conventional forms that may already be out-of-date in a medium that can never move fast enough to keep up with change. Would Luce and Hadden ever have created a new form with *Time* if their preparation had been limited by the prescriptions of journalism courses? I don't suppose a journalism school would expect to produce either a Herblock or a Walter Lippmann. But what would journalism be without such men?

Most professional schools build their specialization on top of a general education, and require their professional student to have completed the

four years of college. But journalism schools have sold journalism short as a profession in not requiring that the basic education come first. They take their professional curriculum out of the few precious years of college, with a resulting loss. Columbia's graduate school of journalism is the only exception.

The pace and pressure of the journalist's work, furthermore, give him scant chance to fill in the gaps in his cultural background. The panorama of the day's assignments is so variable from day to day, and the deadline so inexorable, that the journalist is flung into his assignment with what he carries under his hat.

James Reston has vividly described the necessity of the journalist to give his assignment everything at the moment the news is hot. Tonight he may read up on it. Tomorrow he may be able to consult an authority. But tomorrow is too late. The story has gone off the front page. The journalist has to work against the clock. This is the limitation and the opportunity of his task. A million readers will decide the issue upon what they found or failed to find on the front page of their newspapers.

The pressures on news space have become so great that condensation is the skill in most demand for the great body of the news. Gone are the days when a Van Anda paid a premium for every additional fact in a *New York Times* story. But the column rules will still bend for the big story. When Herbert Matthews achieves a dramatic interview with the Cuban rebel chief in his secret fastness, the *Times* throws open a whole page for it. When Homer Bigart explores a new frontier war, there is no problem of either space or cable costs. When John Hersey reconstructs the tragedy of Hiroshima, the *New Yorker* turns over the whole magazine for it. Writing is by no means a lost art in journalism.

But the finest stylist may still be a very imperfect journalist if he lacks the many other dimensions of his demanding craft.

The first essential for the journalist is to realize that education must be continuing — that he will learn something from every new assignment if he can keep alive his interest for the quest. He also needs to appreciate both the importance and the difficulty of independence of mind. For the dominant pressures in his work are apt to discourage it or even eliminate it. He must assert his independent view boldly and maintain it stoutly once he has honestly reached it on the basis of his findings; it is all too easy for such individuality to be smothered in the grooves of whatever is commercially profitable or politically comfortable.

The journalist of integrity will have to stand up again and again for the necessity to publish or

broadcast facts that will be unpalatable to some; to insist on repeating truths that have become uncomfortable. The cards will usually be stacked against him, for the stakes on the side of following the path of least resistance are always high.

Journalistic standards can be high in America, but they are in the main individual standards, and so their uniformity cannot be certified. If they characterize an institution, it is because of the individual who planted them there. They do not grow automatically in commercial journalism; they will be sustained only by stubborn insistence of individuals who will sometimes have to be unpleasant about it.

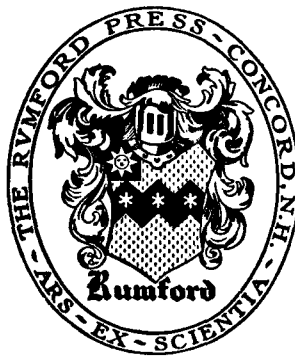
Such toughness is not developed by "vocational" courses, nor do their faculties present the continuing criticism of journalism that our law schools do of the law. The lack is more than one of curriculum. It is a lack of character and responsibility — of a realization of the full dimension of the journalist's role in society. These are the most conspicuous and fatal defects in the bulk of current journalism education, and they demonstrate that our education for journalism is not good enough. It is true that the standards of the employers are no higher. But it is in the nature of a school rather than of a business that it should cultivate the character, courage, and criticism required.

Few legends are more pervasive on the American campus than the legend that repressive and restrictive forces limit the role of the press. This legend paints an exaggerated picture of our journalistic limitations. But it is supported by enough evidence in the local press and the experience of students' older friends to persist as a factor in diverting students of talent and character away from journalism. Relatively low pay and the lack of any effort by most of the press to get at the best available talent are other factors. But neither of these counts as much with men who are willing to dedicate themselves to a calling as the conviction that their dedication is not wanted, that principles must be compromised and the searcher turned into the sensationalist. This murky picture may be out of perspective, but its persistence is a major factor in limiting the field for journalism and peopling it with the too familiar cynic.

Insurance against cynicism is a priceless asset for the journalist, for cynicism is one of the commonest faults of his craft. Who is to steer him to a sure source of values that will prove durable under the stress of his trade? Some men find philosophy in history, some in literature, some in the classics, some in science. Certainty about means can be treacherous, but exposure to possible means is the function of education.

The lessons learned, one hopes, will include

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ability to distinguish the important from the trivial, the real from the phony. But this cannot be guaranteed. The faculty, like the coach, must have material to work on. Those who manage our communications media cannot escape responsibility for selecting those who have what it takes.

Journalism is a daily education for the man with any capacity for it. The incitement of journalism is its own incentive to learn. Great editors have been produced by the impact of life upon them as they watched and described its activity. All is grist for the journalist's mill: he picks up a useful background almost in spite of what we call education. Often the kind of formal schooling he had seems to be a minor factor in his actual preparation. One way and another he has filled out a background for his job.

Walter Lippmann began as a researcher (we would say today) for Lincoln Steffens. James Reston began as publicity man for the Cincinnati Reds. James Morgan began as a telegrapher. Christopher Rand started in the insurance business. Edwin Lahey, leaving school in the eighth grade, used to read Dickens on his freight-handling job and amused himself by trying to write sentences like Dickens'. A generation of Chicago *Daily News* readers have had reason to be grateful for the color and movement of Lahey's model.

So let no one be dogmatic about the studies of the journalist. Only give him a chance to fill up his mind. One may safely suggest the great literature, in order to know what men have thought. Equally, of course, history, to understand the world he will be trying to describe, and primarily American history, if only because his reporting will be chiefly on the American scene. This will include the history of journalism and journalism as a factor in history.

The inquiring mind will want to know enough about science to understand the scientist, enough about economics to realize that most political issues have an economic base, and enough about the arts and professions to understand at least their vocabulary. Let the journalist study languages not alone for their utility in reporting abroad but for the incidental acquaintance they yield of other cultures, other literatures, and most of all for the facility they promote in more flexible and precise use of English.

Beyond conscientious industry in pursuing a trail and checking his facts, the journalist needs

to be able to know what he's got when he's got it. The tools of the researcher are invaluable. A little knowledge of statistics will often save one from being fooled by them. Even a little mathematics, if understood, will help to estimate the probabilities in handling vast and imponderable figures. When Ed Lahey was a Nieman Fellow, I joshed him for spending some of his precious year on so mundane a study as accounting. "I'm going to be able to pick out the loaded dice in a municipal budget," he said. I'm sure his accounting has given expert confidence to his fisheye skepticism about this very special field of mythology.

Whatever else, a journalist must learn to read. He needs to read vastly, and to select swiftly what he must extract.

One's own keenest interest is the surest guide to profitable study. To know something well is vital. To dig into any subject is to discover unsuspected relationships with other fields. Relationships are perhaps the most important things for a journalist to understand.

If we think we can prescribe the tools of the journalist, what then? How do we educate for the qualities journalism demands? How does one learn competence without cockiness, caution without timidity, skepticism without cynicism, responsibility without egotism?

How does one educate for judgment, for resourcefulness, for courage to withstand pressure, for capacity to sift out the sense and the fact from a jungle of claims? How can one develop the detachment to deal with facts factually, to subdue personal predilections and stick to the evidence — to acquire that quality the journalist calls objectivity? Objectivity, this essential discipline of journalism, is a habit of mind, a factor of temperament, almost a trait of character. These qualities probably are not produced in the classroom, but are part of the process of growth. What we should be looking for is a man who will grow on the job.

The vital question isn't, what is his education, but can he learn? Will he grow on the job? This is the larger question. For we cannot finally define what we need from the communicator, since part of what we need is that he discover for us what is outside our reach and that he bring it within our ken. A capacity for discovery and interpretation is perhaps as close as we can come to what we need from him.

ALFRED A. KNOPF



BOOK PUBLISHING: The Changes I've Seen

A New Yorker who graduated from Columbia, ALFRED A. KNOPF is the originator of the Borzoi imprint. His first catalogue of new books, published in 1915, represented a determined effort to present to Americans the works of great European writers, and from that day his standards in the selection and manufacture of books have been envied by many and equaled by few.

As I write this I am completing my sixty-fifth year. Forty-five years ago I went to work as a clerk in the accounting department of Doubleday Page and Company at Garden City, New York. It was my first job in the publishing business and I have been in that business ever since.

It was a good business in those days. Authors wrote, publishers published, and bookstores sold. Publishers knew what they wanted — and frequently they didn't want what we today would say they should have wanted (think of Doubleday and Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*) — and authors supplied it, with at least a technical competence. Editors existed, but it seemed to me they handled authors (as people — and creators, if you will) rather than manuscripts. Certainly they didn't, as they so commonly do now, conduct elaborate correspondence courses with would-be and indeed practicing novelists.

Then new publishers began to appear, competition for publishable books became keener, costs increased steadily, and the spread between the sale of the average book and the best seller grew greater. Book clubs appeared with their large cash guarantees for a few titles each year, guarantees divided equally between author and publisher; the poor became poorer, and the rich richer, and the jackpot ever bigger.

Now a lot of people believe that as a result of all this many writers write with a major book club in mind. I have never believed this and do not believe it now. The choices of the clubs are too erratic for anyone to know in advance what their judges will select.

The interest of booksellers in pushing individual titles that were not foreordained best sellers declined steadily; the attitude of a Pittsburgh bookseller who told me that his counters were simply places where he *displayed* books — if they didn't sell that was no affair of his; there was nothing he should be expected to do about it — is now more the rule than the exception. And so it becomes more and more difficult to get a reasonable hearing for a book that is simply *good* — not a world-shaking masterpiece, not the choice of a major book club, not to be made into a super-colossal movie, but just a good book in which its publisher and author both believe and which several thousand Americans would probably read with pleasure and profit if they ever laid hold of it.

During recent years public libraries and government agencies have bulked increasingly important in book sales. This is all to the good — the bigger the budgets of our libraries the better for all of us. But libraries can never *make* an author. Only booksellers can do this essential job.

Despite all I have said, publishers, if not booksellers, are prospering these days, but I am sure none of us are as prosperous as we ought to be, considering the general state of our economy and the rapid growth of population and of so-called education. Our difficulty, it seems to me, is that however bad times become — and they were very bad indeed twenty-five years ago — they never become bad enough to force the book trade to effect sensible and fundamental changes of basic policy. We always dress the wound by applying a new bandage over the old soiled one.

When I was a young publisher I attended booksellers' conventions regularly. The eternal argument was that a 40 per cent discount would make everything hunky-dory. After perhaps a decade of this agitation, the 40 per cent discount became almost universal. But all the troubles of the bookseller remained. We have added the privilege of the return of all unsold stock after a certain period of time — usually from six months to a year from date of publication. We cannot speak of sales even to authors any more until after their books have been out for at least six months. We are really lending books to our customers, though they do pay us for stock that they will return later on for credit, and some publishers do charge 10 per cent for the privilege, with the result that much of the time our inventory is gone today and here tomorrow.

WHAT is wrong? The fundamental trouble, I think, is that people concerned with books, and I mean publishers, booksellers, and authors, have never succeeded in gaining from the general public the kind of fundamental respect for the book that it deserves. People who can well afford to buy books and who wouldn't dream of borrowing any other purchasable object feel no compunction about borrowing a book. Though the price of a book has risen during the past quarter century less than almost any other service or commodity you can think of, the well to do constantly complain that books cost too much.

Booksellers, it seems to me, fall down badly in failing to make the more literate members of their community realize that they are there and on the job. Thus, an acquaintance phoned me some months ago to say that he had bought many of our well-known series, *Great Lives in Brief*. He wanted three to give as a gift and he needed them promptly. He had asked for them at a store that bears perhaps the proudest name among booksellers. He was told they were not in stock, and the clerk did not even offer to try to get them for him.

Now publishers do not like to sell books at

retail. If the book trade presented itself effectively to the consuming public they would never be expected to do this sort of business. I suspect that the source of this difficulty lies in the fact that almost alone as an industry book people pay no attention whatever to the ultimate consumer, on whose dollars we all live. I am a pretty old timer as publishers go, and I have sat in at many conferences of authors, publishers, booksellers, and even librarians. But I have never been at a single meeting in which the interests of the *book-buying public* were so much as mentioned, much less discussed. Authors worry about their problems, booksellers about theirs, and publishers and librarians about theirs. But the only break the consumer gets is when his bookseller persuades him to place an advance order for a desirable book on which the publisher has set a special pre-publication price.

That is where the book clubs come into the picture, for they have operated from the beginning on the assumption that the consumer is king, and every bit of their enormous promotion and advertising is addressed to the consumer and designed to give the consumer something for much less than he would have to pay for it anywhere else. And book clubs, obviously, are here to stay.

Since publishers are often blamed by booksellers for coöperating with book clubs as they do, a couple of our early experiences with them are not without significance. When the Literary Guild was very young, Carl Van Doren wanted to use a book of ours — a volume of short stories. As bookstore agitation against the Guild was very strong at the time, we declined the Guild's offer even though we thus deprived the author of a fair sum of money. We notified all our customers of what we had done. One bookstore — just one, mind you — increased its order for this book. The trade sale didn't earn for the author anything like what the Guild would have guaranteed her had there been no bookstore sale at all, and in the end we felt so conscience-stricken that we paid her a substantial sum out of our own pockets.

Year after year Willa Cather refused to allow us to offer her books to the Book-of-the-Month Club. She always wanted people to buy her books of their own free will. Harry Scherman has not made the success he has without reason. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, then one of the judges of the club, was a girlhood friend of Miss Cather's; they had been undergraduates together at the University of Nebraska. So Harry had Mrs. Fisher write a long persuasive letter to Miss Cather, who brought it around to me and asked, "What shall I do?" Miss Cather, though a very strong-minded person, didn't feel, when a direct personal appeal had been made to her in this way by an old friend,

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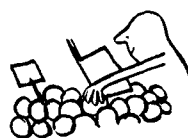


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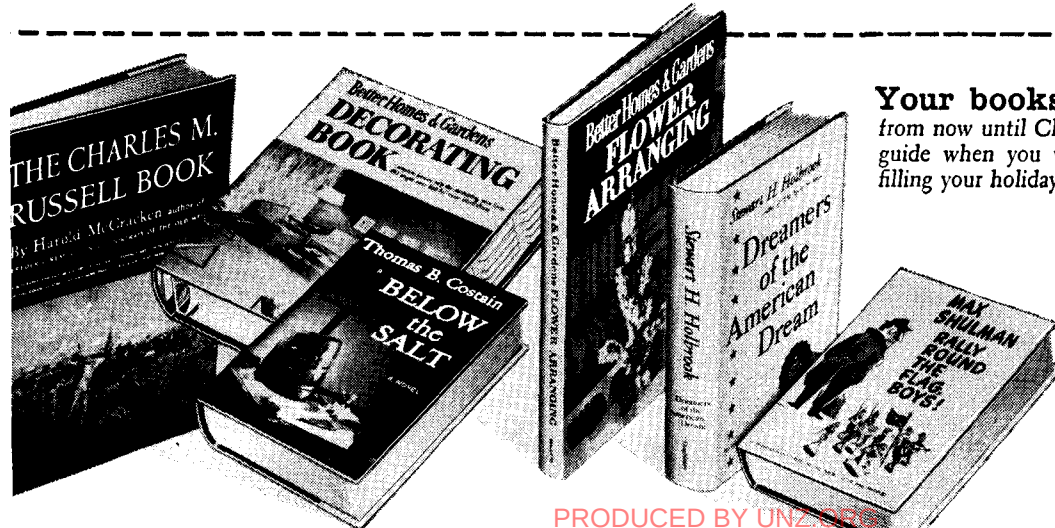
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that she wanted unnecessarily to offend the club's judges. I came up with what I thought was a bright idea: we would wire each of our salesmen requesting him to ask the most important customer on whom he was calling that day whether we should allow the book—it was *Shadows on the Rock*—to be distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club. With the single exception of a small department store, the smallest of the accounts from whom we heard, the response was that the Book-of-the-Month Club would help the sale of the book and we should by all means let the club have it. So there we were; the Book-of-the-Month Club sent out *Shadows on the Rock* to its members, and it outsold all of Miss Cather's novels except *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and perhaps *My Antonia*, for which, since we did not publish it, I have no figures.

So the great giveaway element was introduced into the book business. And where has it led us? One recent issue of the *New York Times Book Review* contained fourteen full-page advertisements. Of these, nine advertised either cut prices or free offers. Generally speaking the book clubs offer such bargains that any family not really fussy or choosy about what they read, and most families are not, could be amply supplied with books for not more than half the regular prices. Sometimes the money involved for the author and original publisher is inconsiderable. But sometimes it is very large indeed. And since these fees are divided evenly between the author and the publisher, even the publisher who would be willing to forego his half—if you can imagine such a fellow—would have his author to consider.

Today the Reader's Digest Book Club is the most profitable one, and I think it is the least discussed by booksellers. Few books earn for either author or publisher in their original edition anything like what this club pays for a selection. John Hersey's latest novel retails at three dollars; you could have bought it from the Reader's Digest Book Club at one time for ten cents because he made them print it *in its entirety*. On our sale of 50,000 copies we paid the author something less than \$25,000. His share of the Digest Book Club fee will come to more than \$40,000. I could cite many cases just as striking. It all makes me wonder what drives a man or woman into a bookstore to pay the full price for a book.

But I believe that most of what I have been talking about, sad as it seems, is peripheral; the really important thing for all of us is what the author has written. I guess if better books were written, publishers would publish them. But that doesn't excuse us for producing the large volume of trivial, unimportant, inferior, and downright unworthy stuff we do. The general methods pur-

sued by publishers in acquiring books to publish are often unsound and result in the proliferation of books that are neither good nor salable. These are the bane of the bookseller, and of benefit only to the paper manufacturer and the printer and binder.

We pay substantial advances for books that never get written and for books which turn out to be not at all the kind of thing we expected. You can offer a grade A milk and a grade B if you are in the dairy business, but authors are vain in a way that cows are not, and while the publisher may regard a book as grade C, or even F, he is never free to say so publicly. Indeed, he is expected by the people who write books to advertise only masterpieces. So we don't even remark on a claim such as I found in the *Publishers' Weekly* not long ago: "Never has a book offered so much to a reader." This is a claim that I think can only be regarded as comic. It reminds me of what Thomas Jefferson once wrote to George Washington: "Such is become the prostitution of language that sincerity has no longer distinct terms in which to express her own truths."

A single publisher announces for one season "12 superb new novels." I suppose it would be a good season that produced two or three novels to which the adjective *superb* could legitimately be applied. You remember what the Irishman said when he was asked if he could play the violin: that he didn't know because he had never tried. But people who have never written a novel are getting contracts and advances all the time from publishers to write one. Rarely the result comes off in a big way, but frequently it is a sorry performance for which the publisher has to put up the best bluff he can. He usually doesn't fool anyone, but he hurts the good book for which he can make legitimate claims. No publisher today can say to any author, "Your book is so bad that it can't be published," because the author is just as likely as not to go down the street and sell it to the first publisher whose office he passes. Let me give you an instance. The author must remain nameless, but he is an old hand, and we have published him for many years. We don't however accept everything he offers. Regarding one manuscript which I turned down, I put in our editorial file the following memorandum: "Spoke today to —'s agent. Told him this book a disgrace, that I couldn't possibly get through it, that I saw no hope for it on our list, or as a later reprint, that he might be able to sell it as an original to one of the less distinguished paperback reprint houses."

I had forgotten all about this until we recently published a new novel by this author. We submitted an offer from a reprint house to him for his approval. He expressed surprise that the guaran-

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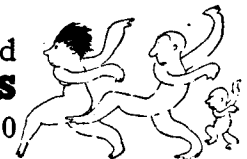


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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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tee was not as large as he had been paid for a book whose title I did not recognize. It turned out to be the very book I have just referred to. It had been published under a pseudonym by a first-rate house. They sold few copies in the original edition, but, prosperous as they are, simply couldn't resist the quick and easy dollar that the twenty-five-cent edition offered.

I would like to speak briefly about reviewers. When I was young, a good many people were around who could really get a hearing for a book: William Lyon Phelps at Yale, at whom the intellectuals used to laugh but whose enthusiasms were really contagious; Henry L. Mencken, who could even sell a book by denouncing it, so arresting was his invective; Heywood Broun in New York; Henry Sell, Burton Rascoe, and Fanny Butcher in Chicago, and many others. Today book reviewers seem to have fallen on poor times. I think only Orville Prescott writing in the *New York Times* can convey effectively his enthusiasm for a new book to a considerable number of readers and make them buy the book he praises. We would all benefit enormously were there a dozen like him. Whether they were sound critics wouldn't matter so much to the book trade — not to start with, at any rate. Naturally the front page of the *New York Times Book Review*, if it is given over to a very enthusiastic notice of a reasonably good book, does influence sales, but I have seen favorable reviews printed there of books for which we have not in the following week received orders for thirty copies.

What then makes a book sell? I regret to say that its selection by a major book club still seems to have the greatest influence on the booksellers and hence on the public. Of course it is no longer true that every selection by a major book club has a wide general sale. Nevertheless, the best news we can give our salesmen about a forthcoming book is that it has been tapped by the Book-of-the-Month Club or the Reader's Digest Book Club. And this, I think you will agree, is not a very healthy situation.

Nor is the reader guiltless. Walt Whitman, I think, said that to have great poets you must have great audiences. With only a thousand or so copies of a new book distributed among more than that many booksellers, including wholesalers, many a book and not by any means always an unworthy one is hard to find in the stores. It is astonishing how often a good book is missed for years by the very kind of reader who is especially interested in the subject with which it deals.

How to bring the right book and the right reader

together is the great problem. The book clubs make much of this very approach. They can do it effectively because the cost of reaching their audience is spread over tens and sometimes hundreds of thousands of copies. Neither publisher nor bookseller can afford anything remotely resembling this. Some such duty, it seems to me, devolves on the reader. As the *London Times Literary Supplement* said not long ago: "In a way, it is more important for the reader to feel some sense of commitment than for the author to set him a lead. For if the reader is content with drivel, or settled too firmly with his head in the clouds, or bedevilled by the irresponsible voracity of the bookworm, he will seriously weaken the writer's will to give of his best. The writer may display every possible virtue; he may be a model of social and literary tact; he may weigh every word in the most delicate balances apposite to the problems of this world or the next; yet he must depend upon the response of his readers if he is to survive."

But let me close on a more encouraging note. My own firm is best known perhaps for the quality of its back list — books that very often during the first year appear to be failures have a way of going on steadily year after year and even decade after decade. They are usually good books. Then there are those books which enjoy large sales without the benefit of reviews of any kind, or even of any advertising. Kahlil Gibran's *The Prophet* has recently passed the million mark. It sold 1300 copies in 1923 when we published it, 2500 the next year, 5000 the third year, 10,000 the fourth, and has never sold fewer copies than that in any year since 1928. One year it got past 70,000. The sale astonished everyone except the author, who was convinced from the time he gave me the manuscript that *The Prophet* would sell hugely. Sometimes authors are that way! Willa Cather had the same belief in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Another, *This Is My Beloved*, a slim volume of verse, has sold nearly 400,000 copies since it appeared in 1943. And it has practically never been advertised.

When Samuel Butler asked Darwin, "What sells a book?" he got the classic answer, "Being talked about is what sells a book." And the answer still holds. But for the most part we have prospered without enormous best sellers. And when I think of those that passed the 100,000 mark during their first year or so, *Shadows on the Rock*, *The Fountain*, *Life with Father*, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, *A Bell for Adano*, *The Cruel Sea*, *The Wall*, I feel confirmed in the conviction I have held for more than forty years that by and large the taste of the reading public is better than that of us who cater to it.



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EDWARD WEEKS has written a brilliant general introduction to this monumental collection, as well as introductions to the eighteen sections and notes on each of the authors. In fiction, special attention has been paid to *Atlantic* "firsts," stories in which the magazine played the role of discoverer. Classics such as Eudora Welty's "A Worn Path" and "Fifty Grand" by Ernest Hemingway are examples of the wealth of material in this section. Emil Ludwig describes "The German Mind" at the time of World War I. Jane Addams writes about "The Devil Baby at Hull House." Booker T. Washington pleads "The Case of the Negro." John Muir goes "Hunting Big Redwoods." Robert Moses presents his classic "Slums and City Planning"—the variety of subject material is matched by the excellence of the writing and the eminence of the authors in every field imaginable. *Frontispiece.* \$7.50

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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

WE WERE ON our way to Plum Island for what was perhaps my last visit of the year, and almost certainly the boy's last until he returns from the Army. The sunlight had that hazy, suspended beauty of the late autumn, prompting you to take a good look while it lasts, and as we drove we noted as one does the new things that are always changing the familiar: here on Heartbreak Road is the new wayside stand where we found the best sweet corn in the summer; we passed the famous blueberry moors that have been so barren this year because of the spring frost; we noticed the dying elms on the Rowley Green and wondered if maples would be planted in their stead, and as we crossed over the span of the Rowley River, we saw that the tide was almost high and, judging from the pull on the buoys, coming in strong. Now our gaze was to the east, to the tawny marshes with the white-topped sand dunes marking the far barrier against the Atlantic. That is where we would be in another fifteen minutes, but first we paused at the Sportsmen's Rest, not for a beer, but to hear if they had had any word about the stripers.

The bartender referred us to two customers in long-billed caps. "It's a sheer gamble now," they said. "Last we heard of were taken early Sunday morning out of the surf by the old Coast Guard station. Small ones, school fish." That's where we intended to go anyway, and the native skepticism was usual.

The white road which leads into the Parker River Refuge took us six miles down the sandy thumb. We met the warden driving out and hailed him. "Anybody doing business at Big Sandy, or the Station?" we asked. "Haven't seen a fish or a fisherman. You'll have it all to yourselves." So in time we parked, and with the long glass rod and our bag of plugs climbed through our favorite gap in the dunes.

At the high point you pause to take it all in: the nine-mile crescent of immaculate beach, the

sandy parapet built up by the last flood tide, and below that the wet brown ocean floor and the breakers. We looked for feeding gulls and found them, a small cluster inshore but far down toward the point, and closer, to the north of us but half a mile out, a rowdy colony of others. They were settling on the water when we arrived, but a minute later they were dispersed and in flight, and now we saw why, for they were hunting over a mile-long reef of feeding fish. Here, far, far beyond our reach, were the stripers we had come for, an enormous school of them whose presence darkened the water with a slight ruffle and whose pursuit drove to the surface the little fish the gulls were swooping for. The gannets plummeted straight down from fifty or sixty feet, the sunset on their wings, and they hit the water like a shellburst. We began laying out a tinclad as far as we could cast on the chance that a truant from the school might have wandered inshore. But reason told us they were hopelessly out of reach. Meantime we watched the geysers of water that flashed again and again in the far sunlight over that incredible reef.

In this hour it was our luck to be spectators. We saw cormorants riding the water as stolidly as tugs, and in another instant gone from view. We saw four white-winged scoters evenly spaced jetting their way south in their low undeviating flight; a scurry of sanderlings landed beside us for their twinkling, inquisitive business at the water's edge. I whistled, and the flock rose, took protective shape, veered away, and then settled right back again. The shellbursts continued far out in the fading light, and then as I lifted my gaze I saw coming toward us the ever-changing, unmistakable V of the Canada goose and heard at the same instant the creak and honking of their intercom. The first flight numbered twenty-five and was so low that we could mark and listen to the leader. Necks outthrust, white cheeks showing, the wingbeat so powerful, so regular, they

The Peripatetic Advertiser

Books are the stuff that talk is made of — from the competitive aphorisms of the cocktail hour to firelight profundities when the roar of hi-fi tweeter is stilled. Without attempting to assign to each of these categories the professional talk that follows or even to introduce everyone by name, the Peripatetic Advertiser, out of his chair, is quoting the *Atlantic* and the *Times*, the *Saturday Review* and Virginia Kirkus, *Harper's* and a dozen assorted critics.



Holiday in France by Ludwig Bemelmans et al • “This frankish omnibus (Colette, Maurois, Buchwald, Perelmain, Steinbeck etc.) spans the savoir faire of gastronomy to the proper behavior en famille.” **Helen Corbitt's Cookbook** • “Makes us feel that the lace and the silver have been laid and the candles lighted. She promises the gentle hostess two parties, one with charmed guests, but first one with a charmed kitchen.” **To Catch a Man** by Rehna (Tiny) Cloete • . . . and that's how “a mouse (Tiny) captured a lion — a literary lion, that is — and will capture your heart in the process.” **Parkinson's Law** by C. Northcote Parkinson • “A spoof on inner-directed organization men”?

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his novel an insistent authenticity.”

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The Courage to be Happy by Dorothy Thompson • “The valkyrie purrs. A serene anthology (her article from the *Ladies' Home Journal*) from one who usually comes out swinging.”



Sandy Was a Soldier's Boy by David Walker • “Another of David Walker's quietly humorous masterpieces (he wrote *Geordie*).” **Majority of One** by Sydney F. Harris • “A huge and varied fund of pithy phrases and philippics.”

Village Diary by ‘Miss Read’ • “A second quite lovely book from the pen of a wise, humorous, lively and delightful writer, who knows the use of language as well as she knows the persons, places, and problems so accurately and vividly described.” **Parkinson's Law** • It is “downroarious” . . . it is “lowlarious.”



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came in right over us and then broke formation to mingle and form up with a much larger flight that had been following. Then, still in a V, they angled away from the ocean to the security of the bay, where—did they know it?—no shooting is permitted. Now the light and the flood tide were gone, and it was time for us to head for home. Fishing is not always for fish, as we have cause to know, and there is a retentive beauty about these last hours of the open months. On the way out the boy picked up a giant clamshell as white and unblemished as if it had come from the carver's hand. It will remind us.

MAN AND NATURE

In the great days of sound effects, one of the most amiable and knowledgeable voices on the air was that of **JOHN KIERAN** of *Information Please*. A veteran newspaperman who had risen to be sports editor of the *New York Times*, John Kieran brought to *Information Please* a spritely and encyclopedic memory. He had an enormous zest for the world about him, and he remembered the details because he enjoyed knowing. Now from his home base at Rockport, Massachusetts, he reads and writes as he pleases, and out of such cogitation has come **JOHN KIERAN'S TREASURY OF GREAT NATURE WRITING** (Doubleday, \$4.95), a book full of entertainment and edification for those who value wild places and the wildlife therein.

The best anthologies follow a clearly discernible pattern and are bound together by sinews of the editor's devising. The pattern of this book is to present sixty prose selections touching "many aspects of Nature and varied departments of Natural History." Mr. Kieran has been skillful in placing those authors who are time-honored beside those who most certainly come as a discovery, and the medley has then been woven together into closer affiliation by Mr. Kieran's deft and delightful thumbnail sketches of his fellow naturalists.

However familiar the names may look, one will always take away something fresh from reading Thoreau's reflections at Walden, or Gilbert White at Selborne, or "A Rural Ride" by William Cobbett, or John James Audubon on "The Passenger Pigeon." Here are some of the *Atlantic* classics: Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Dissertation on New England Elms"; Tom Barbour's hilarious account of "The Glory Hole" in Salem; and "Turtle Eggs for Agassiz" by Dallas Lore Sharp. Then there are the discoveries: Edwin Way Teale's brilliant and perceptive paper, "Winged Bullets," on the dragonfly; or Archie Carr's experience in seeking to solve "The Riddle of the Ridley" ("the

most mysterious air-breathing animal in North America"); or Joseph Wood Krutch on "The Contemplative Toad," a chapter which should be dedicated to my friend David McCord, who, when the fishing is slack, has had more amusing byplay with toads and frogs than any other man I know.

Two of my special favorites I do not find here: Wyman Richardson on Nauset Marsh and Roy Bedichek, the expressive Texan naturalist who has been fighting so hard to preserve the whooping crane. But no anthology can hold everything, and this one is rich and copious and the more endearing for the lyrics Mr. Kieran has included, as well as for his introductions to writers like W. H. Hudson, Henry Beston, and John Muir. This book is a monument to those twin powers of observation and description which every great naturalist must possess.

PARIS AND OXFORD

LUDWIG BEMELMANS delights us all by writing about the succulence of life: he has an exquisite palate for wine and food, he enjoys the caprice of a woman quite as much as her beauty, and his heroes, whether they be a South American general or a French nobleman, are so rich that they can indulge the most extravagant whim. The hero of his newest romance, **THE WOMAN OF MY LIFE** (Viking, \$3.50), Armand, Duc de Montfort-Lamoury, is a bachelor who has inherited property in England, America, Poland, Belgium, and the Belgian Congo.

His father was a rake, and in rebellion against his cynicism, Armand, who has a nicety the elder never possessed, determined to shun women and to make himself as inconspicuous as a man of his great wealth could possibly be. His story comes to us in the form of a memoir which he inscribes during a mild prison term. In this reverie he re-examines the women from whose charms he has escaped and compares them with his present and constant flame, a young American girl with lovely legs whose administrative ability was acquired at the Harvard Business School. Her protective instincts were aroused when the two of them were evicted from the Royal Grand Large in Montparnasse, and in her direct way she decides she will manage him for life. Whether she will enjoy the Duc's insouciance, his delectable philosophy, and Gallic shrewdness as much as the reader does is a question.

I am a divided jury about **A CUP OF TEA FOR MR. THORCILL** (Harper, \$3.50), **STORM JAMESON's** new novel. This is the subtle, skeptical story of how Communism insinuates itself into the cultivated upper levels of an Oxford college. The Master, suave and indolent in his aristocratic tyranny, is

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immune; so too is the Senior Tutor, Henry Gurney, who has thrown away his ambitions after his wife was killed in the Blitz and whose ironic honesty has the edge to cut through the most difficult situations. Henry is the central and most appealing figure in the book, and it is his acumen which triggers the detection.

The story comes to us mostly in dialogue, which Miss Jameson handles with great deftness, and the talk throughout is flavored with that rudeness, malice, and denegation with which the English enjoy scalping one another. One is aware at all times of the social stratification, and the author takes a kind of quiet glee in the breakdown of Nevil Rigden, the self-made scholar, up from the laboring class, who turns informer. Nevil's self-doubt and humiliation, like Gurney's grief, come close to being the real thing, but the mystery which Miss Jameson is never able to explain is what Nevil did with his common sense when he joined the Party and what possible motives his benefactor, the immaculate Tom Paget, could have had in showing him the way.

THE "OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC"

"Sagacious, predictable, and beloved": those three words sum up the career of the *Old Farmer's Almanac*, now in its 166th year of continuous publication. And they might indeed have been its epitaph had the publication not fallen into the hands of a New Hampshire Yankee who possesses the self-same gumption as its founder. When ROBB SAGENDORPH took over the *Almanac* in 1940, the circulation had slipped to less than 100,000 copies. Today it is over a million and still growing. From its present and old issues Mr. Sagendorph has now compiled THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC SAMPLER (Ives Washburn, \$5.00). He has selected an assortment of items—several hundred in number—ranging from weather forecasts to recipes (how to make onion sauce, clam chowder, cabbage salad, Yankee plum pudding); hints on health and thrift; jokes—some good, some archaic; serious tips on farming and animal husbandry; "entertaining matter," such as the revival from frozen death of six persons in Montpelier, Vermont; the account of the great black blizzard of March 31, 1955; or how Bud Fisher published the first American comic strip in 1907. Best of all, there are aphorisms with an American twist and tang. For example: "It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out" (1803); "The only way for a man to escape being found out is to pass for what he is" (1858). A book to be nibbled at, quoted, and remembered.

BOOKS THE EDITORS LIKE

FICTION

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BY ANDRÉ DHÔTEL (SIMON & SCHUSTER, \$3.50)

Despite a bow to reality, this is essentially a fairy tale, with all the delightful improbability and exuberant disregard for the commonplace proper to the genre.

Thalia

BY FRANCES FAVIELL

(FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY, \$3.50)

Two kinds of young love portrayed through the interlocking actions of two English girls at a Breton resort. Brisk, deft writing on a theme that might easily have turned mawkish.

The World of John McNulty

BY JOHN McNULTY (DOUBLEDAY, \$4.50)

With microscopic vision and a hi-fi ear, McNulty chronicled the minor oddities of life, mostly along Third Avenue, New York. Not a collection to read straight through, but fine in small doses. Beguiling introduction by James Thurber.

The Scorpion Field

BY J. L. NUSSER (APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS, \$3.50)

Tartly satirical, Mr. Nusser's first novel makes a juvenile love affair the stick with which to lambaste social and domestic hypocrisy.

VARIOUS JOURNEYS

Athenian Adventure

BY C. P. LEE (KNOPF, \$4.00)

Refusing to rummage in the past ("No unravish'd bride of quietness has been startled by my gaze"), Mr. Lee has a glorious time overhauling modern Athens, and so will his readers.

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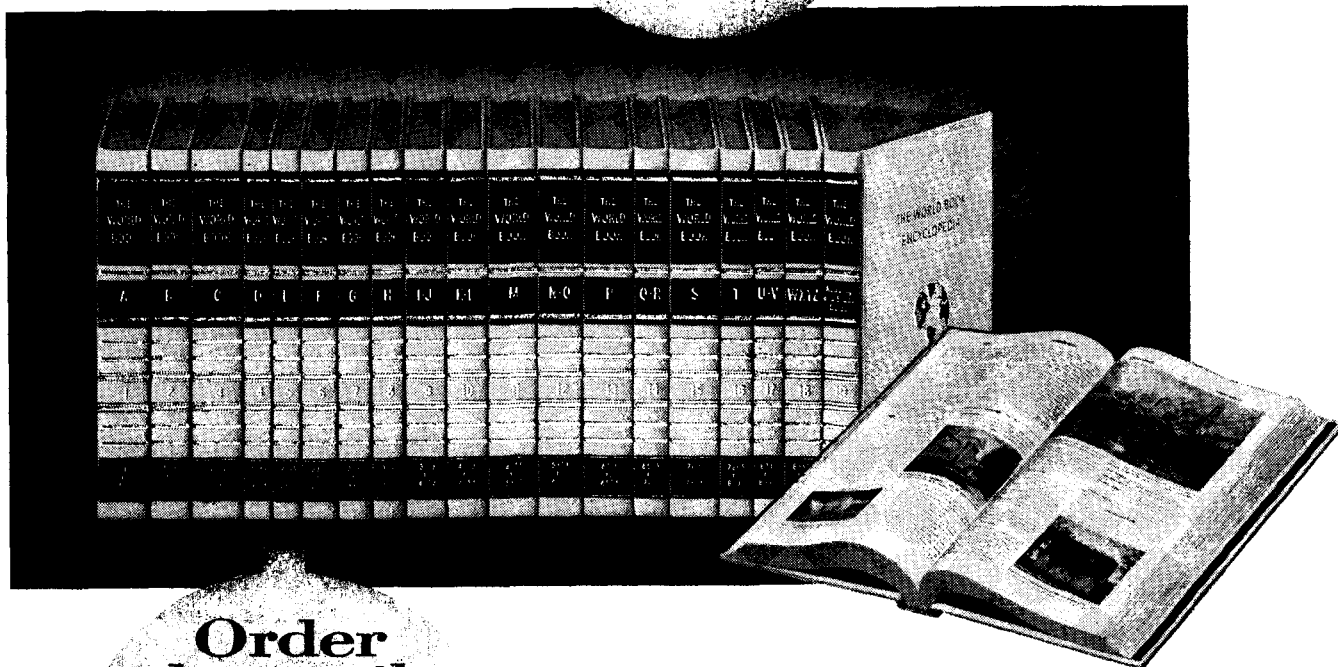
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THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

During the past four decades, the voice that prevailed among young literary intellectuals was the voice of the skeptic and rationalist. But among the generation which has lately become articulate there are signs of agreement with the conviction expressed by Alfred North Whitehead: "If men cannot live on bread alone, still less can they live on disinfectants." There is a perceptible loss of faith in the bread of materialism and the disinfectants of science, and a perceptible rise of interest in religious experience and the meaning it can bring to life. Two current manifestations of a new outlook among the young intellectuals—an outlook which by and large is oriented much more toward mysticism and vitalism than toward orthodox religion—are **RELIGION AND THE REBEL** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00) by COLIN WILSON and **EMERGENCE FROM CHAOS** (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00) by another very young Englishman, STUART HOLROYD.

Mr. Wilson has now assumed the prophetic stance of a Toynbee: his main concern is to analyze the decline of Western civilization in terms of the formulations arrived at in *The Outsider*. His book, however, is a hodgepodge. The most fascinating part, perhaps, is the "autobiographical introduction," which is followed by a recapitulation of *The Outsider*, illustrated with studies of a curiously mated trio—Rimbaud, Rilke, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. With his eye on Spengler and Toynbee, Wilson proceeds to assess the decline of the West. Then he switches back to the Outsider's problem (a vision of life as chaos and a hunger for ultimate reality) and examines the lives and thought of various men who have responded to the problem with a re-

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By WILBUR SCHRAMM

Dept. of Communication
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ligious solution — men such as Boehme, Pascal, Swedenborg, Kierkegaard, and Shaw. The final chapter tries to draw together the historical and religious strands in a consideration of two major twentieth-century philosophers, Wittgenstein and Whitehead. The sympathetic reader will discern the logic behind all these gyrations, but there is a certain madness, too. To group Bernard Shaw and Cardinal Newman under the same label; to toss off such statements as "The Outsider's way of thinking is called existentialism, but it might as easily be called religion," is surely to be what Burckhardt termed a "terrible simplifier."

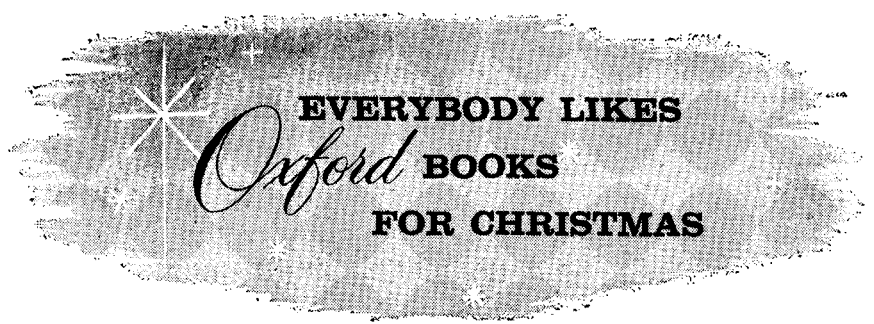
In its barest essence, Mr. Wilson's thesis can be briefly summarized. What ails Western civilization is "the bifurcation of nature" — the extreme separation of intellect, intuition, and body. Western man, since the Renaissance, has exalted intellect at the cost of becoming spiritually crippled. The Outsider is at once a symptom of this crippling and a potential savior. Wilson compares him to Toynbee's "internal proletariat" out of which may emerge a new "creative minority" with a new religion.

The weakness, as a recipe for cultural salvation, of the mystical religion which attracts Wilson is simply that its disciplines are more or less a full-time job. What forces him into this extreme position is an assumption which is far from self-evident: namely that life as lived by ordinary men is unmitigated hell.

About Mr. Holroyd's *Emergence from Chaos* little need be said, since his basic position is similar to Mr. Wilson's and is less provocatively developed, and his method of procedure is the same. The first part, which refers to the Outsider's problems, argues that religion offers the only answer to the present pervasive sense of chaos. The second part is a discussion of six poets in whom the author finds varied expressions of the religious life — Dylan Thomas, Whitman, Yeats, Rimbaud, Rilke, and T. S. Eliot. Judging from this selection, the author might have argued with about equal force that all great poetry is an expression of the religious life.

FICTION CHRONICLE

During what Ilya Ehrenbourg called "the thaw" which followed



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Khrushchev's attacks on Stalinism, the magazine *Novy Mir* published a first novel by VLADIMIR DUDINTSEV, whose devastating picture of Soviet bureaucracy touched off a furor, most of it in support of the book. The cheers were in due course silenced by an official pronouncement that the author, though well-intentioned, was guilty of pessimistic distortion. In a preface to the U.S. edition of *NOT BY BREAD ALONE* (Dutton, \$4.95), Dudintsev piously proclaims that he is merely describing "the birth pangs of a new world in which there is no injustice." The fact remains that no other Soviet novel has been so forthright in its treatment of some of the seamy realities of Soviet life and that it heretically glorifies a lone-hander who fights for the rights of individual against constituted authority.

Dudintsev's hero, Lopotkin, a teacher romantically dedicated to Communist ideals, has invented a labor-saving machine for casting pipes whose great value has been recognized by the Bureau of Inventions. The backing he initially received has been withdrawn, however, at the instigation of a powerful scientist, who has designed a rival but inferior machine. The story focuses, somewhat relentlessly, on Lopotkin's eight-year struggle with officialdom, and it forcefully documents the cynical self-seeking, the corruption, and the snobbish preoccupation with the material symbols of status which prevail in the higher echelons of Soviet society. The hero finally wins out, but the conclusion suggests that his victory is only temporary, that the idealist will always have to fight against suppression by bureaucratic careerists.

From a literary standpoint, the novel is mediocre — prolix and sentimental in its portrayal of the virtuous characters. What is best are the rogues: one of them, Drozdov, is a masterly characterization. Ironically, the book closely resembles an old-fashioned literary product of the era of untrammelled capitalism: the romantic muckraking novel which indignantly exposed "abuses" without seriously relating them to the system that enabled them to flourish. Robber bureaucrats have taken the place of robber barons.

THE MAKIOKA SISTERS (Knopf, \$4.95), by JUNICHIRO TANIZAKI — introduced to Americans with *Some Prefer Nettles* (1955) and widely con-

sidered to be Japan's leading novelist — chronicles the affairs of a once rich and still proud family of the great port of Osaka through the years leading up to World War II. Japanese critics have called it "the *Buddenbrooks* of Japan."

The two eldest Makioka sisters, Tsuruko and Sachiko, are happily married, and the central strand of the story is their search for a suitable husband for a third sister, Yukiko. In this story is mirrored a way of life on the road to extinction, that of the conservative upper bourgeoisie, a class acutely conscious of family status, rigorous in its code of manners, versed in the traditional arts, and deeply attached to the traditional pleasures — cherry blossom parties, firefly hunts (of which there is an exquisite description), visits to beauty spots and shrines, the Kabuki theater and the dance.

The Makioka Sisters, while it has none of the elusiveness or obscurities one often finds in Japanese novels, displays the sensory richness and aesthetic refinement that characterize the best Japanese writing. The book is a magistral fresco of cultural change, warmly and perceptively articulated in terms of human beings. My one substantial reservation is that the story is dramatically too low-keyed — it lacks the narrative drive one would welcome in a work of such spacious dimensions.

In the novels of Tanizaki and other talented Japanese writers, literature reaches out into the domain of painting; in the tales of ISAK DINESEN it reaches back to its early origins — to the storyteller who narrated happenings wondrous, dire, and edifying which took place in a world where reality and fantasy were intermixed, and where fate was a felt presence. Isak Dinesen's new book, *LAST TALES* (Random House, \$4.00), is her first to appear in seventeen years. In an interview published in 1956 in the *Paris Review*, she referred to a group of forthcoming stories as "anecdotes of destiny," and the phrase admirably suggests the special character of the present collection. Melodrama and Gothic inventions are clothed in the elegantly controlled style of an aristocratic raconteur, and the portentous theme of each of these long anecdotes is the mysterious workings of fate.

A cardinal recounts a tale of noble twins, one marked for the Church, the other for art; the latter dies in

Political Studies

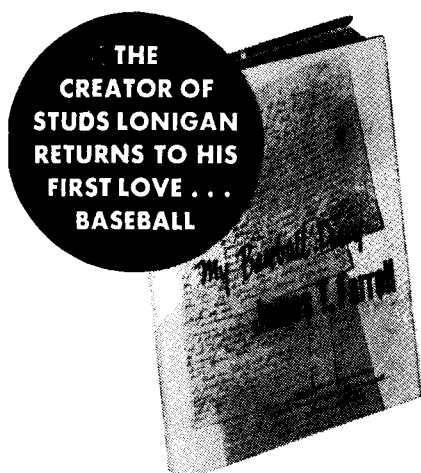
ISOLATION AND SECURITY: Ideas and Interests in Twentieth-Century American Foreign Policy, edited by Alexander DeConde, *University of Michigan*. A symposium on the uses and limits of two theories of international relations. \$4.50

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THE EARLY JACKSON PARTY IN OHIO, by Harry R. Stevens, *Ohio University*. A study in the creation of an enduring national political party. \$4.50

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MY BASEBALL DIARY
by James T. Farrell

A. S. Barnes & Company, N. Y. 16

childhood but his destiny is fulfilled, for the priest and the artist serve the same master — both are the mouthpieces of God. Other tales unfold incest and witchcraft; a son's atonement for his father's crime; a tragedy wrought by the dictates of honor.

The collection, though not quite as impressive as *Seven Gothic Tales*, is a reminder that Isak Dinesen is one of the finest and most singular artists of our time.

THE LAST PHASE

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD: Volume III, 1919-39 (Basic Books, \$7.50) by ERNEST JONES completes one of the great biographies of the twentieth century. The present volume opens with an account of further stresses among Freud's disciples. The world-wide growth of psychoanalysis is a continuing motif. The central drama is Freud's sixteen-year-long battle with cancer of the jaw, which developed when he was sixty-seven. Throughout his long ordeal, in which he endured thirty-one operations and unspeakable suffering, he maintained his practice and (to a substantial degree) his astonishing literary productivity. It was in this phase of his life that he formulated his structural hypothesis of the Ego and the Id and brought his doctrine to bear on religion and the nature of society.

No man can ever have been more true to his convictions than Freud was in the grip of a fatal disease. He never wavered in his rejection of the comforting belief in an afterlife; his acceptance of reality was complete — devoid of irritation or self-pity. So strong was his distaste for any blurring of consciousness that he refused to relieve his agony with opiates until he was on his deathbed.

The latter part of Dr. Jones's book contains surveys of Freud's application of his theories beyond the field of mental therapy, and it provides, among other things, a valuable clarification of Freud's much-debated views about the nature of artistic creation.

Dr. Jones's great achievement is that — in addition to setting on record so detailed, lucid, and informed a study of Freud's personal history and his work — he has projected to the layman the inner drama that pervades Freud's life, the excitement of a revolutionary adventure of the mind.

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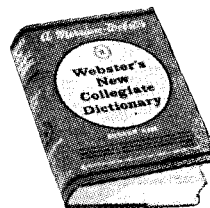
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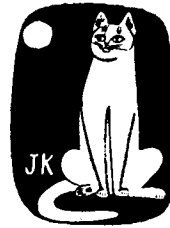
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CHILDREN'S BOOKS



A CHRISTMAS LIST

CHARLOTTE JACKSON

CHARLOTTE JACKSON, who is the author of seven juveniles, is children's book editor for the *San Francisco CHRONICLE*.

There is a bountiful book harvest for young people this Christmas, with enough variety to give any child on your list many enjoyable hours.

WHERE DID TUFFY HIDE? by ISABEL AND FREDERICK EBERSTADT (Little, Brown) with harmonizing pictures by Leonard Weisgard. Most small dogs love to hide, and Tuffy was no exception; but the places he chose — the bread box, the dollhouse, and inside the grandfather clock — proclaimed him a puppy of perspicacity.

AROUND THE YEAR by TASHA TUDOR (Oxford) tells in charming verse and delicately colored pictures interesting bits of information about every month of the year.

BIG RED BUS by ETHEL AND LEONARD KESSLER (Doubleday), written with toddlers in mind, is the story of a little boy and his mother who board a big bus to go shopping for new shoes. The trip is recorded in action-filled sentences and fresh childlike flat pictures.

THE LONELY DOLL by DARE WRIGHT (Doubleday). Edith was a very lonely doll, indeed, until she acquired two teddy-bear playmates, one of whom gets her into all sorts of mischief. Children, as well as their parents, will appreciate the wonderful photographic detail that shows the toys in lifelike attitudes rummaging in clothes closets, climbing on dressing tables, upsetting perfume bottles.

SPARKLE AND SPIN by ANN AND PAUL RAND (Harcourt, Brace). This book about words, written and deco-

rated by a leading American artist and his wife whose first book, *I Know a Lot of Things*, was extremely well received, is unusually handsome and may well be an adult collector's item. For children, however, the text seems confusing and the illustrations far too sophisticated.

LITTLE BEAR by ELSE HOLMELUND, with beguiling pictures by Maurice Sendak (Harper), is a book of episodes in a small bear's life that beginners can easily read, and a sequence of events that they will automatically associate with their own experiences.

EDWARD AND THE BOXES, written and illustrated by DOROTHY MARINO (Lippincott). Edward, finding an odd lot of cartons in the hall, does exactly what any other little boy would do in like circumstances. He makes them into suitable houses for his various pets. It is all great fun, even after his mother comes in with arms filled with winter clothes she intended to store in the boxes.

THE WORLD OF POOH by A. A. MILNE, illustrated by E. H. Shepard (Dutton). Most parents of this generation, who were brought up on Winnie-the-Pooh, are now able to share their childhood enjoyment of these whimsical characters with their own children. The books come in one volume, with many new pictures in color and black and white.

CURIOUS GEORGE GETS A MEDAL by H. A. REY (Houghton Mifflin). This, the fourth book in the series about George, the unpredictable monkey, and his mirth-provoking antics, finds him in unbelievable situations including a test flight he is persuaded

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TION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF
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AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF
MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946**
(Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

of The Atlantic Monthly
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DONALD B. SNYDER,
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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day
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[SEAL] Nathan B. Lincoln, Notary Public
(My commission expires February 2, 1963)

to make into outer space. A gay
parade of monkey pictures.

ORANGE OLIVER by ROBERT LAS-
SON, illustrated by Chuck Hayden
(David McKay). A most original
and amusing story about a myopic
kitten, Oliver, who was always stum-
bling into puddles and missing birds
and butterflies when he leaped at
them, until everyone thought he was
quite stupid. This general attitude
changed, though, once Oliver got
properly fitted with glasses.

ANATOLE AND THE CAT by EVE
TITUS, pictures by Paul Galdone
(Whittlesey House). Anatole, the
magnificent French mouse who dis-
tinguished himself by becoming a
cheesetaster in the first book by this
author-artist team, in these, his
further adventures, has terrific trou-
ble with a pestiferous cat who be-
longs to the owner of the cheese
factory. Anatole copes with it, how-
ever, and all is serene before the
story ends. Gay red, white, and blue
pictures.

OLD BET by ANNE COLVER, illus-
trated by Tony Palazzo (Knopf).
Old Bet, the first elephant ever to
come to America, arrived from Africa
with her ten-year-old keeper nearly
one hundred and fifty years ago,
and subsequently became a star at-
traction in Bailey's traveling menag-
erie. Her life in the circus should
provide an exciting and absorbing
adventure tale for readers in the
eight-to-twelve group. A colorful
profusion of pictures adds greatly to
the text.

MOUSE HOUSE by RUMER GODDEN,
illustrated by Adrienne Adams (Vi-
king). An ingratiating story of a
basement mouse, who, because of
crowded family conditions, came by
chance to seek shelter in a jewel box,
the home of two very dull toy mice.
Miss Godden, in her imaginative
way, makes the most of this situa-
tion. The artist's drawings in sub-
dued color reflect the feeling of this
story for ten-year-olds.

ROBERT LAWSON, winner of both
the Caldecott and Newbery medals
in different years, in this, regretfully
his last book, THE GREAT WHEEL
(Viking), tells the enormously enter-
taining tale of a twelve-year-old
Irish boy, Conn, who immigrated to
this country in 1893 to join his uncle
in the construction business. He
worked on "the greatest wheel in the
world" (the first Ferris wheel) at
the Columbian Exposition in Chi-
cago, a job that bore out what his

The man who reads dictionaries

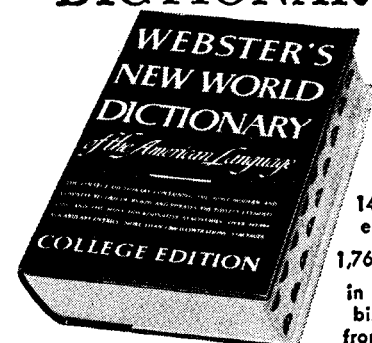


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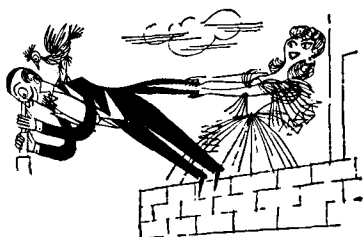
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GIANTS OF JAZZ by **STUDS TERKEL** (Crowell) includes twelve biographies of outstanding American jazz artists, their influence on one another and on music in general. Jazz enthusiasts will prize this volume with its discography and index.

RIFLES FOR WATIE by **HAROLD KEITH** (Crowell) is a top-notch novel for the high school age, dealing with some of the little-known campaigns of the Civil War and the important part played in that struggle by the Cherokee Indians.

MIDSHIPMAN CRUISE by **SCOTT CORBETT** (Atlantic-Little, Brown), an extremely readable story based on the Naval Academy's yearly midshipman cruise to Northern Europe. The author, a civilian guest on one of these cruises, weaves his story around three boys aboard the cruise ship *Morton*. This is a sea saga that will give older boys an idea of Academy life.

AN ADVENTURE IN GEOMETRY, written and illustrated by **ANTHONY RAVIELLI** (Viking). The title is the only uninspiring part of this provocative, brilliant dissertation on the beauties of geometric shapes in nature: the rolling meadow, the crescent-shaped dunes, the delicate spirals of a sea shell. The clear prose and the precisely beautiful drawings make this a welcome gift for anyone.

CATHERINE THE GREAT by **KATHARINE SCHERMAN** (Random House). Older girls will enjoy this perceptively written biography of the spirited German princess, who, overcoming tremendous odds, became a wise and courageous woman and ultimately one of Russia's greatest rulers. A Landmark book.

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE by **BERNARDINE KIELTY** (Random House), another outstanding book in the Landmark series, gives a graphic recapitulation of the historical events that led to the downfall of a city that had flourished as a mecca of culture and great riches for over a thousand years while the shroud of the Dark Ages enveloped Europe.

BOY BLUE'S BOOK OF BEASTS by **WILLIAM JAY SMITH**, illustrations by **Juliet Kepes** (Atlantic-Little,

Brown). The author of *Laughing Time*, in this new book of nonsense verse, chooses thirty-nine beasts from Boy Blue's earth-wide zoo and poetizes charmingly about each one. Mrs. Kepes' animal drawings are exactly in key.

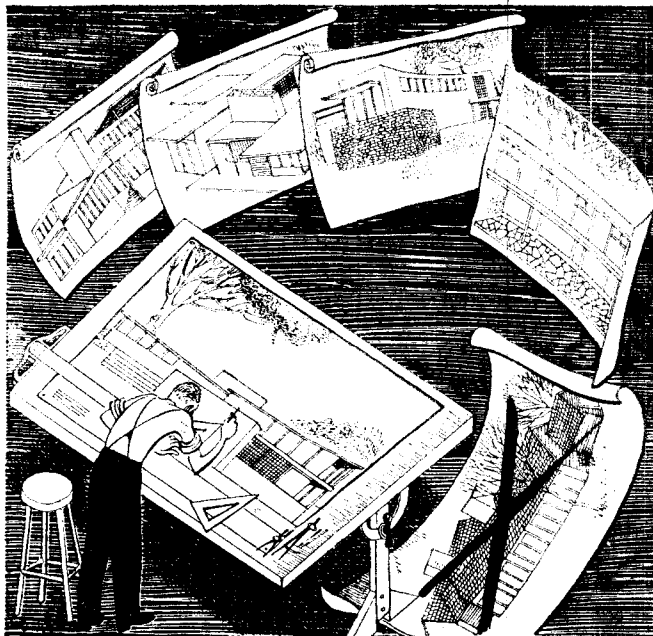
A book not to be neglected is **AROUND AND ABOUT**, rhymes written and illustrated by **MARCHETTE CHUTE** (Dutton). The versatile author, who gave the children's-book world the memorable *Stories from Shakespeare* last year, has collected her own magical rhymes in one volume intended for the beginning readers.

Topping the books with a Christmas theme is **THE YEAR WITHOUT A SANTA CLAUS** by **PHYLLIS MCGINLEY**, with full-page color illustrations by Kurt Werth (Lippincott). The morning that Santa Claus woke up and said, "Crick in my back, cold in my nose, aches in my fingers and all ten toes," he resolved that for once he would take a holiday and not deliver a single present. The consternation all over the world was terrific when the news got about, but then one brave boy thought fast and saved the day for everyone, including the good saint. The whole merry saga is told in the inimitable verse of Miss McGinley.

HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS by **DR. SEUSS** (Random House). No one but a Grinch would even dream of trying to destroy Christmas, and he found, too, that the Christmas spirit is something intangible, far out of reach for him and his nefarious schemes. Wonderful fantasy, in the true Dr. Seuss manner. Drawings in two colors.

CHRISTMAS MINIATURE by **PEARL S. BUCK**, illustrations by Anna Marie Magagna (John Day). There is nothing unusual about a small boy who, unable to close his eyes on Christmas Eve, creeps downstairs while the rest of the family sleeps, but it is unusual for a six-year-old prowler to rescue a family of baby mice who are being stalked by the family cat directly under the shining Christmas tree. That is exactly what Sandy of this story does.

THE ILL-TEMPERED TIGER by **JANE MILLER** (Lippincott). A tiny book apropos for any small child who balks at naps and as a consequence is as cross as two sticks. This funny story about a tiger of like disposition and how his problem was solved has engaging pictures in splashy color. A fine stocking present.



Accent on

AN ARCHITECT, nowadays, is risking his reputation if he designs a house with anything but a flat roof. If his house has a pitched roof and into the bargain uses clapboards, he is really getting nowhere. It sounds odd, but a recent competition sponsored by the American Institute of Architects came out that way.

There are many words in professional jargon that seem to have a special meaning to initiates. A significant word right now, for instance, among architects is "traditionalism." It's virtually a when-you-call-me-that-smile kind of word, a dirty word, and it is applied not only against his design but also against his materials and the architect himself. The supreme insult is "provincialism." To characterize a building as traditional and provincial is to imply that its architect would be more at home in a traditional tepee with the Sioux, or among the muralists in the caves of the Dordogne, than in well-to-do circles of the picture-window set.

To judge by the American architect's legacy from the past, it is not surprising that the word "traditional" sends uneasy quivers up and down his spine. Surely, some tradition, be it no more than happenstance, must account for the buildings along the main street of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, which call to mind the warning of years ago offered to a scowling, grimacing child: "Look out — your face will

freeze that way!" Hundreds of miles of such survivals with just such a face deject the wayfarer in Chicago and its suburbs; it does indeed seem "traditional" that most of our cities abound in shoddy, unkempt structures built at the wrong time by the wrong people for the wrong reasons.

It would be hard to find a more comprehensively inappropriate scheme than the Hotel Ponce de Leon, in St. Augustine's sunshine, attributed unblushingly on a bronze plaque to the celebrated architectural firm of Carrere and Hastings; a de luxe hotel in the manner of a Spanish fortress, complete with drawbridge and portcullis, vast entrance doors and such medieval fenestration that one reads a newspaper in the lobby on a bright winter morning only with the aid of an electric light. We are not astonished to encounter a Palm Springs design in Erie or a Swiss chalet in White Plains. We know that reasoning adults must have been responsible for the decision some years ago that the Gothic style was that best suited to the needs of American colleges and universities, even though we can not imagine what their reasons were. And even as we set down these reflections, we see a successor tradition in the making by which the new college chapel resembles a pancake, or perhaps a paper hat, supported by matchsticks; dormitories and lec-

ture halls, festooned with ramps, look as if they had been lifted right out of an amusement park. Everything is glass and metal and concrete, and there are neighborhoods in Cambridge where the populace can look through a whole façade of picture windows and see the Harvard student in his room, a strangely disillusioning view, usually, of those bright college years. Residences in the same nascent tradition, meanwhile, assume the contours of a public bathhouse or a shooting shack in the Adirondacks. The residence must have, also, one or more glass walls, and the AIA competition, as reported in *House & Home*, produced a list of ten major features which the six houses picked as the best from one hundred fifty-eight entries all had in common.

Now a jury of architects is entitled to find for its likes, and hardly anyone would fault the half dozen handsome examples of "better living" which did receive awards. Photographs of their interiors show nothing but extremely modern furniture, and one assumes that these are houses for clients starting absolutely from scratch, without so much as a footstool in the way of belongings. All must be new and all must be modern, and the right-thinking architect would promptly show the door to any client who turned up with a grandfather's clock and a couple of family portraits and wanted

a wall or a corner where he could put them. No such anachronisms shame the rooms of the award winners, and if the jury chose to go all out for the modern, it was perfectly entitled to do so.

The hitch in the "better living" competition came when the jury decided not to give an award to a seventh entry, and although the *House & Home* quotations from the jury's report do not identify it, the editors of *House & Home* did so, attributing it to the Boston architect, George W. W. Brewster, and publishing photographs of the house and an endorsement of it by Frank Lloyd Wright. It is worth noting what the jury reported about, presumably, the Brewster house:

"Several jurors, in fact, argued for an award to an almost entirely 'traditional' house because, unlike so many of the 'modern' submissions, that house showed standards of good

taste and elegance sadly lacking in most of the other entries."

In its own explanation of the jury's findings, *House & Home* said of the Brewster house:

"This house came closer to winning a Homes for Better Living Award than any other house without a flat roof.

"A minority of the jury wanted to give it special recognition for its 'lasting qualities of good design: simplicity, excellence of proportion, elegance of detail.'

"In the end, the majority rejected the house because: 1) *The kitchen was a long walk from the entrance hall* [my italics]; 2) The detailing, while sensitive and neat, was full of minor traditional clichés; 3) Giving an award to this house would encourage a form of provincialism, which has acquired some distinctly chauvinistic overtones through articles published in certain popular magazines. The

majority of the jury felt strongly that this was not a point of view to encourage, even if only by implication."

House & Home concluded with a statement by architect Brewster that was full of good sense and wit, defending his house, its pitched roof, and even its "provincial" materials. "Our local carpenters know how to build with clapboard and shingles inexpensively," said he, "and these materials withstand the violent winds and rains and heavy snows better than almost any other. I feel it would have been doctrinaire to have rejected them simply to achieve a particular style."

Thanks are due to *House & Home* for airing the whole issue, although one question remains unanswered: Must every kitchen, flat or pitched roof notwithstanding, from this point on, adjoin the entrance hall?

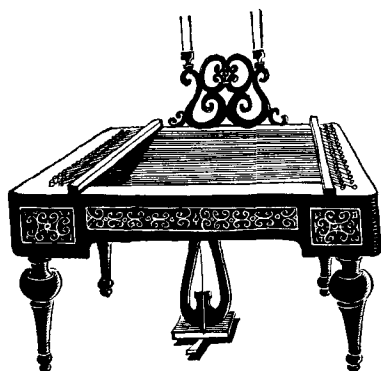
CHARLES W. MORTON

The Csimbalom

BY ALFRED BENDINER

ALFRED BENDINER is of Hungarian descent, a resident of Philadelphia, and a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects.

The other night the gin bottle slipped off the sloping top of the csimbalom which we use for a swishy kind of bar in the living room, and I got thinking about how people come to the house and invariably ask to see the csimbalom. They take the hammers and whack away, trying to get a melody out of an instrument strung by the Devil so that it would



be Hungarian, and different, and hard to play anything on but those mournful gypsy airs.

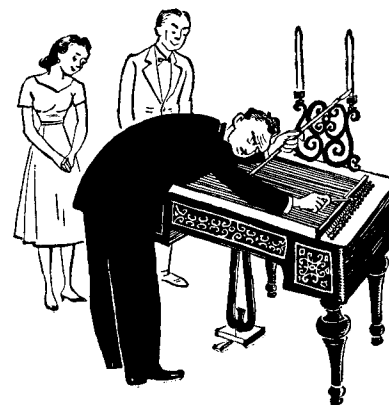
We have a csimbalom because my

father once lent Uncle Arthur two hundred dollars and in payment Uncle Arthur finally sent us the csimbalom, which he said was worth much more since it was played at the St. Louis World's Fair and by no less than Kukuricza János to accompany Rigo, the great gypsy fiddler who came over especially to play at the Café Royal. I had been taken to the Café Royal in New York as a child, to see where Theodore Roosevelt had sat while Rigo played in his ear, so I was impressed by the gift from Uncle Arthur. My father wished he had the two hundred dollars—and what the hell good was a csimbalom that nobody could play but a gypsy? The csimbalom stood in the family house, and when we divided up, I took the csimbalom because of sentiment.

My wife thinks everything useful should be used, and the csimbalom is one of her minor irritations. It is lovely and black and has one of those curlicue black music stands with candleholders which Mozart could have used. Now it is only a kind of regal useless piece; the top slopes, and the glasses slide, and the bottle falls off often.

Once we went to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, play the "Hary János" Suite by Kodály. This is about the only orchestral piece worthy of the csimbalom; in fact, it has a section

devoted to gypsy tunes which can't be played on anything else. For the occasion there was a Hungarian



sitting with the orchestra, playing solo on the orchestra's csimbalom. As soon as the man had struck the first chord, Betty said, "Go back and ask him to come right over after the concert and play our csimbalom."

I dutifully went back and asked the gentleman. Boy! he sure was a Hungarian. He would come if I could assure him that the instrument was in tune, warm, and a csimbalom worthy of his great talents. I assured him. The man was worn out. The orchestra's instrument had been lying cold in the basement all through the war, and he had spent a day and part of the early evening banging away and warming it, but he said he would come.

Betty was radiant. We invited a

couple to come back; we gave the soloist a good warm meal and he sat down and played. The instrument had been repaired a few months before by a member of the Society of Ancient Instruments and I thought it was in fine shape. I say the soloist played. I mean he played a few notes, stopped, tightened a couple of strings, played a few more notes, and stopped again. This went on for as long as patience lasted, and then the musician said it was impossible to play without a violinist accompanying and also a bass, since the instrument is scored as a background to other instruments and does not sound right as a solo. Well, it was pretty late at night to go out and find a gypsy fiddler and a bass player, so we just had a couple of drinks and closed the box, and I thought that playing csimbalom records would satisfy Betty.

A couple of nights later, Betty said, "I think we should have a big party and get a gypsy to play our csimbalom for all our friends. You can get one if you just try."

Before I could turn over, I knew I was a goner. "Look," I said, "did I ever tell you what my father told me about gypsy musicians? They drink everything. A gypsy band visited his village, and they came to the inn and sat down and unslung their csimbalom and started the fiddles going, and asked for a bottle of *palinka*. This is a brandy made out of plums and is a quick blow to normal people, but the more the fiddlers played the more *palinka* went down, until even the bar was out of plum brandy; whereupon the chief fiddler went behind the bar, took down a bottle, had a swig, and then handed the bottle to the bass player, who also took a swig, and to the csimbalom player, who turned his face away after he had his swig. The bottle was a bottle of carbolic acid which the bartender kept for killing rats.

"I never found out whether the gypsies kept on playing, but my father also told me that gypsies steal everything movable, and there is a statue in the Royal Palace in Budapest of a gypsy stealing which was a favorite of the Emperor Franz Joseph. I saw the statue when I was in Budapest. What I mean is, if I happen to find a gypsy csimbalom player, I will be worried the whole time about my liquor, the silver, and maybe even violating you or the

cook. That is the low esteem in which I was raised to hold gypsies, and if you want a csimbalom player, I have now acquainted you with the facts."

Betty said, "That may have been



true in Sátorajáújhely, where your parents came from, but we are in America, where gypsies only tell fortunes and steal big estates from batty old ladies and drive high-powered motor cars. Besides, maybe a csimbalom player does not necessarily have to be a gypsy, but only a poor Hungarian who earns a living in a steel mill and pines his heart out at night playing csimbalom in a Hunky combo and thinking of drinking *palinkas* in good old Sátorajáújhely instead of Coca-Cola in Phoenixville. Now look," said she, "don't put your back up. Just make believe that we are engaged and are in New York and you are telling me about Tante Jennie and Kukuricza János. You would find a gypsy joint soon enough if you wanted to cry over a bottle, and there must be a csimbalom player where there are two Hungarians."

"Well," I said, "New York is a cosmopolitan city, but where, oh where, can I find anything as civilized in this town?" We started and I said, "Let us go and find out if Gondy's restaurant still lives." Gondy's restaurant was a little one. He had catered to all the Hungarians and served a meal which was hard to get down, what with prohibition and only needled beer. The place had about five tables which were covered with soup-stained cloths, and the proprietor always served his family, his guests, and everybody else from the family kitchen.

As soon as my father entered, Gondy would curl his long black mustachio and yell for his wife, who would come out of the kitchen dry-

ing her hands on her apron. She would shake hands all around and greet us all by our first names and tell us what was good. There would be a heavy chicken soup with the fat floating on the top, and then stuffed cabbage, boiled chicken, boiled beef, chicken paprikash, pigs' knuckles, and other heavyweights. This would be followed by *dobos* torte, strudel, *palatchinka* with *lekvar*, noodles with almonds, and six cups of coffee. Gondy would pass around a box of cigars and we would roll home and sleep.

But those days had passed and I went back like a prodigal looking for a csimbalom player. Gondy was dead but the place was run by Csillag, who boasted that he was FBI. We had dinner and it was overfilling and wonderful. As we plied the toothpicks, which are a sign that the dinner was a success, I said, "Csillag, where can I get csimbalom player?"

"A csimbalom player?" said Csillag. "Budapest or maybe New York. I remember Feri Sarkosi, he used to play csimbalom maybe forty years ago at the L'Aiglon."

"Listen, Csillag," I said, "all right, all right. I remember Feri Sarkosi and even Kocze Antal, but what I want is right here and now a live csimbalom player."

"Look, Mr. Bendiner and Mrs. Bendiner, I remember your father and mother—may they rest in Heaven, they were real Hungarians. Your father wrote a policy on me when I was only a waiter for Gondy and the other day it ran out and I sent my kid to college. He would want a csimbalom player maybe for a wedding or a funeral or even maybe only to get drunk and cry, but please, Mr. Bendiner, what do you want a csimbalom player for?"

.....

DELAYED FUSE

BY R. C. EVERSON

I splashed into a marsh
to grab rocket-like cat tails.

Winter, they dried in the house
and gradually lost my attention.

This morning, the rockets explode;
seeds flying everywhere
unsettle life's décor.

.....

I said, "I want a csimbalom player because I got a csimbalom and my wife, who is not Hungarian, hates to have a csimbalom around without having it played."

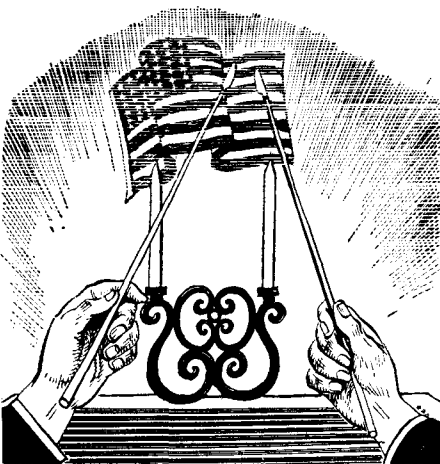
"You got a csimbalom?" said Csillag. "First, is it in tune? And second, is it a good enough instrument for a gypsy to play, because the csimbalom requires more than just anybody should play on it?"

"Listen, Csillag," I said, "my csimbalom was played on by Kukuricza János, and I guess if it was good enough for Kukuricza János it is good enough for some puddler you got around here. Do you or do you not know a csimbalom player?"

Csillag thought for a moment and said, "Go to the Hungarian Club on Girard Avenue and ask the boy who sets up the pins if his father still plays bass with Ferencz Kecske who works at the factory."

We went to the Hungarian Club. It was too early for the players to have slept off their supper and be ready for beer and bowling, but the pin boy was there. He said his father did play bass for Ferencz Kecske and please go to the saloon at the angle of Orianna Street and if his father was not sitting having a beer the bartender would direct us. We went to the saloon and nobody else was there, but the bartender directed us to a house up the street.

Mr. Kecske was about to go to bed but he pulled on his pants, buttoning while opening the door, and asked who sent us. We told him Csillag and his son, and he said he would get dressed and come to the saloon and talk to us. We waited and had a drink. I told him that I



wanted a csimbalom player and nobody else. "That is impossible," said he. "First, a csimbalom cannot be played alone—it must have a



bass and a violin. I am bass, Fedaksari János is violin, and Csendes Nagymihaly is csimbalom."

"Listen," I said, "listen. I simply want a csimbalom player to play for my guests. We have a csimbalom; we want somebody to play it; we don't want any bass and we do not want a violin—just a csimbalom player."

"Wait," said Mr. Kecske. "Sit here, have a beer, wait five minutes. I will produce."

We had a beer, we had a couple of beers; it was getting late and I wanted to go home. Finally the doors opened and in came Mr. Ferencz Kecske bearing a bull fiddle, and Mr. Fedaksari János carrying a fiddle case; Csendes Nagymihaly wheeled in a csimbalom from the back barroom. They unbuttoned their instruments, took a slow beer, and played—without doubt, the lousiest gypsy trio combination I ever heard. I looked at Betty and said, "you see."

The trio stopped and came over. I said, "I will take the csimbalom player for one night, supper and drinks; come on Saturday night at seven and ready to play."

Csendes Nagymihaly drew himself up to his full four feet and said, "I do not play without my bass and violin; and besides, I must first come and see if the instrument is in tune and fit to play."

"Listen," I said, "come alone or not at all. You can look on Friday and play on Saturday."

On Friday the three showed up and the csimbalom player warmed the instrument, played a few chords, tuned, pulled at the strings, played a few notes, bowed, and they played a piece. "O.K., boys," I said, passing the bottle, "I still take csimbalom." I warned Betty that he was probably insulted and might not show up at all.

On Saturday we put away all the extra silver and locked the liquor

closet and put a private bottle alongside the instrument. Mr. Nagymihaly arrived alone, promptly at seven, smelling of pomade. He was dressed in a dinner jacket and had in his upper pocket a silk handkerchief which he used too much, spraying the room with cheap perfume. The guests arrived, and made noises about the queer instrument and asked Csendes how it worked, and spilled drinks into it while examining the strings.

Finally, with a low bow, Mr. Csendes Nagymihaly sat down, pushed his hair back, picked up his hammers, and went into a noisy rendition of Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*. It was off beat and he must have learned it from a Hungarian record, but the guests were too polite or tight to notice and they applauded; so he encored with *The Blue Danube*. He bowed and I pulled him into the dining room and said, "Listen, what goes on here? I hired you to play Hungarian music. How about *Csak Egy Kis Leány* or *En Vagyok a Falu Rosza* or *Boszi Ne Sirjon*?"

Mr. Csendes Nagymihaly drew



himself up and said arrogantly, "That's old peasant stuff. My combo doesn't play Hungarian gypsy music. That's for the old-time *csárdás* crowd. We play all the Hungarian clubs—Scranton, South Bethlehem, Easton, Allentown, Phoenixville, and weddings and Bar Mitzvahs in New York, but no gypsy stuff. That's old hat. Either I play American or go home."

Months later we had a funeral in the family and Uncle Arthur came. He gave one look at the csimbalom and burst into tears. This is an old Hungarian sentiment and might have meant that he was glad to see his old instrument, or it reminded him of an old girl in Sátoraljaújhely, or he figured he got gypped on that

two-hundred-dollar debt, or he was just plain showing off. Anyway, Betty gave him a Kleenex, we took off the lid, and Uncle Arthur sat down and picked up the hammers.

He tossed back his hair and said, "I remember when I was living in Paris the great Claude Debussy was my most intimate friend, and one Sunday when I went to his house, there he was with a big sheet of paper stretched out on the table, and he had two penholders in his hands and he was playing the pen-

holders across the paper on the table as if he were trying to play an instrument, and I said to him, 'Debussy, what are you doing?'

" 'Well,' said Debussy, 'last night I heard a gypsy orchestra and I am trying to remember how that csimbalom was strung.' "

Uncle Arthur said, "I took the penholder and sat down and drew out for the great Claude Debussy the whole scale system, which, being Hungarian, is of course different from all other systems. And I will

draw it out for you, Betty." We got a big sheet of paper and he ruled it all out and marked out the whole scale.

"Now," said Betty, "do me one favor. I have waited long years for somebody to play that csimbalom. Will you please play just one little tune?"

"Play!" said Uncle Arthur. "It is impossible, my dear child. You do not understand — you cannot play solo on a csimbalom, you must also have a fiddle and a bass."

THE LAYING AWAY OF ORNAMENT

BY ELIZABETH HENLEY

Christmas-tree lark in a forest of bells,
I would have you forever mine —
In the ruby globes of apple and rose
In the snare of the tinsel vine —
A blue glass bird in a burning bush,
Whistling a ripple of shine.

A little lower than spire
Reserved for the angel's star,
You swing upside down in the branches,
A bird that wert and are —
Sing, in the dropping of needles,
Of shores that are warm and far.

In lamb's wool curls I'll lay you
Of ornaments all most frail,
And my soul in the woods that are sleeping,
A knight in mercurial mail,
Shall wander till next year's Advent —
Seeking the Child, the Grail.

You will swing by your toes in those treetops
And tweeter a tune through your tail —
The storm and the star in the fir bough,
Dark of the year and gale —
O, harp in the wind, and in darkness
O, silver and aerial trail.

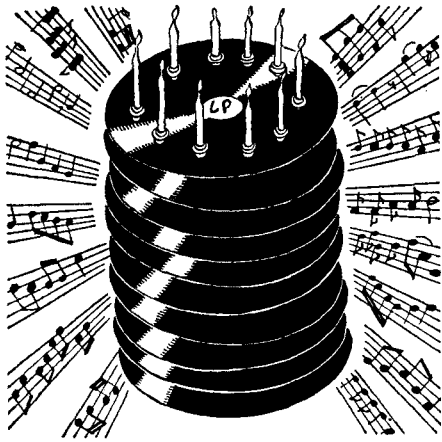
For the glistening toys of Christmas
Only have signified
The Neverwerts, love and beauty,
That mists and the wet ferns hide.
Grave be the hour of knowing so —
Solemn, their laying aside.

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

TEN YEARS OF HI-FI

BY JOHN M. CONLY

WHEN annus Domini MCMLVIII invades us, not long hence, we will have been in the long-playing record era for ten years or, as I calculate it, about twenty thousand audio-hours, a unit of measurement I just made up. It is self-explanatory, I am sure. My figures are based on an allowance of forty minutes of sound from every new recording released on



vinyl at $33\frac{1}{3}$ rpm since Columbia copyrighted the trademark "LP," and, I may add, they are not in the least reliable. A few tentative questions to industry spokesmen have convinced me that nobody actually knows how many LPs have been issued in this astonishing decade, or at least nobody this side of the Library of Congress. And *their* tabulation for MCMLVIII cannot possibly be ready much ahead of MCMLX, not unless they've been working nights. My own statistics are derived from a brief intuitive flutter through several vintage copies of the Schwann Long Playing Record Catalog.

Such mathematical whimsies aside, there is no doubt that the sound engraved in thousandth-inch grooves on slow-turning vinylite since 1948 has done something of immense importance not only to the record industry but to the musical

life of Americans in general. Its advent was not unheralded; the times were ripe.

Consider the situation of the record industry in 1948, to begin with. The preceding year had yielded the biggest sales in history, with a special boom in classical recordings (1947's volume was not topped for eight years, despite microgroove). No one knows why. It was marked also by the beginning of the high-fidelity enthusiasm, and again no one knows why. The neatest explanation is that this was the year of the magnetic phono-pickup cartridge, offered simultaneously by General Electric and by Pickering and Company to fill the gap in the chain of equipment available to the venturesome home phonophile. Also there had begun to arrive here London-Decca's astounding "ffrr" recordings, the by-product of British wartime submarine sound research.

But the fact is that a widespread yearning for good in home music reproduction had slightly preceded both of these developments, and I know because I was swept up in it. What the magnetic cartridge and British Decca's glintingly realistic discs (still 78 rpm, remember) did was divert me from another prospect, and I am sure I was not alone in this. The other prospect was tape.

Tape is one medium of magnetic recording. The only other that ever threatened to rival it was wire. In the pre-war and war years, interest in America centered on wire. The Germans developed tape. I had seen and heard some captured German tape a little before the war's end. It raced (thirty inches per second), it fluttered, and it showered black oxide dust, but its sonic fidelity was higher than any disc's (until "ffrr" came along), and it offered continuous play, without four-minute breaks. After the war, American

manufacturers, notably Minnesota Mining, went to work improving it, and there was much glamorous leakage about its potentialities. But it seemed both futuristic, so far as purchasable recorded music was concerned, and decidedly expensive. The arrival of magnetic cartridges won me, with many another, away from any waiting game. We wanted to get on with our listening.

The coming of the long-playing microgroove disc surprised many of the phonophiles of 1948, though it shouldn't have. Victor had tried a non-microgroove variety of $33\frac{1}{3}$ -rpm record in the middle 1930s. It didn't work well (it was noisy and abraded metal styluses) and didn't sell at all. But plastic 78s had been made, and the necessary additive was evident. CBS-Columbia foresaw it, and during the wars (one with the Axis, one with James Caesar Petrillo; both detrimental to record production) began making acetate masters — without halts except between movements of classical works



— from which the future's first-year LPs could be dubbed.

CBS's research director, Peter Goldmark, and his associates put the finishing touches on LP microgroove in 1947 — it *was* an epochal year! — and the results were made public



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the following summer. First there was an offer to share the process with RCA Victor, which, for reasons probably sound but never made entirely clear, turned down the proposition and instead introduced the second new speed, 45 rpm. Upon this refusal, Columbia threw the process and its own processing facilities open to the rest of the industry, mostly in an attempt to win them to long-play. The early LPs, in general, were not very good. They could not compare in fidelity with the 78-rpm British Deccas, Deutsche Grammophons, and HMVs put forth during the same period.

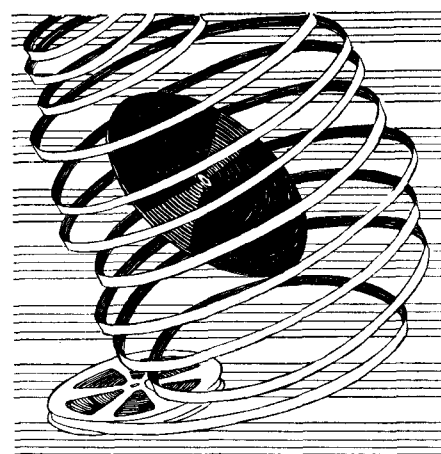
What happened next I am sure even the guiding genii at Columbia did not really foresee. It settled the Speed War. It was that the recording tape, rather than becoming the rival of the disc record, became its source material. All at once, anyone who had \$2000 could be a record company. The procedure was to buy a tape recorder, go to Vienna or Milan, assemble a knowledgeable group of musicians—who would work in those days for very small payment—and bring back a hitherto unrecorded masterpiece, which could

be made here into disc masters by Columbia or by RCA Victor, which very soon entered this lucrative act. There was nothing reprehensible in this practice. The Continental musicians realized, in general, that they were venture-partners in shoestring operations. They went to work with a will.

What they achieved, apart from publicizing their names, was one of the first and initially important results of LP. They broadened the repertoire. Especially they extended it backward in time. Only a few Haydn symphonies (the "Bear," the "Military," the "Schoolmaster") and a few Bach cantatas had to be taped to start a dependable surge of buying. At length, Vivaldi became commercial, and an entrepreneur could mention a Palestrina tape without being laughed out of the office. Westminster began recording all five-hundred-odd of the harpsichord sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti.

New companies appeared every day, or very nearly. There was something compulsive about being a recording impresario; everyone wanted to try it. Some tried it, indeed, on a one-shot basis, merely

because there was an artist or a piece of music they wanted to have on records. Others were, of course, much more businesslike. Of the



latter, several have long since outgrown the designation of "small" companies, though none have grown in size to rival the giants.

The truly small and transient companies very nearly all stuck to repertoire that could be considered offbeat, at that time anyway, and that required nothing much in the way of forces. One would make an album of the piano sonatas of J. C. Bach, another the chamber concerto for saxophone by Glazunov. The more ambitious outfits chose to focus mainly on works best described by saying they ought to have been in the standard repertoire but weren't—works of the great composers which never had been recorded because it was always safer, for a big company, to produce another Tchaikovsky Fifth. Haydn, Bach, and Mozart received particular attention; there was always a public ready and waiting for three more Haydn quartets, a steady public if not a vast one.

The astute new companies took note of something else, too: the spreading awareness of high fidelity. They began to pay special attention to their microphoning, and to be very fussy about the disc-processing done for them by their huge competitors. Record buyers (and there must have been some reason for it) began to think of Westminster and Vanguard records, for example, as embodying higher fidelity than those of Columbia, which manufactured the smaller pair's discs. Such companies also took care to list the proper playback equalization on their jackets, for people who had precision equipment. Some long-established companies, notably Mercury, became alert to this and fol-

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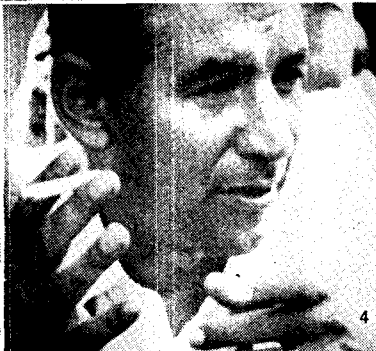


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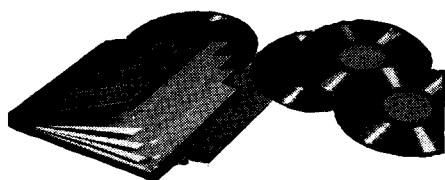
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lowed suit. For a long time, however, RCA Victor and Columbia stalwartly ignored the high-fidelity enthusiasm, on the ground that it was merely a lot of noise from a very few mouths. Not until word came in that Hermann Scherchen's Haydn "Military" Symphony, with its clangor of bass drums and cymbals, was selling in the fifty-thousands for Westminster did the two major companies begin to revise their opinions. Since then, of course, the fi-frolic has been in full swing, as any record advertisement will make evident.

The growth of the small LP companies (nearly all the new firms made LPs only; the 45 across the years became the medium of popular music, the equivalent of the old single 78) also spurred the major manufacturers into some venturesomeness in repertoire, though the latter were restrained in some degree by their artist contracts. That is to say, if you want the Boston Symphony to record for you, you must stay with their concert repertoire. Hiring them to learn something from scratch is simply too expensive.

However, circumstances arose that tamed the musical daring even of the smaller companies.

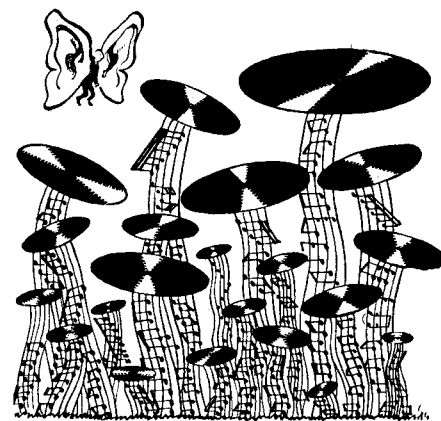
These were not local circumstances, nor musical, but nationwide and socio-economic. America suddenly decided to move into suburbs, build houses, raise families, and buy television sets. The center of recreational interest became the living room. The television set displaced the radio. But it could not entirely replace it. The radio had offered something for the ear which was not really missed till it was gone—music. Television is a bad musical medium and, in realization of this, hasn't tried to be a musical medium at all. The recourse was to records.

Now the industry was selling to a new public, a really new one. The public that sent Westminster to initial success may not have known who Badura-Skoda was, and they weren't familiar with the Mozart Twelfth Concerto. But they did know who Mozart was and probably they knew the Twentieth and Twenty-seventh Concertos. So their shopping for the Twelfth was fairly shrewd and informed.

Of the new buyers, many have only lately heard of Mozart, and they have never heard at all of Sir Thomas Beecham or Bruno Walter. They want some Mozart because

Skitch Henderson speaks well of him, and they want something *good* he wrote (what they always get is either the G Minor or the "Jupiter," of course). As to which version they want, they have no doubt. It has not occurred to them that one man may conduct a symphony better than another. They want the newest recording, because it will be the most "hi-fi."

This situation exists and for the time being constitutes a bonanza for record makers, if they can work fast enough. It has filled, and for a time



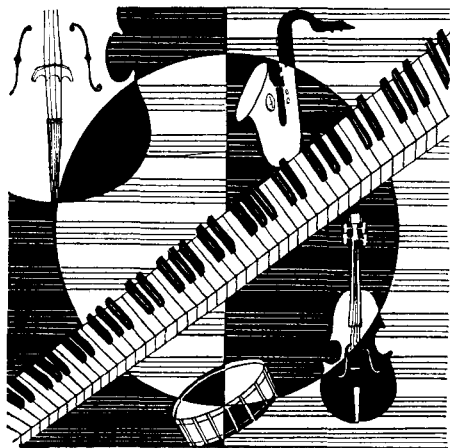
will continue to fill, the catalogues with new, indifferently performed versions of musical staples. But it does not horrify me. The greenest listener (a description of me in 1933) with even an \$89.50 "hi-fi" semi-portable (which sounds better than what I had then) merely by listening will develop taste and perception if he has the necessary equipment between his ears.

There is another hazard which plagues some of my sound-purist friends, namely that the record companies will start tailoring their wares to sound impressive on cheap phonographs and dreadful on good ones. I doubt that this will happen, at least in the field of serious music. In the course of the decade, the industry has developed a breed of indispensable specialist, half-musician, half-engineer, to govern its recording procedures. Most members of this genre are young men; they have different titles but only one aim: good recording. A sales department attempting to corrupt one of them would have small chance of success; it could not even talk his language, let alone direct his mysterious endeavors.

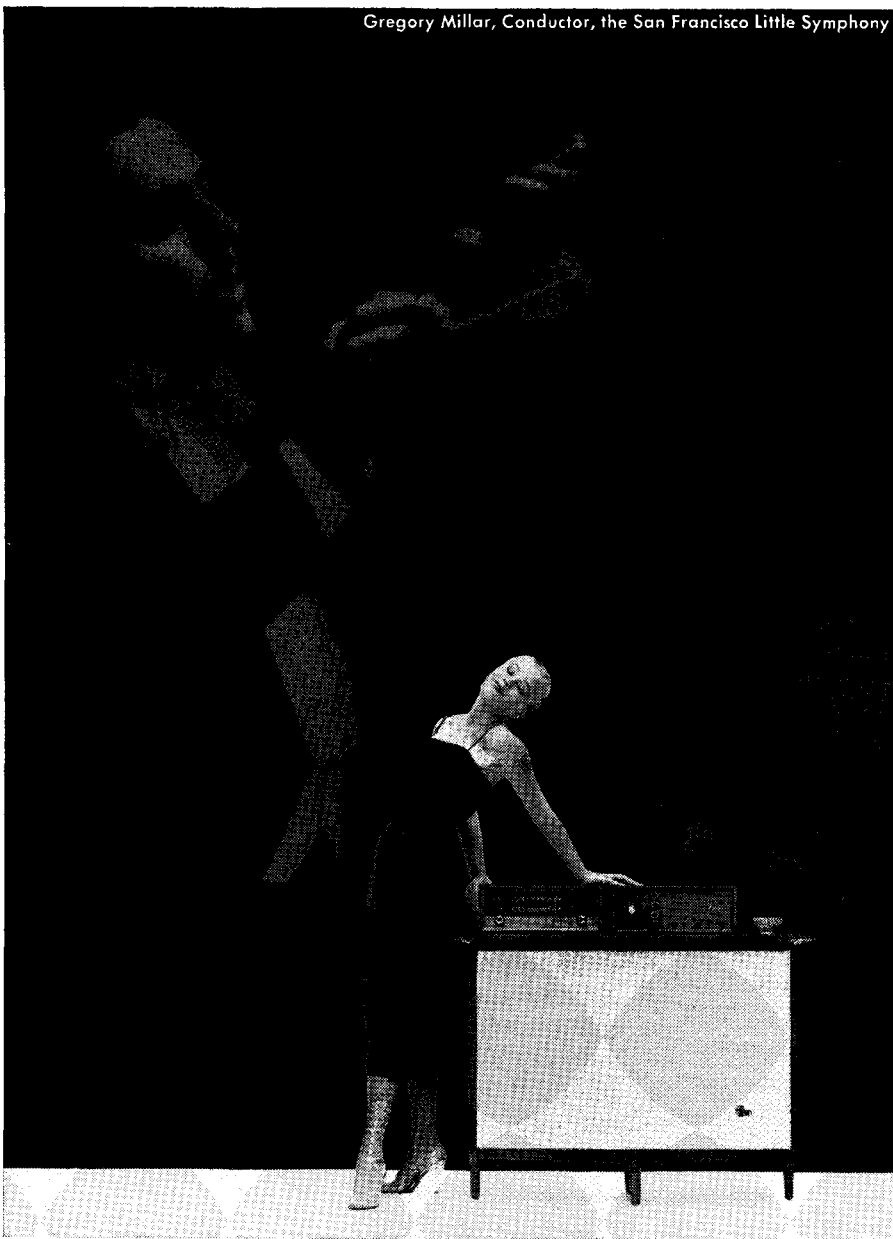
Further, another musico-sonic eminence is under preparation for the select phonophile. Stereophony is icumen in. And, for some reason I

have not yet identified, basically good recording is better distinguished in stereo recording than in single-channel conventional recording. The stereo phenomenon deserves an article to itself. Here suffice it to say that it probably will not seriously affect the LP disc market for some years. The disc record is too convenient, and there are too many people whose musical conditioning has been through records — which is to say, they have no special preference for music from a lifelike, spread-out source over music from a single loudspeaker. Especially does this apply to the people who crave “mood” or background music, and these constitute a very sizable portion of LP buyers today. And stereo is much more expensive.

In a purely musical sense, the decade of tape and microgroove has seen an odd development, which I view with mixed feelings. This is the synthetically perfected performance. Tape can allow musicians to play undisturbed through a whole movement. That is good. But tape also can be — as disc masters could not — erased and spliced. The result has been that many musicians and recording directors now begin a session with the notion that the final recording will be a composite. This has an effect, indefinable but detectable, on the performing. At worst it takes the shape of emotional discontinuity. At best it makes it seem almost as if the players had rehearsed once too often, and had lost their spontaneity. I am not the only one who has been bothered by this. As I write, Sir Adrian Boult is making for Vanguard the nine Beethoven symphonies. And, at his own request, the tapes will run while he plays the works right through, without halts for remakes. What comes forth will be interesting to hear.



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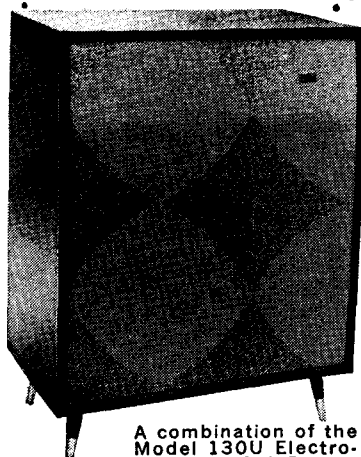
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Record Reviews

Beethoven: Symphony No. 9, "Choral"
Bruno Walter conducting Frances Yeend, Martha Lipton, David Lloyd, Mack Harrell; Westminster Choir; New York Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML-5200: 12"

If I am not mistaken, this is the Walter version of the Ninth that Columbia has been selling for some years on three sides of two discs, with the Brahms *Song of Fate* occupying side four. In its remastering in one-disc format it becomes a real bargain, especially since the sound has been cleaned up in the process. It has the most majestic and second most exciting first movement of any Ninth on records, and its scherzo and adagio (split between sides here, of necessity) also are highly creditable. The finale, however, for my taste, is overdeliberate and insufficiently militant. I don't think Beethoven was asking us to approve human brotherhood as an ideal, I think he was telling us to go get it, or else.

Britten: Four Sea Interludes and Passacaglia from Peter Grimes
Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Westminster W-LAB-7057: 12"

This same performance of the *Sea Scenes* can be had also, at about one quarter the cost, on Westminster (non-LAB) 18601, which also contains the *Young Person's Guide* and the Rossini-Britten *Matinées and Soirées*. The latter disc — which I have not heard — thus offers a bargain of content, and I suppose it is adequately recorded. The Laboratory Series disc is, of course, recorded better than adequately, the reproduction is startling in its purity. Midway between, if you're interested, is London's combination of the *Peter Grimes* excerpts and the *Guide*, by Van Beinum and the Concertge-

bouw, in performances just a bit livelier than Boult's. Best of all the recorded *Sea Scenes* was the Columbia version by Malcolm Sargent, now withdrawn.

Busoni: Sonata No. 2 in E Minor
Max Rostal, violin; Noel Mewton-Wood, piano; Westminster XWN-18426: 12"

Ferruccio Busoni (1866–1924), perhaps best known to most of us as an arranger for the piano, was a Romantic adherent to Classical forms, as was Brahms. He was also, as this long, strong, and very beautiful sonata shows, a first-rate composer. Mostly the work is serene in mood, with here and there a little sturdy playfulness. The finale is almost Beethovenian. Rostal and the late Mewton-Wood contrive a fine, big, vibrant tone, which has been reproduced with impressive accuracy.

Elgar: Enigma Variations
Vaughan Williams: Variations on a Theme by Thomas Tallis
William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Capitol P-8383: 12"

Steinberg's *Enigma* is very much indeed like Toscanini's, except that the sound is (*tempus fugit*) delectably newer, easier, richer. Without much hesitation I recommend this as the best current version of Sir Edward's lovely piece of trickery. The Vaughan Williams work also is given here in a version which easily matches any competition. A splendid recording.

Poulenc: Stabat Mater and Le Bal Masqué

Louis Frémaux conducting Jacqueline Brumaire, soprano; chorus; Concerts Colonne Orchestra (in Stabat Mater); Pierre Bernac, baritone; Francis Poulenc, piano; instrumentalists of Théâtre National de l'Opéra; Westminster XWN-18422: 12" Written in 1951, *Stabat Mater* seems to me beyond dispute a genuine masterpiece of devotional music. Here are no startling effects, but a simple, genuine poignancy, furthered by consummate musical workmanship; one is strongly reminded of Couperin's *Tenebrae Services*. The performance is appropriately skilled and earnest, and the recording all one could desire. *Le Bal Masqué* (1932), by contrast, is pure flippancy: witty musical settings of rather gruesome little nonsense poems by André Gide. It is trivial, but no matter; one buys this record for the overside.

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Sibelius: Quartet in D Minor, "Voces Intimae"

Grieg: Quartet in G Minor

Budapest String Quartet; Columbia ML-5202: 12"

Sibelius died recently; it is a happy coincidence that the world's leading quartet should have chosen now to give us a new and lambent playing of the sole work he wrote for their instruments. Some critics belittle it. I cannot understand why. It is in the Beethoven idiom and, like nearly all Sibelius, has a touch of landscape in it; it is a self-search by a man who was in tune with his setting. Its only trouble is, perhaps, that it discovers no trouble, no matter how deep it delves. What is bad about that? The Budapests have paired it well with the Grieg, which delves not at all but offers folk feeling in gay Classical mold. The sound reproduction is worthy of the artists.

Strauss: Die Frau ohne Schatten

Karl Böhm conducting Leonie Rysanek, Christel Goltz, Paul Schöffler, Kurt Böhme, other soloists; Vienna State Opera chorus; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; London XLLA-46: five 12"

The Lady with No Shadow is the first of the "late" Strauss operas, and may have discouraged people from attending its successors: it makes no concessions at all to the listener. It is enormously long—ten sides in this splendid recording. Based on the fairy tale of a sprite-princess who is married to a human monarch and who wants to win her shadow (that is, human reality), it embodies a sort of dramatized dialectic on the nature of human virtue. Strauss uses leit-motifs (London diagrams them in its fine booklet) to illustrate this, and you must follow these to get the drift. The excitement is all philosophical, but it is there. For me the trouble is that the people, sprite or human, are not very real. However, some of the singing is magnificent, and the nobility of the ideas is seizing.

Strauss: Horn Concertos No. 1 and No. 2
Dennis Brain, horn; Wolfgang Sawalisch conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; Angel 35496: 12"

Here we have Richard Strauss, son of a horn player, in one concerto written in 1883 and another composed in 1943. The earlier is prime Romantic and enormously virtuosic; the later is strictly Strauss, Neo-classical, much more restrained, and more absorbing. Neither offered any



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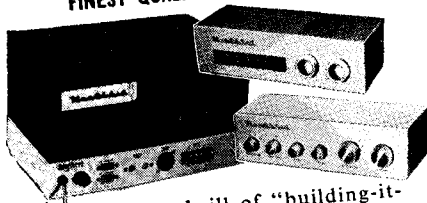
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Stravinsky: Perséphone

Igor Stravinsky conducting Vera Zorina, narrator; Richard Robinson, tenor; Westminster Choir; New York Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia ML-5196: 12"

When Stravinsky (1934) wanted to be gentle, no one could be gentler. And no sweeter proposition of the need to be needed need be written than this dulcet account of Persephone stolen to the Underworld, lost in timeless dolor, then summoned back to initiate the annual marvel of springtime. The composer conducts eloquently, and the sound is fine.

Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto

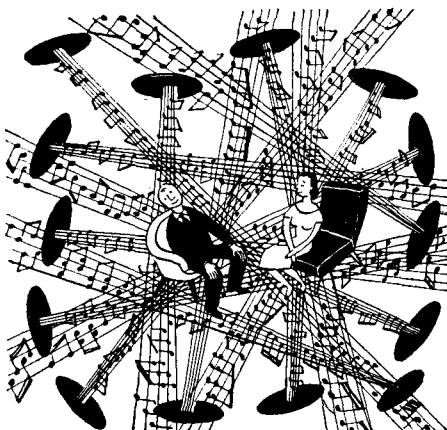
Jascha Heifetz, violin; Fritz Reiner conducting Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2129: 12"

I wish I could resent (on behalf of other performers) the way Heifetz takes over this concerto and makes it his, but I cannot. Perhaps this is the challenge Tchaikovsky built into the work. If so, it is met here beyond cavil; the performer seems to exhaust all the possibilities. The orchestra and engineers abet him faultlessly. This may be a definitive version.

Richard Dyer-Bennet: Folksongs

Richard Dyer-Bennet, tenor, with Spanish guitar; Dyer-Bennet Records-3: 12"

The high points of this recital, faultless in sound and taste, are *Lillibulero*, circa 1688, one of the best political rebel songs ever written; *Charlie Is My Darling*, a Jacobite rival; and a boastful German student drinking song about Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, the glory properly being accorded to *die Kosaken*. There is much else, including a very good *Go Down, Moses*.



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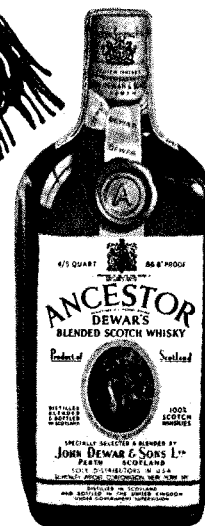
"White Label"

and ANCESTOR

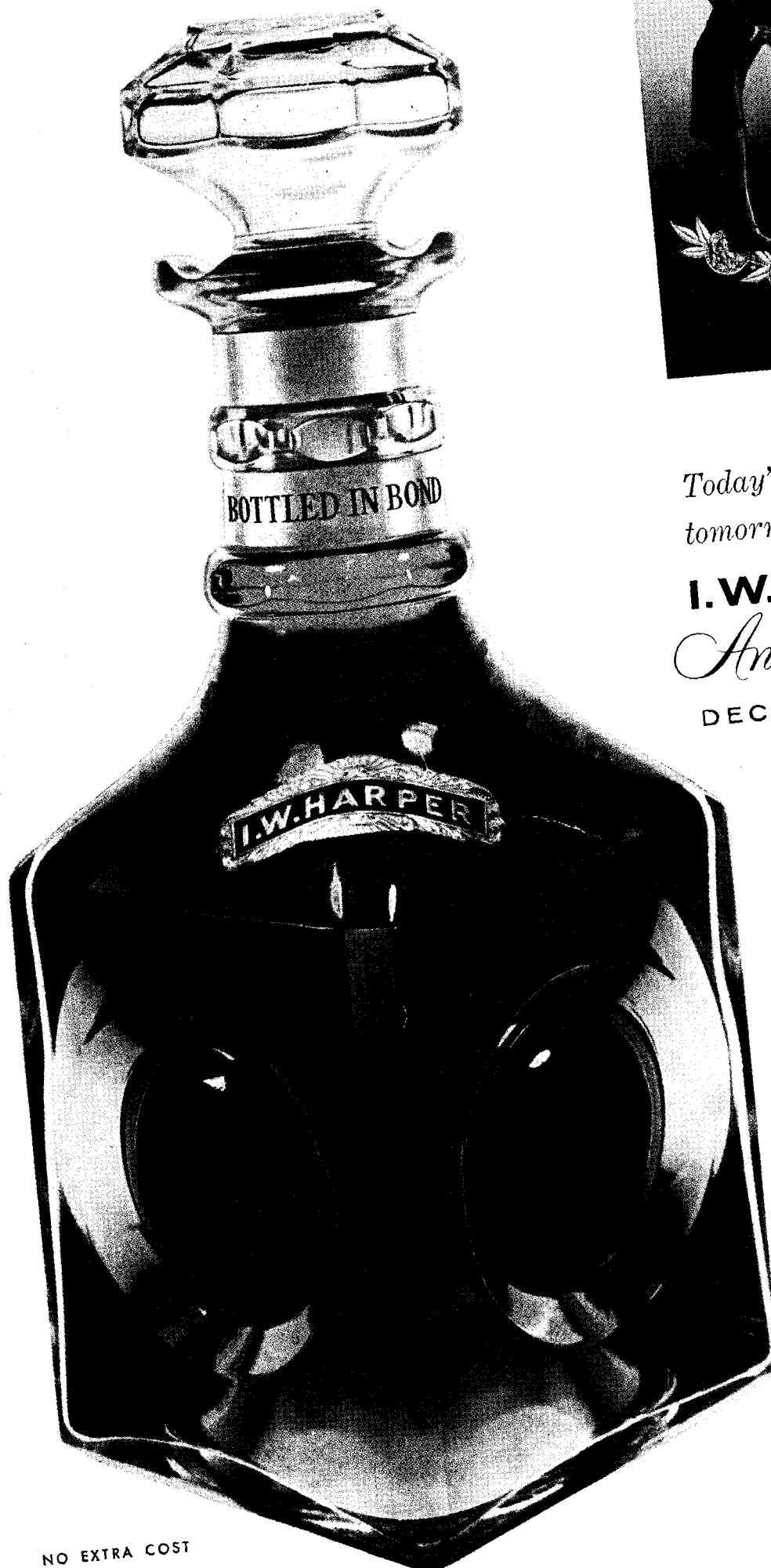
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